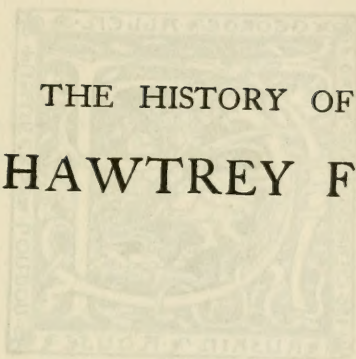


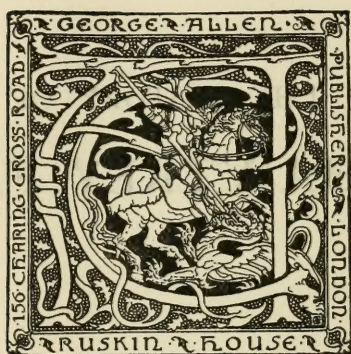


Lingham Mervitt

THE HAWTREY FAMILY

THE HISTORY OF
THE HAWTREY FAMILY





Bellingham Somerville

THE HISTORY OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY

BY

FLORENCE MOLESWORTH HAWTREY

*"Have regard to thy name : for that shall continue
with thee above a thousand great treasures of gold."*

—ECCLESIASTICUS xli. 12.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

WITH THIRTEEN PORTRAITS

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1903

[All rights reserved]

HAWTREY FAMILY THE HISTORY OF THE

BY

FLORENCE MOLLERWORTH HAWTREY

WITH THIRTEEN PORTRAITS

LONDON

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
At the Ballantyne Press

P R E F A C E

THE first lines of my compilation are really a Preface to the work. Here, I only desire to express my cordial thanks to those who have kindly shown interest in it, or have materially helped it forward.

In particular, I wish to express very sincere thanks for encouragement emanating from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle; and my gratitude is due to Lord Hawkesbury—himself a descendant from Lady Bankes, *née* Mary Hawtrey—to Lord Coleridge, Mr. Frankland Russell Astley of Chequers, Mr. and Miss Hawtrey Collins Splatt, Dr. Hawtrey Benson, the Hon. Mr. Justice Benson, Mrs. Cholmeley, Canon Garry, Mr. Herries, and others too many to mention, for their kind contributions. Also for the same, and for the loan of valuable MSS., I wish to express my best thanks to Mr. Storey-Maskelyne, Mr. Ralph Hawtrey Deane, Miss Jones of Mullinabro, and Mrs. Vere-Benson.

Another friend has done me a kindness which I warmly appreciate—namely, Mr. Arthur Jelf (K.C.), whose letter will be found in my book. To him, and to Mr. Montague Noel for his recollections of my brother kindly given to me, I offer my sincere and grateful thanks.

Of help from nearer home I will not particularly speak, but those who have afforded it well know they have my heartfelt gratitude.

v

One or two more friends, however, I wish to name. My cousin, Miss Marshall, who has given me her recollections of passages she has heard or known of relating to my father's early life; and my cousins (on both sides), the Miss Hawtreys of Tenby and the Miss Watsons; all these I desire to thank for materials and information very kindly afforded me.

NOTE AS TO THE HAWTREY CREST

The crest which appears on the binding of the work is not recognised at the College of Arms; but as it has been in use, in our branch of the family, at least since the end of the eighteenth century, I have thought it best to continue the use of it. A Lion "passant gardant" was apparently adopted as crest after the family settled at Ruislip, and continued, with some alterations, to the present time; but it seems that it never was registered at the College of Arms.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
PEDIGREE I.	<i>To face page</i> 1
I. INTRODUCTORY	1
II. EARLY NOTICES	8
III. HEADING TO PEDIGREE AND SUSSEX HAW-	
TREYS	12
IV. HAWTREYS OF ALGARKIRK	15
V. HAWTREYS OF CHEQUERS	18
VI. HAWTREYS OF RUISLIP	35
VII. CORFE CASTLE	43
VIII. RUISLIP AND SANDERSTEAD	60
IX. PINNER	79
X. LAST HAWTREYS OF RUISLIP	81
PEDIGREE II.	<i>To face page</i> 86
XI. DIRECT ANCESTORS OF THE PRESENT HAW-	
TREY FAMILY	86
PEDIGREE III.	<i>To face page</i> 97
XII. THE SLEECH FAMILY	97
PEDIGREE IV.	<i>To face page</i> 112
XIII. DESCENDANTS OF CHARLES HAWTREY, SUB-	
DEAN OF EXETER	112
XIV. LETTERS FROM MY GRANDFATHER AND HIS	
BROTHERS	145
XV. MARRIAGE OF STEPHEN HAWTREY, RE-	
CORDER OF EXETER, AND LETTERS	
FROM HIM AND HIS FAMILY	152

CHAP.	PAGE
XVI. FURTHER LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S FAMILY	157
XVII. LETTERS FROM MY GRANDFATHER, STEPHEN HAWTREY, TO HIS SONS	171
XVIII. MY GRANDFATHER'S ELDEST SON STEPHEN	190
XIX. LETTERS FROM JOHN HAWTREY, VICAR OF RINGWOOD, TO HIS NEPHEW, MY FATHER	192
XX. MY FATHER'S VISIT TO IRELAND, AND NOTICES OF MY MOTHER'S FAMILY	196
XXI. IRISH REBELLION	205
XXII. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD WATSON	214
XXIII. EARLY LIFE OF ANNE WATSON	244
XXIV. MY FATHER'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE WESLEYANS	249
XXV. MY FATHER'S LETTER FROM SEA AND FROM MADEIRA	251
XXVI. LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES	280
XXVII. MY FATHER'S JOURNAL OF 1809 AND 1870	351
XXVIII. EARLY LETTERS FROM MY FATHER	367
XXIX. FALMOUTH, CANTERBURY, AND FRANCE	377
XXX. MEMOIR OF GEORGE HAWTREY	393
XXXI. END OF SOJOURN AT MANCHESTER	409
XXXII. PORTSMOUTH, SHERBORNE, AND MAID- STONE	427
XXXIII. MONTAGUE HAWTREY	432
XXXIV. VARIOUS FAMILY LETTERS	475

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I.

RALPH HAWTREY OF RUISLIP (1570)	<i>To face page</i>	38
MARY, DAUGHTER OF EDWARD AND MARY ALTHAM, AND WIFE OF RALPH HAWTREY OF RUISLIP	„ „	42
BRONZE STATUE OF LADY BANKES	„ „	58
EDWARD ALTHAM	„ „	59
MARY, WIFE OF EDWARD ALTHAM	„ „	60
JOHN HAWTREY OF RUISLIP, SON OF RALPH	„ „	72
RALPH, THE LAST HAWTREY OF RUISLIP	„ „	83
CHARLES HAWTREY, SUB-DEAN OF EXETER AND RECTOR OF HEAVITREE	„ „	85
JOHN HAWTREY, RECTOR OF MAPLE DURHAM (1645) . .	„ „	96
STEPHEN HAWTREY, RECORDER OF EXETER	„ „	145
SARAH HURNARD, WIFE OF STEPHEN HAWTREY OF EXETER	„ „	153
JOHN HAWTREY, CAPTAIN IN H.M. 25TH REGIMENT . .	„ „	180
ANNE WATSON, AFTERWARDS THE WIFE OF JOHN HAWTREY	„ „	205

THE HISTORY OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

BEING the youngest of a large family most of whom have passed away before me, I have become the recipient of a number of old papers and letters, with the help of which, and of my own recollections, journals, and notes from the recollections of my sister, Anna Hawtreys, I may be able to make a sketch of some of the members of my family interesting, at all events, to the children of my brothers and sisters, and possibly to others.

Amongst the papers mentioned above, which have come into my hands, is one written, or rather begun years ago, probably in 1875, by my sister. I give it, with but little alteration, as I find it.

FRAGMENT LEFT BY ANNA HAWTREY

“My dear nephews and nieces” (she writes), “one of you asked me a question about your grandfather a short time ago, which led me to think how rapidly the past is forgotten. I determined at once to begin what I have long thought about—a history of your ancestors, including this dear grandfather, who well deserved to be remembered.

“I wish to make it as far as possible an interesting history—not a dull pedigree; I want you not to think of names, but of people. To this end I do not intend to begin at the beginning, or at this time to say much about

your more remote ancestors, but to give you the history of the younger branch of the family from which you descend, from the time when they became distinct from the elder branch.

“But first, in order that you may be able to believe what I say, I must tell you that it is quite possible to ascertain the history of private families. You know it can be done in the case of royal families, or there could be no authentic histories; it is not so easy in the case of private families, but a great deal may be done. There are records of undoubted authority kept at the Heralds’ College, the Record Office, the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and all these places have been visited by my eldest brother. There he has examined MSS. of perfect authority, ancient books in which are to be found copies of monumental inscriptions now effaced by time, old histories of the foundation of monasteries, and other things of this kind; but especially the MSS. of the Heralds’ visitations. Of later—that is, for the last 250 years—the records of Eton College, and of King’s College, Cambridge, supply valuable information; and when you add to this, parish registers, monumental brasses and inscriptions, and old family parchments, deeds, wills, letters, inventories, of which there is quite a large collection in the old chests at Ruislip, I think you will agree with me that there may well be sufficient evidence of what I am going to tell you.

“Let me then begin by introducing you to Ralph Hawtreys, who was born in the year 1495. He was the fourth son of Thomas Hawtreys of Chequers in Buckinghamshire, a property which at this time had been for about 250 years in the family. It had been acquired by the marriage of Sir William de Alta Ripa, Dawtreys, or Hawtreys, of Algarkirk in Lincolnshire, with the heiress of Sir Ralph de Chequers, Lord of Ellesborough.

“I went to see this beautiful old place last summer. The house, somewhat in the Elizabethan style, was rebuilt in 1566 by William Hawtreys, nephew to the Ralph above mentioned, our direct ancestor.

“Though many changes have come over the old house, many of the rooms continue unaltered in their material features.

“The grounds are most picturesque and beautiful. The house is in a shady valley sheltered by the Chiltern Hills. The ‘Velvet Lawn,’ the ‘Happy Valley,’ the ‘Silver Springs,’ are names given to different parts of the grounds; there are some very old trees—an elm called ‘King Stephen’s Tree,’ and some very old yews.

“The name of Hawtrey at Chequers ceased with the grand-daughters of the above-mentioned William Hawtrey. They were three co-heiresses; the second daughter, Bridget, carried the estate of Chequers into the Croke family, from whence it passed by descent through the Thurbanes, Rivetts, Russels, Russel-Greenhills, into the possession of the present family of Sir Robert Frankland Russel. The traces of the Hawtreys still left at Chequers are a large picture of Sir William Hawtrey, son to the William who rebuilt the house, and his wife—this picture is in the drawing-room—also there is one of their daughter, Bridget (Lady Croke), and one of her son; the whole coat-of-arms of the Hawtreys in stained glass in the dining-room, and several of their quarterings in different windows; also a piece of sculpture on the north front of the house, representing the crest of the Hawtreys, with the initials W.H. and A.H., William Hawtrey and Agnes, his second wife, daughter to William Walpole; also a small blazoned roll of arms, in which is the ancient coat of the Hawtreys (az. five fusils in fess ar.), with the coats of the several families into which they had married; also a pedigree executed in 1632, from about A.D. 1150 till the extinction of the eldest branch of the family in the male line.

“In the ‘Life of Sir Thomas Gresham’ is an interesting account of Lady Mary Grey (sister to Lady Jane Grey), who displeased Queen Elizabeth by marrying ‘the gentleman porter’ of the Queen’s household. Lady Mary was immediately separated from her husband, and the Privy Council determined that she should be sent into the country, and given in charge to Mr. Hawtrey of Chequers. She lived

there for two years, and was then transferred to the custody of the Duchess of Suffolk, and thence to Sir Thomas Gresham's. Ultimately, after her husband's death, she was restored to the Queen's favour. This William Hawtrey had been frequently employed on State affairs in Queen Mary's reign, as the minutes of the Privy Council show.

"Before returning to Ralph Hawtrey, our direct ancestor, I will give you the monumental inscription to his eldest brother Thomas of Chequers (father to the William last mentioned). Nearly effaced as this inscription now is in Ellesborough Church, it is preserved almost entire in Willis's MS. 4, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where you may read as follows:—

"Of your charitie pray for the Soules of Thomas Hawtrey, Esquyer, and Sybell his wyffe, which Thomas decessyd the xv. day of November in the yere of our Lord God MCCCCXLIIII. and the said Sybell decessyd the . . . day of . . . in the yere of our Lord God MCCCC . . . on whose Soules and all Christian Soules J. H. U. have mercy.'

"This Sybell was the daughter of Richard Hampden, in the county of Bucks.

"And now to return to Ralph Hawtrey of Ruislip, brother to the above. He was born in A.D. 1495.

"The first thing which appears to me to be interesting is his Christian name. There is no Ralph in the pedigree between him and Sir Ralph de Scaccario of Chequers, the father of the Katharine who married Sir William de Alta Ripa (or Hawtrey) of Algarkirk in Lincolnshire, and who lived in the time of Henry III. (1261). Therefore, we may conclude that Thomas Hawtrey of Chequers took some interest in his ancestors, going back from his own time (A.D. 1494) more than two hundred years, to find a name for his younger son.

"Ralph came to live at Ruislip, no doubt in consequence of his marriage; his wife is described as Winefred, daughter of Mr. Wollaston of Rislip in the county of Middlesex.

"I have at this moment in my hand a beautifully preserved parchment—the lease in Latin by which the Dean and

Canons of Windsor grant the Rectory of Rislip to Ralph Hawtrey, A.D. 1532, reserving to themselves the right of appointing the Vicar. This must have been among the earliest effects of the Reformation.

"This Ralph Hawtrey had a friend, or at all events an acquaintance, in Gabriel Dormer of Shipton Lee, in the parish of Quainton.

"The Dormers derive their descent from Thomas Dormer or d'Ormer—in Latin, De Mare Aureo. Thomas Dormer, in 1042, attended King Edward the Confessor on his return from France.

"Among the valuable documents preserved in the old chests at Ruislip is a copy of the will of the above-mentioned Gabriel, the descendant of this Thomas Dormer—it was made in 1557, and by the kindness of the Librarian of the Bodleian I had it translated into modern English. It is very interesting, as showing the comparative simplicity of those times. A great part of his property seemed to be, like that of the patriarchs of old, in flocks and herds. He had land and leases of land. He leaves to his wife Bridget most of his property in money, land, and 1000 sheep, also 'steayne,' bulls, and oxen, all his horses 'that go to plough or harrow, my dune gelding, my black amblyng geldyng, my grey gelding, ij. Lyncolnshire herraurne nagges, a bolte amblyng mare with an amblyng colt, and a great bay trotting mare.'

"He leaves the lease of Tewchwick, with the stock of 1000 sheep, to be employed for the use of 'his three sonnes,' and to them also he leaves everything after his wife's death: first, that is to his eldest son Peter, and in case of his death to his second son Ralph, and after him to William. He also leaves something to his daughters, and money to the Mother Church at Lyncoln, 'to the Hye Aulter at Queynton,' to mending various causeways and bridges, 'to repairing of our bells,' also to servants he leaves both sheep and money. His 'wyffe is to pay Richard Thompson yerlye xxs' over and above his wages, and for that I give my wyffe xx^{ti} pounds more, trusting that he will do to her sutch trustye service as he hath done to me, and for that I give him the bolted gelding.' He seems

to have a tender love for his wife, and to be most anxious for her welfare, and whenever he expresses a wish that she should give anything extra to the servants he leaves her an extra sum of money for the purpose. He leaves legacies to all his God-children and relations, chiefly 'shepe'; to his cousin Ambrose Dormer he leaves his 'sygnet,' also 'my brown amblyng geldyng, my brown bay trotting geldyng, my rowne geldyng'; also he leaves to his brother, Parson Bury, his best crossbow, and to his brother James Bury 'my next bowe and all things belonging thereto.' He makes 'Brigett his wyffe' and his 'cosyn Ambrose Dormer' his executors. He speaks of the rent of some land to be paid to 'Mr. Hawtreys.'

"The reason I believe him to have been a friend of Ralph Hawtreys is because he calls his second son Ralph: also, that his widow Bridget marries John Hawtreys, Ralph's eldest son, and his daughter Elizabeth marries Edward Hawtreys, his second son, from which marriage we descend. John, the elder brother, died without issue. There were also marriages between the Hawtreys of Chequers and the Dormers. Winefred Dormer, daughter of the Ambrose mentioned as cousin and executor of Gabriel, married Sir William Hawtreys of Chequers, and her brother, Sir Michael Dormer, married Sir William Hawtreys's sister Dorothy. These two, Sir William and his sister Dorothy, were first cousins once removed to the John and Edward Hawtreys, the two brothers who both married Dormers, cousins to Sir Michael and his sister Winefred.

"At the east end of the church at Ruislip, and on the south side near the chancel, is a flat stone with the following inscription in memory of the first of the Chequers family of Hawtreys, who settled, as we have seen, at Ruislip upon his marriage with Winefred Wollaston of that place:—

'Etat 79
21 June 1574.

Etat 71
14 October 1573.

Ralph Hawtreys, gentleman, and Winyfryde his wife, whose bodyes here in the earth lyeth, and Heaven their souls for aye hath won, and brynge us thether when we are gone.'

"By this quaint inscription, compared with that above given

to his eldest brother, Thomas, who died thirty years before, we see the change in religious thought and feeling which was taking place in England at this period.

“This inscription is now entirely effaced, but it was visible in 1767, when a copy of all the inscriptions upon upright monuments and monumental flat gravestones of the Hawtrey family in the chancel and church of Ruislip, was made and examined at Ruislip by Henry Bankes, Esquire, 12th August 1767. He was a descendant of Mary Hawtrey, who married Sir John Bankes of Corfe Castle, ‘Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty’s Court of Common Pleas, and of the Privy Council to his late Majesty King Charles of blessed memory, who’ (the epitaph goes on to say, speaking of Mary, Lady Bankes) ‘having had the honor to have borne with a constancy and courage above her sex a noble proportion of the late calamities, and the happiness to have outlived them so far as to have seen the restitution of the Government, with great peace of mind laid down her most desired life, the 11th day of April 1661.’

“This is an extract from an inscription on a white marble monument in the chancel of Ruislip Church, put up ‘by her son and heire, Sir Ralph Bankes.’”

My sister’s manuscript ends here: my first idea was to carry on her narrative, but I should like, before doing so, to collect all I can of the earliest notices of our family, and to bring in some account of other branches, after which I will return to that one from which we directly descend.

I have manuscripts by me, some of them compiled by my sisters, or by my cousins (sisters to Dr. Hawtrey, the late Provost of Eton); besides these, and other sources of information, through the kindness of Mr. Deane of Eastcote House, Ruislip, the old home of the Hawtreys (his and my ancestors), I have access to valuable manuscripts belonging to him.

From all of these, from family letters, and from recollections of things I have heard, I shall draw what information or suggestions I can give.

CHAPTER II

EARLY NOTICES

To begin with, I must tell an old legend from Sir Kenelm Digby's "Broad Stone of Honour." He says that in remote times the monks of the monastery of Dautrive, "Altenryf," in Switzerland, found upon the stones of the mountain stream, near their convent, a forlorn infant. They received him into their house and educated him, and when, not taking to the monastic life, he went out into the world to do knightly deeds, they gave him the name of the monastery which had sheltered him.

The following is copied from the authority referred to above, "The Broad Stone of Honour," by Kenelm Henry Digby, Esquire, 1827 :—

"The worship observed in the Middle Ages was admirably calculated to inspire devotion. . . . Those daily, and midnight offices too, which are so lightly spoken of by the unthinking moderns, were doubtless a source of blessing, not only to the assistants, but to temporal men in all their quests of earthly knighthood, when they were in danger or distress or sickness; an observation to which Alcuin alludes in a letter to Count Maginher, in which, besides giving him many admirable directions for a knightly life, he says: 'Esto quoque Ecclesiis Christi quasi frater, ut per orationes servorum Dei, inter pericula hostium, fluminum, viarum, infirmitatum, divina te protegat dextera, regat, atque conservet semper, ubique.'¹

"When Charles V., going to Algiers, was almost ruined in a prodigious storm, he told the minutes of the clock, expecting that at midnight, when religious persons rose to

¹ "Be thou also as a brother to the clergy of Christ, so that, through the prayers of the servants of God, in the mid perils of enemies, of rivers, of roads, of infirmities, the Divine right hand may protect, may regulate, and may preserve you always, and wherever you are."

matins, he should be eased by the benefit of their prayers. Nor is there wanting evidence that on some occasions they were made use of in affording some extraordinary information and relief to men.

"They tell a strange tale connected with a monastery on the river Sanen, where I was once lodged for a night, which I will give in the words which first conveyed it to me: 'It struck four. The bell called the monks of the Convent of Altenryf to the church. A fearful storm had raged the whole night long. Still the thunder rolled in the distance, and the sky was lighted by the forked flashings. The rain had fallen in torrents, and had enormously swell'd the waters of the river Sanen, which raged in a winding course round the convent. From the craggy cliff opposite, the rain had caused a quantity of the earth and rock, with the trees which had crowned the brow, to fall into the river, which disturbed still more the muddy wave. In their white choir habits the monks glided into the church, like beings of another world. The lightning flash still lit up at intervals the stained window which cast below a red and green tinge; the chaunt began; the full-toned organ accompanied and raised it. . . . At the words of the 26th Psalm, 'Pater meus et mater mea, dereliquerunt me: Dominus autem assumpsit me,' was Father Romuald seized with a certain presentiment, but he concealed what passed within his soul.

"The service was at an end. The storm had removed to a distance, and the sun shone in the east. The small fowl twittered on the branches, which still gave minute drops, amid the rustling leaves. The Sanen roared below less furiously."

"The story," continues the author, "goes on, showing how, moved by an inward restlessness, Father Romuald wandered mournfully down to the sandy bank of the flood sunk in himself, and disturbed 'smiling nature' with all the charms of summer beauty, not being able to overcome the impressions on his mind; till at length he observed on the

bank of the river, still in part washed with the wave, a cradle, and in it a tender sleeping infant. He drew near. It was nearly naked, and embedded in mud and sand ; only its innocent smiling face was free. Romuald threw himself on his knees, and drawing the cradle out of the reach of the threatening wave, gave thanks to God for making him the instrument of mercy to the poor child. ‘Hapless creature, thy father has forsaken thee : I will be thy father. Thy cruel mother has abandoned thee : I will seek a tender one, who will nourish thee in her place. Almighty God ! I understand Thy warning, and Thy will shall be fulfilled.’ The child was brought up under Romuald in the convent, which he left young ; and after a life of adventures, weary of the world, he became a hermit, and inhabited the lonely cell in the rock on the river Sanen called St. Magdalena.”

“Gentle reader,” continues the author, “you perceive I am not like one who stands on his guard against an adversary. I fear I ought not to have detained you with this history. The good monks of the house knew nothing of it. It may be true or it may be false : *κακὸν δ’ ἀνεμώλια βάζειν.*”

One or two other scattered notices I will bring in here, and then return to the Chequers family.

In a MS. in the Bodleian Library, written in another hand in a vacant space of the pedigree of the Chequers before the marriage of their heiress with William Hawtrey, is the following :—

“There was a Robert de Alta Ripa in 1205 who was Sheriff of Staffordshire ; arms, 4 lions passant gardant bend 2 double cott sable crowned or.”

Mention is also made of “Henry and Thomas de Alta Ripa.” This is found in Rawlinson’s MSS in the Bodleian, with a description of their coats-of-arms, but no other information. In New College Chapel at Oxford there is a brass on the floor of the ante-chapel with the following inscription :—

"Gul. Hawtrive	de Univers
alias	et com.
Hawtersfeld vel	Oxon.
Hawtrine,	Dioc. Lincoln
Ob. 1441. Ap. 13.	Soc. Coll. existens
	Sep. in Capella.

Decrett. Doct. Bonæ Memoræ Vir
 Vicarius de Isleworth Com. Middlesex
 Patronis Custode et Sociis Winton

22 Maii 1429

et inst to the Rectory of Charborough

Co. Dorset, Nov. 8, 1429; resigned 1432.

Hutchins' "Dorset," v. ii. p. 186.

(For inscription on brass, see Wood, "Antiquities of Oxford.")

Ed. Gutch."

Translation.

"Dr. William Hawtrive *alias* Hawtersfeld or Hawtrine, of the University and county of Oxford, admitted to a Fellowship in New College, Oct. 7, 1417. He appears to have been presented to the Vicarage of Isleworth in the county of Middlesex by the Warden and Fellows of Winchester College in May 1429, and to have resigned it in the following January, having been presented and instituted to the Rectory of Charborough in the county of Dorset in Nov. 1429. This living he resigned in March 1432, and died, being still a Fellow of the College, on the 13th of April 1441, and lies buried in the College Chapel."

In one of the earliest registers of the College there is a note attached to his name implying that he was a man held in some esteem in his day. "Bonæ Memoræ Vir."

The following is an extract taken from the "Chronicles of the Crusades," reign of Richard I., 1190:—

"At length, when others hesitated from sloth, rather than from anger, Ralph de Hauterive, Archdeacon of Colchester, came to the assistance of those who were suffering, and

succoured them when on the point of falling. He was a man of handsome form and figure, and merited a twofold laurel for his excellence in both kinds of warfare, being illustrious for his knowledge and famous in arms. He met with a glorious and happy end, after performing many remarkable actions in the siege in which he was engaged."

Another piece of family history—if so it may be considered—which is outside of the pedigree, is that there was a friend of St. Bernard, named Amadeus de Alta Ripa, with whom St. Bernard had some humorous correspondence—St. Bernard quizzing the old monks, his contemporaries, no doubt kindly enough, in his letters to his friend Amadeus.

These notices of scattered bits of family history may lead some of its members to make further researches and verify them for themselves.

CHAPTER III

HEADING TO PEDIGREE AND SUSSEX HAWTREYS

THE following is a heading or preface to our pedigree preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is partly the same as that which stands at the head of the copies of the Hawtreys pedigree now in the hands of Mr. Deane, and of the Miss Hawtreys of Tenby, the representatives of the eldest branch of our family:—

HEADING TO THE HAWTREYS' PEDIGREE IN MS.

WILLIS 4, BODLEIAN

"The Familie of Hawtreys, written in Latin De Alta Ripa, and in some records called Dawtreys, was of a noble estimation in Normandy before the Norman Conquest, as appeareth in the History of Normandy written by Ordericus Vitalis, a monk of Roan, and it is to be noted that those of Lincolnshire, written in their Latin deeds De Alta Ripa, took the name of Hawtreys, and came into Buckinghamshire by reason of the inheritance that came by the match with the daughter

and heir of the ancient family of Checkers, whose seat they possessed till by female heirs it went away to other Families, as is here described ; and those of the same surname in Sussex, from Alta Ripa Dautry, from whom the Lord Goring by heirs generall is lineally descended, yet there remaineth an heir-male of this name at Petworth in Sussex aforesaid ; and in some old marshallings of the severall atchievements of the Hawtreys of Chequers in Buckinghamshire, and the Dautries of Sussex, quartered by the Gorings, there is an Ingemination of the arms of both houses—the arms of those of Sussex being azure 5 fusils in fess argent, a coat taken up in nearest imitation to the old Lord Peircye's coat, who was Lord of Petworth before the heire generall went out to Josselin of Lovoine (a descendant branch from Carolus Magnus, the great Emperour), whose posterity assumed the surname of Peircy, and after were advanced to be Earls of Northumberland."

SUSSEX HAWTREYS

And now we must turn to the Sussex branch already mentioned.

My eldest brother Montague, who took very great interest in the history of his family, was of opinion that our ancestors did not come to England with William the Conqueror, but in the time of Henry I., and I wish to give his view, even if I should venture to suggest a different theory. Hereafter, perhaps, some other member of the family will look into these matters, studying what authorities he can find access to, and be enabled to throw fresh light upon them. The following gives my brother's view.

When King Henry I. married his second wife Adeliza, it seems that she was accompanied to England by her brother Josceline of Louvaine. He was a younger son of Godfrey, Duke of Brabant, and coming to England on the marriage of his sister with the king, he married Agnes, daughter and sole heir of William Percie, whose great-grandfather, another William Percie, came over with William the Conqueror.

After the death of Henry I., Queen Adeliza married the

Earl of Arundel, and he gave to his wife's brother, Josceline, the Manor of Petworth and a large estate upon his marriage with Agnes Percy.

Or else, for there seem to be two accounts of the above, King Henry I. gave Arundel Castle, and the rest of the estates of Roger, Earl of Arundel, to his wife Adeliza, who, "after the king's death, matched with William D'Aubeney, who was created Earl of Arundel."

We see then that Joscelin of Louvain accompanied his sister to England when she came hither to be the second wife of Henry I., that from her he received a grant of lands and the Manor of Petworth, and that he married Agnes, the heiress of the Percys. This would be during the first half of the twelfth century, about a hundred years before the first Hawtrey appears at Chequers. Also I find the following copied into a manuscript of one of my cousins: "When Agnes Percy came to Petworth on her marriage, she brought three knights in her train, whose names were Goring, Aske, and Dawtrey. These all received lands from Joscelin of Louvaine. . . ." The family of Dawtrey were settled at Petworth, and in Leland's time (1538) were living there at the Moor House. In his "Itinerary" he speaks of a conversation he had with "Old Mr. Dautery."

"Dawterey told me that there were three women or sisters that had division of the landes of the Honour of Petworth, and that they were thus married to Percy, Dawterey, and Aske. So that hereupon I gather that al these three cam owte of the North Country."¹

An entry in my sister's MS. book under the heading, "Dawtrey of Moor House, Petworth," tells us that—

"The descent of the family of Dawtrey, authenticated by several visitations, is deduced in uninterrupted line from the Conquest. Few pedigrees are founded on such unquestionable proof, and still fewer present more brilliant alliances, or have more uniformly preserved their station.

"John de Alta Ripa, obtaining by gift from Joscelin of Louvaine the Manor of Heringham or Hardham (then called

¹ Leland's "Itinerary," fol. 15-17, vol. vi.

Haultrey), assumed in one of the early Norman reigns the surname of De Haultrey de Alta Ripa, or Dawtrey. He was grandfather to Joscelin de Alta Ripa, who had two sons—1. William, who founded the Priory of Hardham or Heringham. His possessions descended in the female line to the family of Goring. 2. John, from whom lineally descended Andrew Dawtrey, whose second son, Edmund, was High Sheriff of Sussex in 1492. He was succeeded by his son, Sir John Hawtrey of Moor House, in Petworth, High Sheriff of Sussex in 1527. His youngest son Anthony had the estate of Worcot in Hampshire; the eldest was Sir John, High Sheriff in 1566. The last lineal descendant of the name was William Dawtrey, Esquire, of Moor House, Petworth, who, dying without issue in 1758, left his estates to his nephew Richard Luther, Esquire, whose daughters and co-heiresses married respectively Henry Fane, Esquire, and John Taylor, Esquire.”¹

CHAPTER IV

HAWTREYS OF ALGARKIRK

THE following is copied from a manuscript book of my cousin, Laura Hawtrey, sister to the late Provost:—

“A.D. 1154.

“The name of Hawtrey, or Hauterive, occurs in the history of Ordericus Vitalis, who lived in the twelfth century, and was living in 1143, but how much longer is uncertain.

“The ancestor of the family of Hawtrey came to England in the army of William the Conqueror, and was present at the Battle of Hastings,² and a tradition in the family represents him to have been the knight who struck down Harold . . . and seized the standard, for which exploit a fourth lion was added to the three in the arms

¹ Appendix A.

² The name “Dautre” is to be found in the Battle Abbey Roll.

still borne by the family. It appears that lands were bestowed upon this valiant knight in the county of Lincoln, for about the year 1270 Sir William de Alta Ripa, *alias* Dawtre, *alias* Hawtre, of Algarkirk in the county of Lincoln, married the daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph de Scaccario or Chequers of Ellesborough, county of Bucks, who was grandson to Helias Hostiario of the King's Exchequer in the year 1145—from which year a pedigree now in the Heralds' Office begins."

It may be remembered that my sister, in her introduction to this history, mentions, like her cousin, whose MS. I have just introduced, "Sir William Hawtre of Algarkirk." The idea is quite a familiar one to those of us who know anything of our family history, that the Hawtreys were of Algarkirk before they were of Chequers or of Ruislip, and one would like to know *when* they became "of Algarkirk," and whether, or for how long after the marriage of Sir William Hawtre with Katharine the heiress of Chequers, the family remained in Lincolnshire.

In a letter from my sister Emily Daman, written at Eton, on the 12th of November 1876, she says that she had lately been in conversation with a gentleman whose home was in Lincolnshire, and Algarkirk and the old Hawtreys were mentioned. "And," she writes, "he said he would try and find out if there was any old monument in Algarkirk Church, which is not at all far from their home, and in a few days he sent me this message through his son, who is here" (that is, in her son's house at Eton). "The Hawtreys lived at Algarkirk, about ten miles south of Boston, in the Hautrive mansion, a small portion of which is still remaining. The name was originally Alta de Ripa; the name was then changed to Hautrive, which got corrupted into Hawtre. I thought that very interesting," my sister continues, "about the old mansion, and this morning H. had a letter from this gentleman, in which the above is repeated; he adds that the name does not appear in the church, though there are some very old monuments there."

Having a cousin (on the other side) a rector in Lincoln-

shire, the Rev. William Watson, we asked him to visit Algarkirk and tell us what he found there. This he very kindly did, but I am sorry that he found less than we had hoped. However, he was courteously received by the rector of the parish, Mr. Berridge, a very sympathetic and anti-quarian gentleman. He was much interested to hear what was the object of my cousin's visit, and sent his servant to show the way to grass-covered mounds which are on the site, as is believed, of old buildings, traces of which would be to be seen (so it is thought) if these uneven, grass-covered mounds and ridges—perhaps the site of the old Hautrive mansion—were dug into.

I find a manuscript among my papers with the following description of what may have been the *English* cradle of our race:—

"The Haut Rive is a field of 10 acres pasture-land, the value being about £1700. It is the property of Sir Thomas Wishcote, Bart. (arms—ermine three boars passant, proper crest a boar's head erased proper). It is in the farm of a man named Deane; it is surrounded by a deep hollow, once the moat, which is never quite dry. Even in summer, the inside of the moat at south is higher than the surrounding country by about 4 feet, but the field gradually slopes away, till at the north end there are several large hollows filled with water in the winter; these are supposed to have been the wine cellars, &c. In appearance the field is much broken, while all around the land is very level. The drawbridge was at the north, where the moat is narrower and deeper, and there is a little sort of cutting, through the high field, which gradually slopes up to the level of the field. Over here there was probably a large tower with an enormous arch piercing it, and leading into the courtyard of the castle. It is in the Parish of Algarkirk, the Soke of Salterton, Province of Kesteven, County of Lincoln. The nearest station is Sulterton and Algarkirk (G.N.R., Lincolnshire loopline), $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles; post-town, Boston, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The last Lord Algar was killed in a battle at Frampton about 600 years ago, after which the place was allowed to fall into ruin. The Algars had been

there for about 200 years. In very dry summers there are places where the grass is not quite so luxuriant, and the walls were supposed to lie there. Stones are occasionally turned up, and there are supposed to be some remains underneath the ground. Rev. J. Berridge, the present rector at Algarkirk, found an old MS. telling the whole story, but I could not make out what he found, he prosed so.

"I made plans of the hollows and a sketch of the farm. I shall be very happy to find out anything more I can about the monuments in the church, &c. The name Alta Ripa, or Haut Rive, is not known in the county. It is called Hill's high 10-acre field, and is known to have been the residence of the Algars. Perhaps the family are connected with Hiddicks, an old Saxon family."

The above is written in a youthful hand, and may have been written by the Eton boy who was neighbour to Algarkirk.

CHAPTER V

HAWTREYS OF CHEQUERS

AND now to return to Chequers. Thomas Hawtreys, living in 1453, sixth in descent from William de Alta Ripa, the husband of Katharine of Chequers, married, as we have seen, Margaret, the daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Paynell of Oxfordshire, and thus the Paynell arms are quartered with those of the Hawtreys.

The son of this pair, another Thomas, living in 1466, married Katharine, daughter and heir of Thomas Blackenhall. She was fifteenth in descent from Count Bernard of Harcourt, surnamed the Dane, who lived in 876. She brought the Harcourt, Noel, Blackenhall, and De la Pipe quarterings into the shield of the Hawtreys.

Their son, another Thomas, married Agnes Bowre. The short abstract of a will dated in 1520 would appear to be his. I copy it from Mr. Story Maskelyne's notes.

"C. P. C., 'Bodfield,' fo. 2.

"Aug. 9, 1520. I, Thomas Hawtrey of Ellesborough, Co. Bucks, Esq., to be sep. in the Parish Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in Ellysborough in my Ile afore our Lady.

"To Thomas Hawtrey, my son and heire, household stuff, &c., on condition he pay within the space of four years £13, 6s. 8d. to 'my sonne John Hawtrey and Edwarde.'

"Residue to son Thomas Exor.

"Witness Thomas Hedlysley, Curat of Ellysborough, Hen. Eglynton, Richard Newman, Admon. Feb. 13, 1522-3. To Thomas Hawtrey, 'adviam intest.'"

The following, which I have copied from the notes lent to me by Mr. Story Maskelyne, refers to the above Thomas and to his son:—

"No. 3.¹ Taken at Beconsfield Sept. 22, 15 H. viii., before Richard Hill, Esq., Escheator; post mortem Thome Hawtrey de Ellesburgh seized in demesne as of fee of Manor of Chekers in Ellesburgh of 1 Mess, 2 Cottages, 100 A. terr' and past, &c., &c.

"The said Manor of Chekers is worth 4 mks. per ann., held of Prior of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Thomas Hawtrey is his son and next heir, aged 30 and more.

"Also seized of Manor of Tochewyk, &c., &c., &c., and that being so seized in consequence of a marriage between Thomas Hawtrey, son and heir-apparent of the sd. Thomas and one Sibille Hampden, daur. and heir-apparent of Richard Hampden of Great Kymbell in sd. Co., Esq., he enfeofed Thomas Dynham, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., to hold sd. Manor and Lands to his own use, to use of the said Thomas the son and the said Sibille, and to the heirs male begotten of the said Thomas Hawtrey, paying for the life of the said Thos. Hawtrey, the ffather, £6 per annum.

"Also seized of 1 Mess, &c., &c., in Great Kimbell, 40 A. terr' in Gt. Risborough, 1 Mess in Gt. Hampden, &c., &c., and being so seized in consequence of marriage of the

¹ Exchequer Inquisitions, Beds and Bucks, 14-15 H. VIII.; Richard Hill, escheator.

said Thomas¹ and Sibille now wife of the sd. Thomas, he enfeofed Sir Thomas Dyneham, Knt., Richard Hampden, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., to them, their heirs, and assigns, to the use of the said Thomas H. for the term of his life, &c., and after his decease to the sd. Sibille for the term of her life, if the said Thomas H. the son, and the sd. Sibille shd. have any issue between them, and a remainder of right heirs. The 'sponsalia' of the sd. Thos. H., the son, and Sibille, the daur. of Richd. Hampden, were afterwds. celebrated at Ellesborough, and they had issue, William, Henry, and John.

"The said lands in Gt. Kimbell are worth 26s. and 8d. per Ann', held of the Abbot and Monastery of Great Missenden at 2s. per ann. 50 A. in Risboro' are worth 23s. 4d. per ann., held of the kind as of his Honor of Wallingford. Mess in Gt. Hampden ann. val. 1 is., held of Sir John Hampden, Knt.; 3 cottages and 10 A. in are worth 13s. 4d. per ann., held of Thos. Hampden [of Harewell], Esqre. Mess and 40 A. terr and past in Wendon are worth 30s. per ann., held of Katharine, Queen of England; 20 A. in Stoke Mandevyle are worth 33s. 4d. per ann., held of John Brudenell, &c., &c.

"The said Thomas Hawtreys died Dec. 20, Hen. VIII., and said son, Thomas, entered on said manors, and is still so seized."

Thomas Hawtreys, the husband of Sybil Hampden, had a brother Edward. The will which follows may have been his; Thomas, the elder brother, died in 1544.

"In die noie Amen.

"I, Edwarde Hawtreys, servaunte to the Righte Honorable Lord Wyndesor, sike in body and hole in mynde and memorie the vijth day of Marche in the yere of or. Lorde God 1549, and the yere of or. Sovereigne lorde Kynge Edwarde the vj. the iiijth yere, doo ordayne and make this my last will and testament, &c.

"I commend my soule to God, to owre lady and to all the holy company of Hevyne, and my body to be buried in the Church of Bradna.

¹ I. P. M., Thos. Hawtreys, 15 H. VIII.

"Hie Alter xijd. to John Gelly a cott, forgyve hyme vis. viiid. that he oweth me.

"To Richarde Lawden another cote and forgyve hyme all thinge that ever was betwixte us, and I give to John Axtell my best tawny cote and forgyve hyme that he awethe me.

"Psone [parson] of Bradna, best gowne; to Richard Mores the baylie of Cheshame ij. Kene, being with John Hawes; to Andro hamden ij. Kene, one with Mother Gely in huchedow and a nother at Stanwell with Goldred, my tenaunt; to Anne Ranenez, a blacke gowne; Richard Everton, my blake cloke; John Hawtreys my Godsonne, yf he wil be ruled by my executoors, a lease of my ferme of lytillton; to William Norton, my blacke jakete; John harrisson, my gowne leyned with satyne of sypers behynde and chamlet before; to Maistres Mary hamden, my gowne lynede with blake chamlet, also I gyve her my cofer a bone [coffer of bone?]. Item my chambre with all thinge within hyme, also I gyve my landis within Bucksshyre, hatforde shire, and in the Comit of Mydlessex to her and her heyres for ever, uppon this condicon that she and her heires gyve a barrel of whit heryngs every yere amoge pore folke and a quarter of wheat baken, and to the Pson of Bradna xijd. every yere duringe his lyffe to pray for my soule, and to Anne Ranenaz xxd. a yere duringe her lyffe to pray for my soule and all Christen soules, and every yere to vij. Priste to pray for me and my frendis, every preist to have for his labure viijd. a pece, pson of Weston to have vis. viiid. the wiche I do owe hyme.

"Also, to Mary Hamden all my sheipe at Halbe of Amer-sham. Yf I die after Ester, executoris to deale amoge the powre people a quarter of befo, a quarter of wheat, to pray for my soule.

"Executoris Maistres Mary Hamden and Maister Harry her husbande to be overseer, wit Edward Hamden, Harry Hamden, William Barnaby, cualus.

"Provd at Alysbery, March 18, 1549, by Exor."

The Hawtreys appear to have been possessors of Chequers for ten generations, from about 1250 to 1600. It was when eight of those ten generations had passed away that Ralph,

the younger brother of the heir of Chequers, married Winefred Wollaston of Ruislip and settled in that place.

Leaving him and his descendants for the present, we will trace the course of events at Chequers. Ralph's eldest brother, now in possession there, as my sister's MS. tells, was Thomas, the husband of Sybil Hampden, whose epitaphs have been already given. He was born probably early in Henry the Seventh's reign, and he died in 1544, the thirty-fifth year of Henry VIII. He had two brothers besides Ralph, John and Edward, and two sisters, Katharine and Mary. Edward married and had children, a son Philip, "of Wendover, Bucks," who married Clemence, daughter of John Hart. Their son was John Hawtrey of Ashford, Kent, who married Mary Hoxton, and they had a son named John "17 years old in 1629." This short record is from Rawlinson, folio 76. The sisters' husbands were Hill, who married Katharine, and William Temple, who married Mary.

Thomas and Sybil were the parents of as many as eleven children, the eldest of whom, William, inherited Chequers. He was thrice married: first to Mary, daughter of John Brocas, in the county of Bucks, a record of whose short life is given in the following epitaph in Ellesborough Church:—

"Here lyeth the bodye of Marye, sometime wife of Wm. Hawtrey, who departed this life in travell of her first child the x. day of December, in the yere of our Lorde God MCLV., on whose soule God m̃cy."

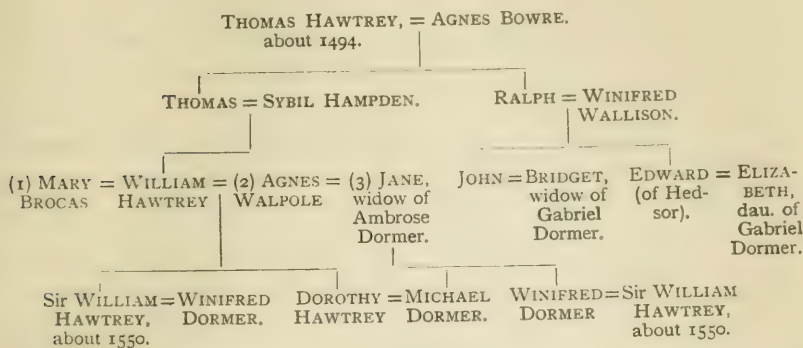
William's second wife was Agnes, daughter of William Walpole of Norfolk. The initials of this pair, W.H. and A.H., as we have already seen, are given on a piece of sculpture on the north front of the house of Chequers with the crest.

In the *Herald and Genealogist*, edited by Nichols, 25 Parliament Street, Westminster, vol. i. p. 224, we find the following:—

"It appears that William Hawtrey, after the death of his wife, Agnes Walpole, married Jane, widow of Ambrose Dormer of Askott, Oxfordshire, whose son, Michael Dormer, married William's daughter, Dorothy Hawtrey, while Dorothy's brother William married Winifred, sister to Michael Dormer."

The same authority tells us that William Hawtrey (the father) died in or before 1597.

A PEDIGREE SHOWING THE INTERMARRIAGES BETWEEN THE HAWTREYS AND DORMERS



It will be observed that I have put down the marriage of Sir William Hawtrey with Winifred, the sister of his brother-in-law, Michael Dormer, twice over, as it was difficult to do otherwise. Also, I have here spelt the name of Ralph Hawtrey's wife, Winifred *Wallison*, instead of *Wollaston*, as I am assured by Mr. Maskelyne that she belonged *not* to the *Wollastons* but to another family bearing other arms, of the name of *Wallison*.

I think it may be interesting here to give a fuller account of the sojourn of Lady Mary Grey at Chequers, mentioned by my sister. I take the following from a manuscript in the writing of one of the Provost's sisters, and from the "Life of Sir Thomas Gresham" by the late Dean Burgon: Lady Mary was the youngest sister of Lady Jane Grey, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, and granddaughter to Henry VII. She was one of Queen Elizabeth's maids-of-honour, and is described by Cecil as the most diminutive lady in the Court. In her youth she had been betrothed to Arthur, Lord Grey de Wilton, but this match being broken off, forgetful of her high birth and station, she married privately the Sergeant-Porter Thomas Keys. "Here is an unhappy chance and monstrous," wrote Cecil to Sir Thomas Smith from Windsor on the 21st of August 1565; "the Sergeant-Porter, being the biggest gentil-

man in this Court, hath married secretly the Lady Mary Grey, the least of all the Court. They are committed to several prisons ; the offence is very great." The Sergeant was sent to the Fleet, and a few weeks afterwards it was determined by the Privy Council that Lady Mary should be sent into the country, and given in charge to Mr. William Hawtreys of Chequers, in Buckinghamshire, an estate which his ancestor, William de Alta Ripa Hautrive, or Hawtreys, had acquired by marriage with the daughter of Sir Ralph de Chequers (or of the Exchequer) in the reign of Henry III. Mr. William Hawtreys, the possessor of Chequers at this time, had been frequently employed on State affairs in Queen Mary's reign, as the minutes of her Privy Council show ; and it was probably not unknown to their Lordships that having lost his first wife in 1555, and recently obtained a considerable accession of fortune by a second marriage with Agnes, daughter of William Walpole (and widow of Hugh Losse), he had availed himself of the circumstance to rebuild on a very extensive scale his family seat ; we are apprised of this circumstance by a piece of sculpture on the north front of Chequers, representing the (old) crest of the Hawtreys, a lion's head proper, fretty sable, accompanied by the initials W.H.—A.H. and the date 1565, the initials being separated by a tree, doubtless a haw-tree, in allusion to the name.

In accordance with the resolution of the Privy Council, "a lettre was sent to William Hawtreys, Esquier, on the 29th of August 1565, signifying to him that the Quene's Majestie's plesur is that he do furthwith repair to the Courte, and take into his charge and custody the Lady Mary Grey, to remain at his house without conference with any, suffering only one waiting woman to attend upon her without going abroad, for whose charges the Quene's Majestie will see him in reason satisfied." Lady Mary was accordingly given in charge to Mr. Hawtreys on the 1st of September, with a letter somewhat milder in its tenor than the minute of the Privy Council would lead one to expect ; a groom as well as a gentlewoman was allowed her, and the clause respecting "going abroad" was a little modified ; still it is obvious that her treatment

was meant to be very severe. A sweeter spot, or one better calculated to make a prisoner in love with captivity, could not have been selected than Chequers, but Lady Mary was perhaps never suffered to visit the romantic haunts in her immediate vicinity known by the poetic names of Velvet Lawn, Happy Valley, and Silver Springs, of which it shall only be said that they are every way deserving of their respective appellations. It may be that she was not even permitted the melancholy pleasure of losing herself in the labyrinth on the adjoining hill or the innocent satisfaction of sitting under King Stephen's tree, a patriarchal elm in the garden at Chequers, and which, like the venerable yews there, was, beyond a doubt, the witness of her captivity. Her remembrance is probably rather to be connected with the interior of the building, where, notwithstanding the change that has come over the Chequers of former days, many of the apartinents must be considered to remain unaltered in their material features; and in the bay windows of the library, which extends nearly the whole length of the building, Lady Mary must often have sat, intent upon the books she loved best—the Geneva Bible, “the Boke of Martyrs in two volumes,” and “the Second Course of the Hunter at the Romishe Fox,” or she may have indited in her large Italian hand those penitential epistles to Sir William Cecil, of which so many specimens remain, imploring him to exert his influence with the Queen that she might be forgiven and restored to favour.

The earliest of her letters extant was written in the sixth week of her captivity; and on the 16th of December she wrote again to Sir William Cecil:—

“I did trust to have wholly obtained her Majestie's favour before this time; the which having once obteyned, I trust never to have lost ageyne. But now I perceive that I am so unhappy a creature as I must yet be without that great and long-desired Jewell; till it please God to put in her Majestie's harte to forgive and pardon me my great and haynusse cryme.”

In such dejected terms she invariably lamented her fate, at one time calling herself “most poore wreche,” and at

another imploring permission to see the Queen when she visited the Lord Windsor at Bradenham on her return from the University of Oxford.

In a letter written in the beginning of 1567, Lady Mary says :—

“GOOD MASTER SECRETARY,—I have received your message sent me by Master Hawtrej, wherein I do perceive you are in dout whether I do continue in my folly or no; which I assuer you I do as muche repent as ever did any; not only for that I have thereby given occasion to my enemys to rejoyce at my fond parte, but also that I have thereby incurred the Quene’s Majestie’s displessur, whiche is the greatest greff to me.”

According to Cecil’s diary, Lady Mary Grey was “exchanged from Mr. Hawtrej to the *Duchess of Somerset’s* charge” about the latter end of July, or during the first week in August 1567, having been for the space of two years an inmate of Chequers.

A letter from the Duchess of Suffolk (maternal step-grandmother to Lady Mary Grey), written to Cecil from Greenwich on the 9th of August 1567, is almost enough to prove that he wrote *Somerset* inadvertently. It is clear, at all events, that Mr. Hawtrej was instructed to resign his charge to the care of the Duchess of Suffolk, as appears by the following extract from her letter :—

“GOOD MR. SEKRETTORY,—According to the Quene’s commandment, on Fryday at night laste, Mr. Haultry browght my Lady Mary to the Minories to me, even as I was appointed to have gone to Grenewyche, so I was fayne to stay with her there that night. And yesterday she came hither with me (for sooner iff I wold I colde not bring her), whiche makyth me with the more spede to advertise you of her coming.” The Duchess goes on to say that she is in want of money to provide “stoffe” for Lady Mary. “I woll not halte with you; wherefore I was fayne to declare the same lack of stoffe to Mr. Hawtry, praying him that

my Lady's stoffe myght come before, for the dressing up of her chamber; but wolde you had seen wat stoffe it is! He before tolde me that she occupyed his, and none of her owne; and nowe I see it I believe him well, and am sorry that I am not so well stored for her as he was, but am compeled to borrowe it of my frends in the Towre." After describing the wretched state of Lady Mary's "fornetur" for her apartments, and begging the Queen to allow her some comforts, "a basen and an ewer I fere were too muche; but all these things she lackes, and it were meet she had; and hathe nothing in the worlde," the Duchess proceeds: "I hope she wol do wel hereafter for, notwithstanding that I am sure she is very glad to be with me; yet I assuer you she is, otherwise nott only in countenance, but in very deed, so sad and ashamed of her fault (I think it is because she sawe me not since before) so that I cannot yet since she came get her to eate, in all that she has eaten now these ij. days not so much as a chicken's leg. She makes me even afrayd of her; and therefore I write the gladlier; for that I think a lyttel comfort wold do well." We do not know what was the effect of this letter. In the month of June 1569 she was transferred from the care of the Duchess of Suffolk to that of Sir Thomas Gresham, and it was during the period of her abode under his roof that Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Thomas on the occasion of naming the Royal Exchange. How unwelcome to Sir Thomas this addition to his family was, appears from every page of his subsequent correspondence, for he scarcely wrote a letter either to Cecil or Lord Leicester without availing himself of the opportunity to urge "the removing of my Lady Mary Grey." Throughout the years 1570 and 1571 we find in every letter the same request, the monotony of which petition is painfully broken by a letter dated the 8th of September, of which the following is an extract:—

"It maie please you to be advertised that one Mr. Doctor Smythe (my Ladie Mary Greys's physician) as this day at xii. of the clocke at noone brought me worde that Mr. Keyes, late serjeant porter, is departed; which I have broken unto my Ladie Mary—whose death she grievously tackethe

—whoe hath requested me to write unto you to be a meyne to the Quene's Majestie to be good unto her, and that she may have her Majestie's leve for to kepe and bring up his children. As likewise I desier to know her Majestie's pleasure whether I shall suffer her to wear any black mourning aparell or not. Trusting that now I shall be presently dispatched of hir by your meynes, and my Lord of Leassitor's, to whom it may please you to doo my most humble commendations."

Lady Mary seems indeed "grievously to have tacken" her husband's death. Although she had invariably subscribed her letters with her maiden name, "Mary Grey," she now took courage to deviate from that practice; in this the first moment of her sorrow she signed her name in a letter to Lord Burghley, "Mary Keys." "Seeing that God had taken away the occasion of her Majesty's Justly conceived displeasure," she wrote from Osterly begging to be restored to the Queen's favour. It appears that she was removed from Sir Thomas Gresham's care, or rather "Sett att liberty," and probaby restored to the Queen's favour, for on the 1st of January 1578 she presented Elizabeth at Hampton Court with "two pair of swete gloves with fower dozen buttons of golde, in every one a seed pearl," and received in return "a cup with a cover" weighing 18 ounces.

She ended her days a widow, and died in the parish of St. Botolph-without-Aldersgate on the 20th of April 1578.

The will which follows is that of Thomas Hawtreay, younger brother of the William who had charge of Lady Mary Grey.

"Ad dni. 1599 (*sic*).

"In ye name of God Amen. March 21, 33 Eliz.

"I, Thomas Hawtreay of Chequers in par. of Ellesbrow, Co. Bucks, gent., to my brother, William Hawtrie, Esq., £4 within half a year. To my sister, Jane Hawtrie, £4 within year. To my niece, Mrs. Doroty Dormer, £10 within half a year. To my nephew, William Hawtrye the younger, my gold seale ringe. My best cloke and my best gowne within one month to my niece, Mrs. Wenifride Hawtreye. My

silver bole and all my oer. linnen, except my sheets, within one month to Marie Hawtrye; £250 to be paid her at eleven years next after my decease, exor. meantime to have use of sd. £250, paying to her at ye said eleven years £450, and my executors to be bound in £650 with two sufficient sureties to my cozen John Hawtrie of Rislipp; and if there should be default of bounds, my said coz. Hawtrie to take the execution of ye said will, and he to put in sufficient bounds for ye same as aforesaid; but if Marie should decease before the eleven years, then the sd. £450 to be pd. to Bridget Hawtreay at 11 years next after my decease; or shd. she decease, the sd. £450 to be pd. to Wm. Hawtrie's heirs females at time aforesaid, remainder to Wm. Hawtreay's heirs general. To Mr. Philip Hawtrie's wiefe £10, &c., to Sr. Gyves, Vicar of Milton, 10s., &c., &c., &c. Servants at Chequers 10s. each. 33s. yearly to poor of Ellesborough, of Amersham and Little Hampden, and of Wendover.

"Exors., &c., &c. Overseers, &c., &c.

"Proved Ap. 26, 1591."¹

The following is the will of Sir William Hawtreay:—

"July 20, 1591, 33 Elizth. I, William Hawtrye, the younger of Chequers, in the Co. of Bucks, Esqre. To Mr. John Vvedale, Esqre., my bay Jeanett, and to him all my houndes. Mr. Adryan Scroope, Esqre., my greyestone horse. My sister Dorothye Dormer and her heirs, mess-houses, lands, &c., heredit, in St. Dunstones in the West, London, or within the White ffryers there neere adjoyning, and the revercon, &c., of all and every the same premises to her and her heirs and assigns, on condition the sd. Dorothy, &c., shall within one month next after my decease will and truly paie, &c., unto John Allen and Wm. Butler, &c., &c., the some of threescore and tenne pounds of lawful money, at one whole entire payment if they be not otherwise satisfied. Residue goods and chattels, after debts paid, to Wenefrede, my well-beloved wife, sole exix. Overseers, John Allen and Wm.

¹ Filed Will, 396.

Butler, yeomen, 40s. each. (Signed) Willm. Hawtreye, Wit., &c. &c. Provd Feb. 20, 1592, by rel. and exix.”¹

Parliament summoned² to meet at Westminster Jan. 11, 1562-3. Bucks County—Thomas Fleetwood, Esqre.; William Hawtrye, Esqre.

The following is the will of Michael, fourth son of Thomas and Sybil Hawtreay, and brother of Thomas:—

“In the Name of God, Amen.

“This is the last Will and Testament of me, Michaell Hawtreay of Wendover, in the Countie of Buck, gent., made the xxij. daye of Julye in the xxiiijth yeare of the raign of or. Sovraign Ladie Elizabethe, &c. First and principally I bequeath my Soule to the Almighty God, &c., my bodye to be buried in the pisshe churche of Ellesborowe. Item I give and bequeath to my executors all my goods, moveable and unmoveable, &c. Item I gyve and bequethe to my brother Wm. Hawtreay, &c., all my lands whatsoever, to him and to his heirs forever. It. I doe make and ordaine my brother Wm. Hawtreay, Esqre., and my brother Thomas Hawtreay, to be my whole executors, &c. (Signed) Michaell Hawtreay and me Johanem Allen, Script. Proved tertio die Aprilis, A.D. 1587, by Thomas Hawtreay, one of the exors., power reserved to oer. exor.”³

Parl. summd.⁴ Westminster May 8, 1572. Bedford Borough—Henry Cheeke, Esqre.; Michael Hawtreay, Gent.

Winifred, the above-mentioned wife of Sir William Hawtreay, was daughter of Ambrose Dormer, and sister and heir of Michael Dormer of Hampton Poyle.

From the *Herald and Genealogist*⁵ we learn that “by Winifred, his wife, Sir William Hawtreay had three

¹ C. P. C., “Neville,” 92.

² Return of Members of Parliament, vol. i. 403.

³ Arch. Bucks Orig. Will, No. 207.

⁴ Return of Members of Parliament, vol. i. 407.

⁵ *Herald and Genealogist*, vol. i. p. 325.

daughters—first, Mary . . . whose wardship was committed to Lady Wolley, widow of Sir John Wolley, Kt. This lady effected a marriage between Mary Hawtrey, her ward, and her only son, Francis Wolley.”

The same authority tells us that “William Hawtrey, the younger of Chequers, made his will July 12, 1591, which was proved by Winifred, his widow and executrix, 20th February 1592-3. He therein states that he made his will as he is about proceeding on a journey into France, and in the probate he is styled Sir William Hawtrey, Knt. He was in the expedition which was sent into France in July 1591, under the Earl of Essex, and in the same year was knighted by that nobleman when before Rouen.”

Sir William left three daughters, but no son, and was himself the last descendant of the Hawtreys of Chequers who bore their name.

His three daughters were—Mary, Bridgett, and Anne.

Mary became the wife of Sir Francis Wolley. Bridgett married Sir Henry Croke. Anne married John Saunders.

“1594, Sept. 11. Certificate of Marriage.

“On the day and yeare above written were joyned together in holy Matrimonye Francis Wolley and Marie Hawtrie, according to the forme prescribed in the Booke of Common Prayer, by vertue of a license granted by the Lord Archebyschopp of Canterbury, dated 7^o die mensis Septembris a^o 1594, and with the consente of all the parents of the sayd married persons, and in the presence of us whose names are under subscribed, and of divers other credible persons. Wynifrede Pigott, John Pigott, George Mainwaringe, Rafe Latham, Thon Foxley, Thon Allen, Austen Freeman.”¹

“A schedule wherein is contained certaine Legacies given by William Hawtrie, late of Chequers within the Pische of Ellesborough in Bucks, Esqre. Imprimis, he gave to everie of his servantes a quarter's wages. Item a bushel of wheat and tenne groats in monie to everie poore household of the same parish where the Testator dwelled, to be paid within one twelvemonth after the same Testator's death. Item to

¹ Loseley MSS.

Dorothie Hawtrej, ten poundes. Item to Marie Hawtrej, his sonne's daughter, five hundred poundes. Decimo die Maii 1597. Em' com to Dne Elizabethe Wolley, vidue ad admind, &c., *duranti minori ætate Marie Hawtrej, nept ex filio die' defuncti.*"¹

Sentence for the foregoing :—

Suit between Dorothy Dormer *alias* Hawtrie, next of kin of said defunct seeking letters of administration, and Dame Elizabeth Wolley of the other part, and Dame Winifred Hawtrej *als* Pigott, producing will and attempting to establish same by witnesses. On part of Dame Winifred it was alleged that Wm. Hawtrie, late of Chequers, made his will in writing and appointed as his Executrix Dame Winifred Hawtrej, late wife of Wm. Hawtrej, Knt., son of said deceased, and, together with legacies to servants, gave great parts of his estate to the said Winifred, that signed before witnesses and hid said will "in museo suo." Admon. granted to Dame Elizth. Wolley of will annexed during minor' of Mary Hawtrej, nept ex filio dieb' dif'. Sentence, Tuesday, May 10, 1597.

The following is Lady Wolley's will :—

"I, Mary Wolley of Bodicot, Co. Oxford, widow, to be Sep. in the chancel of the Church of Adderburie. To Church of Adderburie, £5; Poor of Bodicott, £5; to Alexander Hawtrej of Bodycott, the Elder, £100; Dorothy Smith, widowe, now of Banbury, Co. Oxford, £50; wch. moneys is now in the house. Anne Brindle, my servant, £25; Richard Newman, £10; &c., &c. I make my nephew, Robert Croake, and my kinsman, Alexander Hawtrej, Exors. To my Sister Croake, to buy a ring, 20s.; my nephew Robert Croake's wife, 20s.; &c., &c., &c. Feb. 20, 1636. (Sd.) Marie Wolley. Proved by def. sentence, Feb. 21, 1637-8, by Robt. Crooke and Alex. Hawtrej." ²

Mary, Lady Wolley, died childless. She perhaps took the same kind of interest in the history of her family which has been felt by some of those who have lived in later days, and the old Parchment Pedigree has this heading :—

¹ C. P. C., "Cobham," 38.

² C. P. C., "Lee," 17.

"The Genealogie and Pedigree of the Auncient Familie of Hawtrey, written in Latin de Alta Ripa, and in some records called Dawtrey, was of Noble Estimation in Normandy before the Norman Conquest, as appeareth in the History of Normandy written by Ordericus Vitalis, a Monk of Roan; and it is to be noted yt. those of Lincolnshire, written in their Latin Deeds de Altaripa, tooke the name of Hawtrey, planting themselves in Buckinghamshire by reason of the Inheritance that came by ye match wth. the daughter and heire of the auncient Familie s^rnamed Checkers, whose seat soe called in ye Parish of Ellesborow in ye County of Buckinghamhã is in the possession of the Right Worshipfull Dame Mary Wolley, widdow, a coheir of ye same Familie, an heire masle of which Familie is John Hawtrey of Rislip in the County of Middlesex, Esqre. Ano Dnj 1640."

As we have seen, Lady Wolley's next sister was Bridgett, and the third was Anne, who married John Saunders. Bridgett married Sir Henry Croke, and died in 1638, the thirteenth year of King Charles I. A portrait of this lady is in the drawing-room at Chequers, with those of her parents and one of her son, Sir Robert Croke. This son, Robert, was born in 1609, the sixth year of King James I. His wife was Susan, the daughter of Sir Peter van Loor of Tylehurst, in Berkshire. From the *Herald and Genealogist* we learn that "Sir Robert Croke, Knt., . . . adhering to the King, he deserted the Parliament at Westminster upon the King" (Charles II., four years after his restoration) "summoning the Parliament to meet at Oxford, 22 Jan., 1664, and was one of the 118 members of the House of Commons who sat in the Royalist Parliament at Oxford."

A pedigree giving the descent of the Chequers estate tells us that "Sir Robert Croke had six sons and seven daughters by his wife, Susan." The names are given of Robert, who died in 1671, aged 35; and of Henry, who died in 1662, aged 21; and of four daughters.

Sir Robert, the father of these (and grandson, it will be remembered, of Sir William Hawtrey), died in 1680, aged

70. How it was that, though he had had no less than six sons, the estate of Chequers should have been left to a daughter I cannot tell. Did all those sons die childless like Robert and Henry? However this may be, Mary, daughter to Sir Robert Croke, became after her father's death the inheritor of Chequers; her husband was John Thurbarne, serjeant-at-law. Mary Thurbarne died in 1771, the ninth year of Queen Anne, and, dying childless as she did, she had to find an heir to inherit the estate of Chequers. She did not look across to Ruislip and think of her fifth cousin, Charles Hawtreys, who was living there, nor of another Charles Hawtreys, a child of eleven, living at his father's rectory at Mapel Durham, who was also related to her in the same degree, and who was to become afterwards sub-dean of Exeter (my father's grandfather). Closer ties united her apparently to her husband's family.

She was the third wife of Serjeant Thurbarne. By his second wife, Mary, the sister of Lord Cutts, he had had a daughter, Joanna. To this lady Mary left the estate of Chequers, which thus completely passed away from the Hawtreys family. Its later course may be briefly given: Joanna Thurbarne married, first, Colonel Rivett; secondly, John Russell, who was brother-in-law to Frances, Oliver Cromwell's daughter. On the death of Joanna the property was inherited by her daughter, Mary Joanna Cutts Rivett, wife to Colonel Charles Russell, son to the above-mentioned second husband of Joanna Thurbarne, by his first marriage. The next inheritor of Chequers was the son of this pair (Colonel and Mrs. Russell), namely, Sir John Russell, Bart., who was succeeded by his son, another Sir John Russell; dying childless, he was succeeded by his brother George, who also inherited the baronetcy. He, too, died childless, and was succeeded by an aunt, Mary Russell, who, having no direct heir, left the estate to her cousin, Dr. Russell Greenhill. His son, Robert Greenhill, followed him and took the name of Russell, and was created a baronet in 1831. Sir Robert Greenhill Russell died childless in 1836, and left the Chequers estate to Sir Robert Frankland, his third cousin,

once removed, through his descent from Elizabeth, the sister of John Russell, who married Joanna, stepdaughter to Mary Croke, the great-granddaughter of Sir William Hawtrey. Sir Robert Frankland took the name of Russell, and died in 1849. His daughter, Mrs. Astley, who had always been most kind in allowing any of us to go and see the beautiful old place, died in 1900, and the estate passed to her eldest son, Bertram Frankland, Frankland-Russell-Astley.

When the neighbouring church of Ellesborough was restored in 1871 all the inscriptions to the Hawtrey family that were found were placed in one part of the church, and a flat stone was let into the floor with this inscription :—

“Under
this stone
is the Resting Place
of the Ancient
Hawtreys
of
Chequers.”

CHAPTER VI

HAWTREYS OF RUISLIP

WE turn now to the younger branch of the family, who separated from the Chequers branch upon the marriage already mentioned between Ralph¹ Hawtrey, the fourth son of Thomas Hawtrey of Chequers, with Winifred Wollaston or Wallison, heiress of the Ruislip property, which then came into this, the younger branch of the family.

Thomas and Sybil his wife at Chequers, and Ralph their brother and his wife Winifred at Ruislip, were not very distant neighbours even for those days, and as the family had earlier than this period sent its sons from Lincolnshire to Buckinghamshire, and perhaps to Sussex, there may now not impossibly

¹ “1521. Hawtre, Ralph, sup. for B. C. L., 26 Ap. 1521, admd. 29 April.” *Regist. Univ. Oxon.*, edited Rev. C. W. Boase, for Oxf. Hist. Soc.

have been intercourse between the families, living as they were at about twenty miles' distance from each other at Chequers and Ruislip.

Thomas, the elder brother, was born, it is supposed, early in Henry the Seventh's reign, which began in 1485, and his brother Ralph, now of Eastcote House, Ruislip—for that is the name of the old house—in 1494. Thomas, as we have seen, had eleven children, and Ralph had five. These were John, Edward, Alice, Frideswid, and Margaret. John married Bridget, the widow of Gabriel Dormer, of Shipton Lee, Bucks.

The following is his epitaph in Ruislip Church, in the chancel on the north side:—

“Heer under lyeth Buryed the Body of John Hawtrej, Esqyer, one of our Majestye's Justyces of Peace within the County of Middlesex, and Breeget his wyfe, he being of the age of 68 years. Deceased ye 11th day of May 1593.”

The following is a copy of an abstract of his will:—

“In the name of God Amen. May 10, 1593, 35 Eliz. I, John Hawtrej of Rislepp, Co. Mdsx., Esquier, sick in body. . . My body to be buried in Xtian burial. To every of these four parishes, to the poor of same, vz. Rislipp, Ellesborowe, Largesall, and Quainton, 40s.; Poor of Northall, Pynner, Ikenham, Hillyngdon, Woxbridge, and Herfelde, 20s.; to Mary, the daughter of my deceased brother, Edward Hawtrej, £40; to Margaret Bennet, daūr. to my sister Clement, £40; to John Warde, son to my deceased sister Warde, £20; to Richarde Warde, one other of her sons, £20; to Raffe Warde, one other of her sons, £5; to my sister Margaret, the wife of the said Clement, £15, besides £5 presently given to her husband; Rauffe Bennet, her son, £20; to Rauffe Matts, son of my brother-in-law, Robert Matts, £20; Edmond Matts, one other of his sons, £40; Wm. Matts, one other of his sons, £50; Ursula Fermor, daughter of said Robt. Matts, £5; to my son-in-law, John Arderne, of Lee, £10; son-in-law, Edward Arderne of

Quainton, £10; Briget, the wife of Edward Rawson of Colbrooke, Mercer, daür. of my deceased sister Warde, £20. And if her husband will pay to my Exors. £10, and not demand of them tis [*sic*] £20, then my will is that he shall have to him and his heirs the house in Colbrooke afsd. wherein he lately dwelled. To Briget, my wife, one of my Exors., £100, use of moiety of my plate goods and chattells for life, she paying no part of this my Legacy; after her death, said moiety to remain to Raffe Hawtrey, my nephew, son of my deceased brother, Edward Hawtrey, the other of my Exors.”

The following is an abstract of the will of Briget, the wife of the above John Hawtrey. It should be remembered that this John is son to the first Hawtrey who settled at Ruislip.

“Jan. 16, 1597, 40 Eliz.

“Brigitt Hawtrey of Rislip, co. Mdsx., widow.

“To be buried in Rislip Church, by my late Husband, John Hawtrie, Esqr. Her mind is that her daür. Arderne should have the rent of Readinge’s house in Ruislip for life, and the little house in R. which now is void, with such ground to it as Mr. Raphe Hawtrey shall think good, also during her life to her daür. Arders [*sic*] 3 daürs. £10 a piece, to be paid them as soon as the said Raphe may conveniently; to every other child of her said daür., £5; likewise, to 3 children of her daür. Marie, £5 apiece at their marriages or ages of 21, benefit of survivorship. Every child of her daür. Carter, £5 (one of the sd. £5 is already paid to her sd. daürs.’ husband), 6 poor women at her burial to have gownes given them of good cloth; 40s. to poor of Rislip; 20s. to amending of highways to Church of Rislip; 20s. to poor of Quainton, Co. Bucks; 12 rings of 5s. each for 12 such friends as she shall name; to her said daür. Arderne, all her linnen and woollen apparell except one gown and petticoat which she will give away; to her daür. Copcote, her bracelets, and to the wife of John Newdigate, late of Harefield, decd., a ring with posie ‘Let likinge last’; to daür. Arderne, £10; son-in-law, John Arderne, rent he owes; son, Fleetwood Dormer, gent., arrearage he owes, less £30,

wch. he is to pay to son for funeral charges, &c. Proved Ap. 14, 1598."

On the death of Edward, brother to John and grandson to Ralph and Winifred, Eastcote House, Ruislip, became the inheritance of his only son, besides whom he had two daughters—Mary, who married Francis (or Henry, it seems uncertain which) Brand; and Elizabeth, who married John Cator, or Carter, of London.

I take the above notices of Thomas Hawtreys, and his brothers and sisters, and their children, from a copy made by my sister, Anna Hawtreys, of the "Pedigree from Rawlinson MSS., folio 76." She has given side-notes as follows:—

"The arms of Francis or Henry Brand are three dexter hands griffe sable . . . The rest illegible.

"The description of the arms of John Cator is almost illegible; 'Arms argent . . .' is all that can be made out in the MS."

Also she adds, referring to the previous generation: "I have written Alice Hawtreys and Thomas Sankey in red ink, because they do not appear in our pedigree, but in the MS. from which most of this is taken, and in another copy of the Hawtreys pedigree, which is in the Bodleian, and in the Sankey pedigree, also in the Bodleian."

We return now to the only son of Edward Hawtreys of Edsor, the one brother of these sisters—Mary Brand and Elizabeth Cator (or Carter). His name was Ralph—so called, no doubt, after his grandfather, the first possessor of the Ruislip property, who perhaps, as has been suggested, may have inherited the name from his ancestor, Sir Ralph de Scacario, who lived three hundred years before.

The present Ralph was born in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1570. His two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, may possibly have been called after the two queen sisters. He lived through the reign of James I., and died in the thirteenth year of Charles I.—his wife, Mary, the daughter of Edward Altham, "2nd sonne of James Altham," surviving him nine years.



RALPH HAWTREY OF RUISLIP (1570)

His epitaph in Ruislip Church tells us that he and his wife lived happily together for forty years, and that their children were four in number: John, married to Susannah, daughter and one of the co-heirs of Jacob James of London; Edward, married to Margaret Wright, the widow of John Wright, Vicar of Burnham; Ralph, married to Mary Beadele of London; and Mary, the wife of Sir John Banks.

I have several old letters and papers to introduce, concerning or addressed to Ralph, the father of this family. I may here say that as Ralph Hawtrey was a common name in the family in those days, and that in this Ralph's picture he is represented as wearing an elaborate and beautiful lace collar, we of the present day got into the way of calling him, to distinguish him from his namesakes, "Ralph with the ruff," and it may be useful so to designate him sometimes in these pages.

Here is a letter addressed to him by a friend, Samuel Collyns, who writes from King's College, Cambridge. It is dated at the end, 1655.

"GOOD SIR,—For the great care and goodwill wherewith you stand affected to the good of our college, I heartily thank you, desiring, though not doubting, the continuance thereof. As touching the charge of the repair of the pound, if for certain is that usually heretofore belonged to the college, as you write you are informed, I for my part do most willingly condescend to the performance thereof, and do hereby yield my consent for the taking of such timber as shall necessarily be expended and employed about the same, requesting you not to increase your already good begun care thereof untill it be finished, which my desire is, should be effected with as much speed as may be, and for your better direction when the said timber should be taken,^dI have, according to the tenour of your letter, sent you the abstract of such reservations contained in the lease of the Manor as may be material for the purpose, which I find to be of all woods and underwoods, hedgerows and trees, growing or to be growing in or upon the Manor or late Priory of Ruislip, or upon any the lands, tenements, meadows, pastures, commons, closiers, &c., for the

lease of the common woods. I find exception of timber for repair of bridges and fire {boot
wood} and other necessary boots for the use of the farmer, and some other matters, nothing to this purpose, and so with my heartiest commendations I remit you to the grace of God, and rest your very loving Friend,

“SAMUEL COLLYNS.

“King’s College, Cambridge, 20th March 1615. Enclosed to the worshipful his loving Friend Mr. Ralph Hawtrey, at his house in Rislip.”

Another letter to the same is signed “John Carter,” but we must conclude that it is from a son of the Elizabeth Hawtrey who married “John Cator.” It is as follows:—

“To the right worshipful and my very good uncle and friend, Mr. Ralph Hawtree, Esqre., at Rislip, give these.

“Good uncle, my humble duty remembered unto your worship and your wife, with my prayers for your healths and prosperities, so it is.

“May it please your good worship that by my long stay here in England, hoping and still expecting some relief from Virginia to defray the charges for my voyage thither again, I gave way to all the means I had here and am now quite disappointed of my expectation, only I hear that my wife is very well, and that our business there doth profit well, thanks be to God. But no supply comes over, so that now, I having wrought means for my passage over thither, have no means to defray the charge thereof. My humble request unto your worship is, that as you have been always my most especial friend, so you would still continue your love to me, and at this time extend your goodwill to me so much as to lend me so much money as will pay for my passage over, or otherwise I shall be disappointed of my voyage, which may turn to my undoing, for in this necessity I have no friend but your worship to fly to for succour, and my wife stops my supply thither only for expecting my coming over thither. I cannot give you

such security as I could wish, but if your worship will do me this great courtesy, I will not only truly pay it to you again, but also ever be ready to do your worship what service I am able, with many thanks. Thus desiring your worship's answer hereof, and hoping of this favour from you, which may raise me a greater fortune than yet I have ever had, I leave your worship to the safe protection of Almighty God.

"Your poor and humble suppliant and kinsman,

"JOHN CARTER.

"Southwark, this 25 of April 1622.

"P.S.—I would desire your worship not to be offended that I do write to you and not come and speak with you myself, for it is not any Pride or Presumption that prompts me to it, but only that I cannot so well declare my mind to you by my words as by writing."

The following letter is written on a small sheet of paper folded into itself, very yellow-looking, and clearly directed, and written in what was perhaps the more ordinary writing of those days, or beginning to be so:—

"These
To my very worthy Friend,
Ralph Hawtreys, Esquier,
at his house
in Ruislip.

"SR.,—These are to desire you to lett this Bearer, our Groom (one, I beleeve, known unto you), to have along with him ye Horse of that Robber wch. was taken in our Royalty; and so, by being a convicted malefactour's, becomes our's. And for your so parting with it this may be your sufficient Discharg. Signed and sealed this 4th of August 1662.

"JAMES FFLETEWOOD, Provost.

"From ye King's Coll. in Cambr."

One or two other business letters addressed to the same will be found under the letter B in the Appendix.

Ralph Hawtrej (with the ruff), to whom these letters were addressed, died in 1638. In the church at Ruislip there is an upright marble monument to his memory, with marble busts of himself and of his wife, Mary, and with the following inscription:—

“ P. M. S.

“ Raphe Hawtrej, Esq., one of his Ma^{ties}. Justices of Peace for this County, and Deputy Leiuetenant for the sam. He was sonne to Edward Hawtrej, Esq., and married Mary, sole daughter of Edward Altham of Latton, Co^m. Essex, Esq. They lived happily together 40 years, and had issue: John Hawtrej, married to Susanna James, second daughter and one of the coheires of Jacob James of London, Esqre. Edward Hawtrej, married to Margaret Wright of Burnham, Com. Bucks, widdow. Mary Hawtrej, married to Sir John Bankes of Keswick, Com. Cumberland, Knt., Lord Chiefe Justice of his Ma^{ties}. Court of Co^mon Pleas, and of his Ma^{ties}. most honorable Privy Councill. Raph Hawtrej, married to Mary Beadle, one of the daughters of Matthew Beadle of London, Esq.

“ Hee was buried the last of March 1638.

Shee was buried the 4th of April 1647.

Regnante Carolo.”

In the List of Admissions to Gray's Inn, the name appears of “ Ralph Hawtrej (Hawtree), 1600.”

Beside this epitaph there are two short ones:—

“ From August the 14th 1570 to the last of March 1638, I, Raphe Hawtrej, on Earth lived. In Earth I now rest; and in the last of dayes shall arise.”

“ Heere resteth Mary, the wife of Raphe Hawtrej, Esqre., untill both shall arise. My Pilgrimadge began the 21st December 1578, and ended the 4th of April 1647.”

The portraits of the above Ralph and Mary are at Kingston Lacy in Dorsetshire, the present estate of the descendants of their daughter, Mary, Lady Bankes. Mr. Deane, the representative of the Hawtreys of Ruislip, has also a portrait of Ralph, and a copy of the latter painting, by



MARY, DAUGHTER OF EDWARD AND MARY ALTHAM
AND WIFE OF RALPH HAWTREY OF RUISLIP

Alice Donkin, grand-daughter of the seventh generation to the original, is now at the Cottage, Windsor.

The original portraits are by Cornelius Jansen. At Kingston Lacy there is also a portrait of Mr. Edward Altham, the father of Mrs. Hawtrey, and of his wife, and miniatures of Lady Bankes, as well as portraits of her husband and their children?

CHAPTER VII

CORFE CASTLE

THE history of Lady Bankes' defence of Corfe Castle has been told by several writers. I take the following account of it from the "Life of Sir Edward Coke" by C. W. Johnstone, and also from "The Story of Corfe Castle," by the Right Hon. George Bankes, published in 1853. I begin by quoting from the first-named of these two sources:—

"Sir John Bankes was made in 1634 Attorney General to Charles the first.

"This great Lawyer had long sided against the King's party in the House of Commons, and had spoken in support of the Patriots with great learning and eloquence. He became, however, a convert to more moderate measures, and finally accepted office from the Crown, and in 1640 succeeded his Friend Lord Lyttelton as Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was for a long period after the commencement of the civil war trusted by both parties, preserving his loyalty to the King with the respect of the Parliament, who even requested Charles to return him as a Judge.

"Having, however, in the Spring circuit of 1643, when addressing the Grand Jury at Salisbury, denounced the conduct of Lords Essex, Winchester, and Sir William Waller, as treason to the King, the Parliament became exasperated, impeached him, before a remnant of the House of Lords which adhered to them, of high treason, and

ordered the seizure of his Castle and Estate of Corfe, in the County of Dorset.

“This fine castle, magnificent still in its ruins, was the dwelling-place of Sir John Bankes, his lady and her children; and its defence by this lady when the Parliamentarians attempted its seizure is another of the many noble instances of female heroism displayed in those days of England’s wretchedness. Had the royalists of that day displayed the same skill and the same undaunted courage as those exhibited in the example of Mary Lady Bankes of Corfe, Charlotte the Countess of Derby of Latham, and the Lady Arundel of Pardam, twenty Oliver Cromwells would have fought in vain for republicanism.”

(I introduce here a passage from Mr. Bankes’ “Story of Corfe Castle.”)

“We have arrived at a period when Corfe Castle will again take its place in the annals of the kingdom, and the lady, the inhabitant at this date, who has justly been styled the heroine of Corfe Castle, must be introduced to those who may wish to hear more of its story.

“This lady, wife of Sir John Bankes, was a daughter of the very ancient family of the Hawtreys, whose place of residence was at Rislip in the County of Middlesex. They were of Norman descent, having come into this country at the time of the Conquest. A large portion of the flat pavement of the Church of Rislip consists at this day of the tombs of the different generations of the Hawtreys.

“We can furnish no more faithful or full account of the proceedings of this brave lady than by giving them as related in the well-known diurnal of the day, the *Mercurius Rusticus*.

““There is in the Isle of Purbeck a strong castle called Corfe Castle, seated on a very steep hill, in the fracture of a hill in the very midst of it, being eight miles in length, running from the east end of the peninsula to the west; and though it stands between the two ends of this fracture, so that it might seem to lose much advantage of its natural and artificial strength as commanded from thence, being in height equal to, if not overlooking, the tops of the highest towers of

the castle; yet the structure of the castle is so strong, the ascent so steep, the walls so massive and thick, that it is one of the impregnablest forts of this Kingdom, and of very great concernment in respect of its command over the island, and the places about it. This castle is now the possession and inheritance of the Right Honourable Sir John Bankes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, who, receiving commands from the King to attend him at York in Easter Term 1642, had leave from the two houses to obey his commands. After the unhappy differences between the King and the two houses, or rather between the King and the faction in both houses, grew high, it being generally feared that the sword would decide the controversy, the Lady Bankes, a virtuous and prudent lady, resolved, with her children and family, to retire to this castle, there to shelter themselves from the storm which she saw coming, which accordingly she did. There she and her family remained in peace all the winter and a great part of the spring, until May 1643, about which time the rebels, under the command of Sir Walter Erle, Sir Thomas Trenchard, and others, had possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole (Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to the rebels), only Corfe Castle remaining in obedience to the King; but the rebels, knowing how much it concerned them to add this castle to their other garrisons, to make all the sea-coast wholly for them, and thinking it more feasible to gain it by treachery than open hostility, resolved to lay hold of an opportunity coming on to see if they could become masters of it.'"

(From the "Life of Sir Edward Coke.") "Sir Walter Earle and Trenchard made the first attempt on Corfe Castle on the 1st of May 1643, when they marched some troops of Horse from Dorchester early in the morning to attempt its capture by a *coup de main*.

"On their arrival in the Isle of Purbeck they found the gentry of the island engaged in stag hunting, an annual meeting being held for that purpose every May Day." The

Mercurius Rusticus tells us the troops came "intending to find other game than to hunt the stag, their business being suddenly to surprise the gentlemen in the hunting and to take the castle; the news of their coming dispersed the hunters, and spoiled the sport of that day, and made Lady Bankes to give order for the safe custody of the castle gates, and to keep them shut against all comers. The troopers having missed their prey on the hills (the gentlemen having withdrawn themselves), some of them came to the castle under a pretence to see it, but entrance being denied them, the common soldiers used threatening language, casting out words implying some intentions to take the castle; but the commanders, who better knew how to conceal their resolutions, utterly disavowed any such thought, denying that they had any such commission. However, the Lady Bankes, very wisely and like herself, hence took occasion to call in a guard to assist her, not knowing how soon she might have occasion to make use of them, it being now more than probable that the rebels had a design upon the castle. The taking in this guard, as it secured her at home, so it rendered her suspected abroad; from thenceforward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to survey all her actions: whatsoever she sends out, or sends for in, is suspected. Her ordinary provisions for her family are by fame multiplied, and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if she now had an intention to victual and man the castle against the two Houses of Parliament. Presently letters are sent from the committee at Poole to demand the four small pieces in the castle, and the pretence was because the islanders conceived strange jealousies that the pieces were mounted and put upon their carriages. Hereupon the Lady Bankes despatched messengers to Dorchester and Poole to entreat the commissioners that the small pieces might remain in the castle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the islanders' jealousies she caused the pieces to be taken off their carriages."

"But" (to continue from the "Life of Sir E. Coke") "when the commissioners, a few days afterwards, sent a body of fifty sailors to again demand their delivery, Lady Bankes, with her

five men, reinforced by all the maid-servants in the castle, mounted and discharged one of them, on which the sailors, who were probably ashamed of their expedition, returned to Poole.

“Lady Mary immediately called in a body of her tenantry, and a quantity of gunpowder and fifty stand of arms were procured from the island. The Parliamentarians were not however in the next few days idle. They intercepted a supply of gunpowder going to the castle, and proclamation was made in all the neighbouring towns, that under pain of high treason no one should either sell provisions to, or hold communication with, the Castle of Corfe.

“Having failed in their attack, they now commenced a strict blockade, for which the island on which Corfe Castle stands affords many facilities.

“Thus circumstanced, Lady Bankes beat a parley, and agreed to deliver up the beautiful train of four old pieces of cannon, one of which was a three-pounder, on condition of the blockade being withdrawn, and that she should be allowed to dwell in peace.

“The Parliamentarians had probably little intention of observing the articles of this treaty; Lady Mary had no faith at least in their sincerity, for the moment the blockade had partially ceased, she seized the opportunity to replenish the castle with victuals, gunpowder, and matchlocks.

“She also, on the advance of the King’s army, under Prince Maurice, to Blandford, so energetically represented the importance of the place, that Captain Lawrence was sent as its governor.”

Captain Lawrence was son to Sir Edward Lawrence, a gentleman of the island. Coming without a commission, he could not command moneys or provisions to be brought in until it was too late.

The *Mercurius Rusticus* tells us:—

“There was likewise in the castle one Captain Bond, an old soldier, whom I should deprive of his due honour not to mention him, having shared in the honour of this resistance. The first time the rebels faced the castle” (which was

soon after the arrival of Captain Lawrence) "they brought a body of between two and three hundred horse and foot and two pieces of ordnance, and from the hills played on the castle; but, receiving a denial for that time, they left it," or, as my other authority says, "being gallantly withstood, they retired, after again summoning Lady Bankes to surrender the castle.

"The garrison did not long remain undisturbed; on the 28th of June 1643, a body of six hundred soldiers from Poole, under the command of Sir Walter Erle, took advantage of a thick fog to penetrate unobserved into the town. They brought with them a demy cannon, a culverin, and two sappers; with these and their matchlocks they opened upon all sides of the castle, offered to bribe the servants of Lady Bankes, and threatened to give no quarter, even offering an oath to that effect to their soldiers.

"To make their approaches to the walls with more safety, they constructed two engines, framed with boards and lined thickly with wool; one of them they called the Boar, and the other the Sow. These were intended to be moved before them, and were thus constructed in order that they might deaden the effect of the shot from the garrison. The experiment, however, was a bungling one, for the balls of the besieged penetrated beneath, and killing some who were under it, the rest ran away, and the rebels dared not renew the attempt."

(The *Mercurius* puts this a little differently, and tells us that *one* was slain.)

"They now altered their plan of attack, converting the solid built church of Corfe into a battery, from which they played upon the castle. Their guns were probably as ill-directed as their measures; they made no impression upon Lady Bankes, who made several sallies, doing the besiegers much damage, and in one of them capturing twelve head of cattle belonging to the besiegers.

"The Earl of Warwick, who was evidently annoyed at the slow progress made by Sir Walter Erle, reinforced him with one hundred and fifty sailors and an abundant supply of petards, hand-grenades, and other materials for an assault which Erle had prepared with much care.

"It was arranged that both the upper and lower wards of the castle should be assaulted together; that the first man who scaled the wall should receive £20, and the next in succession, down to the twentieth man, should receive in a decreasing proportion; 'Old Watt' was to be their watchword, and when the twenty had entered, these were the words which were to be used to announce to their comrades the success of the forlorn hope. Spirits were profusely distributed, and everything portended that Corfe would that day be carried by storm.

"Lawrence commanded in the lower ward, and had with him the principal part of the little brave garrison, which never amounted to forty men in any of its sieges, and triumphantly repelled every onset with unflinching firmness. It was in vain that the rebels mounted the ladders; they were rapidly either speared or shot.

"Lady Bankes herself commanded in the upper ward, which was at the same time pressed with equal energy. She had under her immediate direction five men, who kept up a lively fire of small arms; and when the attempt was finally made to scale the walls, Lady Mary, her daughters, and the women servants, heroically became their brave defenders, by throwing over hot embers and pieces of the stone of Purbeck."

The *Mercurius* says (of the rebels) that "being now pot-valiant and possessed with a borrowed courage which was to evaporate in sleep, they divide their forces into two parties, whereof one assaults the middle ward, defended by brave Captain Lawrence and the greater part of the soldiers; the other assaults the upper ward, which the Lady Bankes (to her eternal honour be it spoken), with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, undertook to make good against the rebels, and did bravely perform what she undertook; for by heaving over stones and hot embers they repelled the rebels and kept them from climbing the ladders, thence to throw in that wild fire which every rebel had already in his hand."

"On neither ward," to continue from Sir E. Coke's "Life," "did the attempt succeed—the rebels lost more than

one hundred men killed and wounded, and thus baffled and disheartened they were seized soon after with a panic, on hearing of the approach of the Earl of Cærnarvon with the Royalists. They fled, therefore, in great confusion, leaving their cannon, ammunition, tents and stores, to the care of the heroic Lady Mary, who lost only two men during the attack.

“Thus terminated, after a siege of six weeks, the investment of this fine old castle, one of the most interesting of the English baronial residences. It had then existed near seven centuries; it is yet magnificent in its ruins—tradition yet shows the spots where Lady Bankes commanded and where the besieged encamped.”

Mr. Bankes in his “Story of Corfe Castle” tells us that “various causes combined to induce this furious assault upon the castle of Sir John Bankes at this particular time. He was now upon the summer circuit; and when presiding at the Assizes at Salisbury, he had in his charge to the Grand Jury denounced the Earl of Essex, Lord Manchester, and others, as guilty of high treason for continuing in arms against the King. Another serious subject of offence consisted in the fact of his having subscribed liberally to the necessities of the King, for which the royal acknowledgment, warmly expressed in the King’s own handwriting, remains with the descendants of Sir John at this day. For this act, by virtue of an ordinance of the Parliament, he forfeited all property, as well real as personal, and for his charge to the Grand Jury he was denounced as a traitor to the State.”

Then from the same authority we get the brighter side in the following extract:—

“The grave and learned judge, closing the labours of his circuit, returned after a long absence to his home, and in its battered walls was welcomed by his wife, who had become a heroine, and by children who had endless stories to relate of their invincible prowess in the days of danger.

“He found his castle safe, his property preserved, but the church which stood in front of his castle gate was unroofed and desecrated, the shops in the little town plundered,

and all that would burn of the stone-built cottages around destroyed by conflagration.

"The poor families thus expelled found their refuge within the walls which they had so faithfully helped to defend. There was much to render this a joyful meeting at Corfe Castle, for it seemed as if the sun of the King's fortunes, arrested in its decline, stood still in the west with a brilliant lustre that gave hope of a better morrow."

In the following year, however, Mr. Bankes tells us that "the tide of the royal success, which had flowed so steadily through the western counties in the preceding year, was now ebbing fast in the county of Dorset. . . . Corfe Castle was almost the only place of strength between Exeter and London which still held out for the Royal Cause, and the constant valour of the lady who defended it is to be estimated not so much by her active enterprise and resistance in the hours of excitement and attack as by her long endurance through tedious weeks and months of anxiety, encompassed as she was by threats and dangers on every side.

"She had now a second gloomy winter to look forward to. All the neighbouring towns had become hostile; and the only encouragement and aid she could expect, her husband being absent and her sons quite young, was that of a garrison to consist of soldiers brought from a distance under the command of officers who were little if at all known to her.

"Early in the winter the misfortune which she had least reason to expect, befel her. On the 28th day of October 1644 her husband, the Chief Justice, died at Oxford. His illness must have been a short one. Whether Lady Bankes had any notice of it is not known, few of her papers having escaped from the plunder of the castle. Sir John Bankes died in the house of his son-in-law, Sir Robert Jenkinson, his two eldest daughters attending him."

From the "Life of Sir Edward Coke" I take the following:—

"Clarendon describes him [Sir John Bankes] as 'a grave and learned man.' He lived in times when no man of any

eminence was treated with moderation by either party, and Bankes was no exception to the general rule.

"The same Parliament that had once desired Charles to continue Bankes and Brampton in his employment, now changed their opinion, and in the year of Bankes' decease they impeached him before the House of Lords along with his brother judges, Heath and Forstin, for adhering to their King."

Sir John had expressed a wish that the text "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be glory," should be the only inscription placed upon his grave. However, something more was added, and this is the inscription as it now stands in Christ Church Cathedral at Oxford :—

"P. M. S.

Hoc loco in Spem, Futuri loci depositum Jacet
Johannes Bankes, Qui Reginalis Collegii in hac Academia
Alumnus, Eques Auratus ornatissimus Attornatus generalis
De communi Banco Capitalis Justiciaris a secretioribus
Consilii Regis Caroli Peritiam, Integritatem, Fidem, Egregie
Præstitit: Ex æde Christi in ædes Christi Transiit mense
Decembris die 28, Anno Domini 1644. Ætatis suæ 55.

"(To pious memory sacred.

Laid in this place, in hope of another place hereafter, lies [the body of] John Bankes, student of Queen's College in this University. A most distinguished Knight, Attorney General, Chief Justice of Common Pleas, Privy Councillor to King Charles; a rare example of ability, integrity, fidelity. He passed from Christ Church to the Mansions of Christ, December 28, A.D. 1644. Aged 55.)

"Non nobis Domine non nobis: Sed nomini Tuo sit Gloria."

"On the 14th of June 1645 was fought the decisively fatal battle of Naseby. Nothing that personal gallantry could achieve was omitted by the King on this occasion. The fears for his safety entertained by some too anxious friends led to a movement which was mistaken for retreat, and the destruction of the Royal Army was accompanied by the loss

of all their artillery and baggage, including even the King's cabinet, which contained his most private papers.

"Some few places still held out, and Corfe Castle was one of these.

"It was now in a state of blockade, liable to renewed attacks at any moment. Four days after the battle of Naseby, encouraged by the tidings of that success, Captain Butler, then Governor of Wareham, marched from thence with a party of horse, and with these driving the garrison into the castle, a company of foot which followed entered the town bent on pillage, and succeeded in bringing away one hundred and sixty cattle and horses.

"On the 15th of August, Sherborne in Dorsetshire surrendered to the Parliamentary forces.

"On the 14th of October, Basing House was taken by storm, after a noble resistance during several sieges on the part of the Marquis of Winchester, who was now carried a prisoner to London.

"The blockade of Exeter was completed on the 28th of October, and orders were now sent for more effective operations against Corfe Castle. Colonel Bingham, Governor of Poole, had two regiments placed at his disposal for this purpose, and on the 16th of December, and again on the 22nd, further reinforcements were sent by General Fairfax.

"No expedition more gallant had occurred during the whole course of the Civil War than that which was undertaken on the 29th of January 1646 by a young officer of the name of Cromwell. Hearing of the distressed condition of a widowed lady and her daughters, shut up in a closely-besieged castle, he resolved to make an effort for their relief. Accompanied by a troop which partook of the gallantry of its commander, numbering one hundred and twenty men, he set out probably from Oxford, and marching with a degree of rapidity which anticipated all intelligence of his design, he passed through the quarters of Colonel Cooke undiscovered, and came to Wareham: the scarfs of Fairfax had replaced their own; the sentinels saluted the officer as he passed; and he rode with his troop into the town, and directly up to the governor's house.

"The governor, aware that no such troop was expected, took the alarm, and barricaded his lodgings, firing from thence upon his assailants.

"They had not much time to bestow on this attack; therefore, in order to bring the contest to a conclusion, they set fire to a house in the vicinity, which stood near to the powder magazine, and the governor, finding it necessary to avoid this new danger, consented to yield himself a prisoner, and was carried, together with two committee men, mounted behind some of the triumphant troopers, to the foot of Corfe Castle.

"Here a large force was drawn out to oppose their further progress, but the gallant bearing of this little troop, and the besieged shouting their welcome from the walls, prepared to sally forth if a contest should commence, induced the besiegers to give way. The gallant band accomplished their purpose, and whilst tendering their services to the lady, they presented also for her acceptance the prisoners they had so gallantly captured.

"The object of this chivalrous action was probably an offer of escape to the ladies from the castle. It was not, however, accepted, and in their return, these brave men, surrounded by superior forces, and not acquainted with the country, sustained a defeat from Colonel Cooke. Colonel Cromwell and some of his troopers were taken prisoners, others of the troop escaped in various directions, and a portion of them returning found a refuge within the castle walls.

"The course of events shifted rapidly now, and though the lady of the castle was still as intrepid as ever, it was not so with all who were around her. The captive Governor of Wareham prevailed on Colonel Lawrence, hitherto so trustworthy, and still thought to be so, not only to connive at his escape, but to accompany him in his flight. And there was within the walls another traitor whose conduct was still more base, and his treachery far more fatal in its consequences.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, an officer in the garrison, had served under the Earl of Inchiquin in Ireland; and being weary of the King's service, let the enemy know that

if he might have a protection he would deliver the place to Parliament, which offer was accepted, transmitted to London, and a protection sent down.

“On this he proposed to Colonel Anketil, the governor, that he would fetch a hundred men out of Somersetshire to reinforce the garrison, and would get leave of the enemy’s commander under pretence of procuring an exchange for his brother, then prisoner in the Parliament quarters, for one of the enemy’s officers who was prisoner in the castle.

“This being approved of, he formed a design with Colonel Bingham, who commanded the siege, that under this colour he should convey above one hundred men into the castle, and as soon as they were entered the besiegers should make an attack.

“On this a hundred men were drawn out of Weymouth garrison, who marched to Lulworth Castle, where they were joined by thirty or forty more.

“Pitman led them in the night to the post agreed upon for their entrance, where Colonel Anketil was ready to receive them: some of them were in disguise and knew every part of the castle. When fifty were entered, the governor, seeing more behind, ordered the port to be shut, saying there were as many as he could dispose of. Pitman expostulated with him for using him so ill, by causing him to bring men so far with the hazard of their lives, and expose them to the cold and the enemy. Those who entered possessed themselves of the King’s and Queen’s Towers, and the two platforms, expecting the time when the besiegers would make an assault, it being then two hours after midnight. . . . The besieging forces, as soon as they saw their friends on the towers and platforms, began to advance; and it was then clear to the inmates of the castle that they were betrayed.

“A parley was demanded, and the circumstance of a Parliamentary officer being there with others of that party induced the besiegers to offer terms which were accepted; but the truce was broken almost as soon as it was agreed upon; two of the besiegers, anxious for the spoil, came over

the walls by means of a ladder; some of the garrison fired upon them, and the risk now became imminent of a general slaughter throughout the castle. Colonel Bingham, however, who was no hireling officer, but a descendant of a family long known and highly respected in the county, could not but admire the courage of the lady who was his foe, and he succeeded in preserving the lives of a hundred and forty persons then within the castle; two of the garrison were killed and one of the besiegers in this final struggle.

“The day on which this catastrophe occurred is uncertain; no two of the writers living near the time agree in this respect; it occurred probably in the last week of the month of February 1646.

“Thus, after a resistance of nearly three years’ duration, this brave lady was dispossessed of the fortress which she continued to defend so long as a chance remained for the preservation of the crown; and when thus suddenly sent forth with her children to search for a home, it was her comfort to remember how faithful had been the attachment of all her humble neighbours, when the treachery of hireling strangers had accomplished what threats and force had failed to effect.

“The work of plunder throughout the castle was soon achieved. Here were found stores of victuals and supplies—and there are not a few of the fair mansions of Dorsetshire which have been constructed in a large measure with the stone and timber carried away from this castle.

“The halls, galleries, and other chambers throughout the building were nobly decorated with rich tapestry and carpeting: other articles of furniture also suitable in taste and value, which had remained probably since the splendid days of Sir Christopher Hatton, were there in abundance, and all of these fell into the hands of the despoilers.

“The county sequestrators and officers commanding at the siege had been ordered by the Parliament to slight the castle, but the solidity of the walls defied in many parts even the force of gunpowder. Whole months were occupied in the endeavour, and heavy charges thrown upon the county rate,

for effecting the slow progress of this destruction, and in spite of all these endeavours the remains of the castle present at this day one of the most imposing masses of architectural structure that are to be seen throughout the kingdom. These ruins have now ivy mantles on their towers, and the grass grows in the vaults and dungeons, but the lapse of two centuries has had no more effect than the ravaging attempts of man for destroying the substantial portions of the building. One large tower was displaced many years ago by the effects of a violent storm, and it rolled into the stream below. The weight of this mass is said to have shaken the ground to a degree which produced the effect of an earthquake throughout the neighbouring borough."

The lines which follow, Mr. Bankes tells us, occur in a poem written on the subject of the death of Edward the Martyr (who received his death-blow at Corfe Castle, through the treachery of Elfrida, in 978), by one of Sir Walter Scott's intimate friends, William Stewart Rose.

"The cause in which thy towers did fall
Had brought a blessing on them all,
Did fortune follow worth,
Then, when you raised, 'mid sap and siege,
The banners of your rightful liege
At your she-captain's call,
Who, miracle of womankind,
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That manned her castle wall."

"The triumphant Puritans," continues Mr. Bankes, "who had no poetry in their souls, nor pity in their hearts, took a very different view of the manning of these castle walls, and saw in the heroic action of the lady a very just occasion for the forfeiture of her jointure. . . ." However, "with Cromwell's accession to power, the respect for equity and justice was in some measure restored. . . . The widowed heroine of the castle was no longer persecuted for her bravery; the attachment which bound Cromwell to his daughters gave him a charitable disposition towards all who were of their sex. Large compositions being paid for herself and her children,

Lady Bankes was now permitted to receive the annual amount of her jointure. . . . She lived for fifteen years after the fall of Corfe Castle, and as she appears to have been 'near London,' and her epitaph is in Ruislip Church, she and her children perhaps may have been, during some of those latter years, in or near the old paternal home."

Her death seems to have been little expected. The last extracts I shall take from Mr. Bankes' "Story of Corfe Castle" tell us that "Lady Bankes, brave to the last, with true Christian piety and courage, faced death as she had confronted danger, careful to communicate neither pain nor apprehension to any one she loved. She gave to her relations so little expectation of her death that her eldest son, then absent from her, being in Dorsetshire, was married on the morning of the day on which she died."

"The record of her death is thus inscribed on a monument of white marble in the chancel on the south side of the ancient church at Rislipp :—

"To the memory of
THE LADY MARY BANKES, onely
Daughter of Ralph Hawtrej of Rislipp,
In the County of Middlesex, Esquir,
The wife and widow of the Honble. Sr.
John Bankes, Knight, late Lord Chiefe
Justice of his late Majesty's Court of
Common Pleas, and of the Privy Councell
To his late Majesty King Charles the first
of blessed memory,
who having had the honour to have borne with
a constancy and courage above her sex a
noble proporcon of the late calamities and
the happiness to have outlived them so far
as to have seen the restitution of the
Government, with great peace of mind
Laid down her most desired life the 11th day
of April 1661.
Sir Ralph Bankes, her sonne and heire, hath
Dedicated this.

She left 4 Sonnes, 1st Ralph, 2nd Jerom, 3rd Charles, 4th William (since dead without issue), and 6 Daughters."



BRONZE STATUE OF LADY BANKES AT KINGSTON LACY



EDWARD ALTHAM

IV

Corfe Castle having been ruined and dismantled, Sir Ralph Bankes had a beautiful modern house built at Kingston Lacy, in which his descendants now live.

I have by me a letter from my eldest brother, Montague Hawtrey, to the sister who took special interest in the history of her family, and whose letter or address to her nephews and nieces forms the first chapter of this work.

My brother writes from Kingston Lacy, on the 28th of June 1864:—

“MY DEAREST ANNA,—This day we set out by invitation. . . . At about two miles’ distance from the town of Wimborne we entered an avenue which led us through a beautiful park up to a portico. The door was opened, and we were conducted up a marble staircase, ornamented in the highest degree.

“At a turn in the stairs I observed a noble bronze statue, larger than life—a lady holding a sword in one hand and a bunch of great keys in the other, with that proud, determined look which one recognises as that of Lady Bankes. Below the statue, on the pedestal, were the arms quartered, those on the left side of the shield being the well-known four lions; of this I quickly caught sight as I walked up the stairs. We were then conducted to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Bankes received us with every attention. The picture of ‘Ralph with the ruff’ was placed in a conspicuous position; on the corresponding spot at the other side of the fireplace was the picture of a lady, who I afterwards found was his wife.

“There were two miniatures of Lady Bankes, both copied by Roue, a famous enamel painter, from an old miniature by Hoskyns. But where was the old miniature itself? Mrs. Bankes was at fault for a moment, but recollecting, said, ‘I know—it is in a case in the room where you are to sleep.’ She afterwards took us all over the house, to see all the old pictures.

“In our bedroom there were two that most particularly struck me, one in whom it required but a very little stretch of fancy to see a likeness to our father, with smaller features, a smaller face, a refined chin, and peaked beard.

"Well, that and the corresponding lady, I fully believe to be the father and mother of Ralph Hawtreys wife (Mary Altham), inasmuch as it is plainly stated in the 'Story of Corfe Castle'¹ that they are there. . . .

"Afterwards I looked at the miniatures in the case, and then I saw how the miniature of Lady Bankes had been altered from its look of simple *bonhomie*, to the stern and proud countenance which it assumes in Roue's enamel, and the other ideal representations of her; there are some beautiful ones of her sons and daughters."

I may add here that it is believed the portraits of a lady and gentleman described above were certainly those of Mr. and Mrs. Altham, father and mother to Mary, the wife of Ralph Hawtreys, and mother to Lady Bankes; and it is curious and interesting that when later (in 1866) I went with my eldest sister Anna and our brother Stephen, to visit Kingston Lacy, a carpenter who was employed to take those portraits down in order that they should be photographed, remarked upon the likeness to my sister in the portrait of Mr. Altham—the same in which my eldest brother had traced a likeness to our father.

CHAPTER VIII

RUISLIP AND SANDERSTEAD

I HAVE given the names of the four sons of Lady Bankes. Her daughters were Alice, Mary, Elizabeth, Jane, Bridget, and Arabella.

And now to return to her three brothers. The eldest, John Hawtreys, succeeded to the Ruislip property; born in 1600, the forty-first year of Queen Elizabeth, he lived through the two succeeding reigns, and died in 1658, the ninth year of the Commonwealth, aged fifty-eight. He was the contemporary and third cousin of the three daughters of the

¹ The book from which I have so largely quoted already, by the Right Honourable George Bankes, published by John Murray in 1853.



MARY, THE WIFE OF EDWARD ALTHAM

V

P. to

last Hawtrey of Chequers—Mary Hawtrey, the wife of Sir Francis Wolley; Anne, the wife of John Saunders; and Bridget, Lady Croke.

In the heading to the pedigree, where Lady Wolley is mentioned as a co-heir of the Hawtreys of Chequers, he is thus described:—

“An heire masle of which Familie is John Hawtrey of Rislip, in the County of Middlesex, Esqre.”

John appears to have been the twin brother of Edward; both, at all events, were born within the same year—1600.¹

His wife was Susanna James. In Ruislip Church there is a stone with this inscription:—

“Here lyeth John Hawtrey of this parish, on whom sleep fell ye 28th day of Aprill, Anno Domini 1658, and in the year of his age 58. ‘The liveing shall not prevent my rising.’”

His wife’s epitaph, also in Ruislip Church, is as follows:—

“This stone covers the body of Mrs. Susanna Hawtrey, Releict of John Hawtrey, Esqre., who departed this life the 14th day of March in the yeare of our Lord 1690, and of her age 85.”

Surviving her husband thirty-two years, she too, therefore, like her sister-in-law Lady Bankes, saw the restitution of the Government, and (perhaps less happy than she) all the disappointment and the troubles that came later. She lived on, however, to the second year of William and Mary, when, in some respects, brighter times were coming.

Her husband, John Hawtrey, I have said, had two brothers, Edward and Ralph. Edward I will presently return to.

Ralph, the third and youngest son of Ralph (with the ruff) and Mary *his* wife, married another Mary, the daughter of Matthew Bedele of London.

Here is a letter, dated 27th May 1630, evidently from this younger Ralph to his father at Ruislip. I think we may assume that his father-in-law, Matthew Bedele of London, was a merchant, and that before or upon his marriage Ralph the younger also embarked in business.

“SIR ” (he writes), “I have enclosed the bound [bond?]”

¹ From the List of Admissions to Gray’s Inn—“John Hawtrey, 1617.”

taken up, in which you were bound with me, for which I humbly thank you.

"Your bond was not to be had, but I paid in the money, and took a note tender with J. Peerse his hand for the delivery up of it, and the receipt of the money. Sir John Byron's twenty pounds I received three days agone. Mr. Lycher Blunt hath been with me for the rent of your Whyte Rose Street House (people are so fully possessed with feare that all our trading for cloth is gone). I think (though my trading be as good as my neighbour's) I shall not take this week 20 (£); the last I took 36 (£). I do strive to obtain . . . for what I have trusted. I have this day procured a bond from my Lady Sands for my full debt of 130 (£), but with very much unwillingness. I could have sold the Lieutenant's funeral, but durst not venture on their payment.

"My humble duty remembered,

"I take my leave.

"Your obedient son,

"RALPH HAWTREY.

"May 27th 1630."¹

The above is interesting as showing the style of letter-writing of those days; also it tells us that the younger sons of the family did not despise trade, and it shows the cordial, unreserved intercourse which seems to have existed between the father and the son.

Here is the copy of a bond which was found, as well as the above letter (and many other papers and parchments), at Ruislip:—

"1628.

"Let all men know by these presents that we, Ralph Hawtrej, senr., of Rislip in the county of Middlesex, Esqre., and Ralph Hawtrej, junior, citizen and merchant taylor of London, are held and firmly bound to Matthew Bedell, senr., of London, Esqre., in £80 of lawful money of England, to pay to the said Matthew, or to his certain attorney, executors, or administrators; to pay which well and faithfully, we bind ourselves and each of us by these presents with our seals,

¹ Appendix B.

25th of December 1628, the year of the reign of our sov. Charles, R. of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the year of his reign 4th.

“Signed, RALPH HAWTREY.
RALPH HAWTREY.”

There was an epitaph to the memory of the younger Ralph in *Sanderstead Church in Surrey*, which was in 1862 almost entirely illegible. The following is from Manning and Bray’s “History of Surrey,” ii. p. 573:—

“On a black marble monument encased in white on the south wall of the south aisle, supported by two black marble Doric pillars:—

“Radulphus Hautreus, Radulphi Hautrei de Rislip in comitatu Middlesexiæ armigeri filius natu tertius, multum familia honorabilis, nec minus familiæ honor, dilectione in Deum, charitate in proximum, amore in suos, largitate in egenos, humanitate in omnes, reverentia in sacris, prudentia in secularibus, sapientia in omnibus insignis. Vixit annis quadraginta et tres Deo dilectus, patriæ utilis charus amicis.

“Die 30 Decembris anno Christi 1645, quum ætati suæ inservisset Dei consilio domi suæ, in agro publico obdormivit. Heu quam amicis limatur . . . Deo, ecclesiæ, reipublicæ, familiæque. Reliquit quatuor filios, filias quatuor, totidem moribundæ arboris redivivos succulos, reliquit et alia bona sui ipsius discidia corpus et conjugem, illud animæ relictum hæc conjugis relictæ mæstissima, modo uxorum felicissima Maria Hautrea in amoris et mæroris testimonium sub hoc marmore, sanctorum dormitorio Villæ nostræ sepulturæ sacrato, reponi curavit in spem beatæ resurrectionis temporis vespera æternitatis mane secunda D. Jesu Epiphania.”

Translation,—“Ralph Hawtrey, third son of Ralph Hawtrey of Rislip in the county of Middlesex, Esqre. By his family very honourable, nor less to his family an honour; remarkable for love to God, charity to his neighbour, for affection to those belonging to him, for bounty to the poor, for kindness to all, for reverence in sacred things, for

discretion in things of this world, for wisdom in all things. He lived for forty-three years, beloved of God, useful to his country, dear to his friends; on the 30th day of December in the year of Christ 1645, having served his own generation by the will of God, at his own house on public land he fell asleep. Alas, how [lamented] by his friends . . . to God, to the Church, to the State, and to his family.

"He left four sons, four daughters, so many young shoots to renew the life of the dying tree. He left also other precious relics of himself, his body and his wife: the one, relict of the soul; the other, relict of her consort, most sad, lately most happy of wives—Mary Hawtreys; in testimony of love and sorrow, beneath this marble, in the dormitory of Saints, consecrated for the burial of our town, she hath had it laid by, in hope of the blessed Resurrection on the eve of time, on the morning of Eternity, the second coming of the Lord Jesus."

"At the east end of this aisle is an altar tomb of black marble, bearing the statue of a lady in white marble at full length, her head on a cushion, her body on a mat, dressed in a winding-sheet, her right hand placed on her heart, excellently well carved. On the south side of the tomb, on black marble," is the following inscription to the memory of the above Mary Hawtreys, who, sometime after the death of her husband Ralph, married a second time:—¹

"Maria, Mathai Bedelli armigeri filia, Radulphi Hawtrei uxor et vidua, Ludovico Audleio armigero renupta, filium peperit Ludovicum, Franciscam filiam. Mulier optima, melior marita, post secundi conjugii septenne curriculum, diutina infirmitate victa, victrix patientia, die Junii xxix. Anno Christi MDCLV., ætatis suæ 45, divortium sensit a mole corporis, haud amore conjugis, quippe Radulphi tumultu Ludovici pectore condita utroque viduata fit consors utriusque sine zelotypia dum anima feliciori contuberius consors cœlitum. Redivivi corporis perennes expectat nuptias hic jam sepulti, mox hinc prodituri."²

¹ From Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey." ² *Ibid.*

Translation.—"Mary, daughter of Matthew Bedell, Esquire, wife and widow of Ralph Hawtrey, married again to Lewis Audley, Esquire; bore a son Lewis, a daughter Frances—a very good woman, a better wife. After a seven years' course of second marriage, overcome by a long infirmity, overcoming it by patience, June 29, A.D. 1655, aged 45. Suffered divorce from the encumbrance of her body, not from the affection of her husband—for, now buried in Ralph's tomb, in the heart of Lewis, widowed of both, she is made consort with both, without jealousy—while her soul with happier fellowship is consorted with those who are in Heaven, and awaits everlasting marriage with the revived body, which is now here buried, soon hence to come forth."

On the east side of the monument is inscribed—"Job ye 19th, vers. 25, 26, 27."

Ralph, the first husband of Mary Bedele, was then born in 1602, the last year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and he died in 1645, four years before the death of Charles I., and two years after his sister Lady Bankes' successful defence of Corfe Castle; his two brothers, John and Edward, and his sister all surviving him.

Ralph and Mary, of Sanderstead, left a family of four sons and three daughters. Ralph, born in 1631; Matthew, evidently named after his maternal grandfather; Thomas and John, described as "of Kingsland." The three daughters were Ann, Mary, and Martha.

In my sister's note-book I find the following, extracted perhaps from the *Registrum Regale* :—

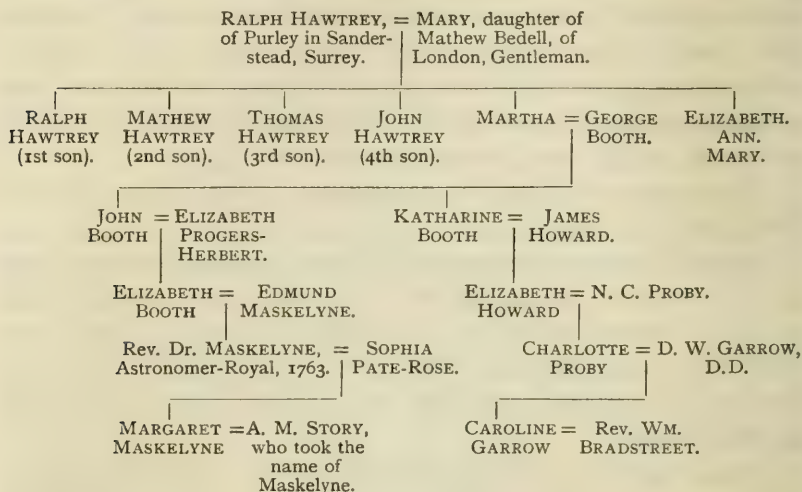
"A. 1661, Car. II. 2.

"John Hawtrey was born at Saunderstead in Surrey, and was admitted into K. C.¹ in 1661. He became A.B. in 1665, A.M. 1669. He resigned on his marriage, and afterwards obtained the living of Saunderstead, his native place. He was a very worthy and honest man, and a good preacher."

I cannot find out that any descendants were left by the children of Ralph and Mary Hawtrey of Sanderstead, except

¹ King's College, Cambridge.

in the case of their daughter Martha.¹ She became the wife of George Booth, and one of her descendants of the present day, Mrs. Bradstreet, the wife of the Rev. Wm. Bradstreet, has kindly given me a few notices of that branch of the family, and details showing her own descent from Ralph and Mary Hawtreay of Sanderstead, through their daughter Martha. The present Story-Maskelyne family are also descended from the same.



Extracts from the diary of George Booth of Watergate Street, Chester, who married Martha Hawtreay:—

“Ralph Hawtreay, eldest brother of my wife, died 20 day of Febyry. 1713, at Ubbeston in the Co. of Suffolk.”

“Memoran.: That the 6 of May 1718 my dear wife died about 11 of the clock—a Tuesday—and was buried at St. Werbergs” (Chester Cathedral) “upon Friday, 9 of May 1718.”

On a mural monument in Chester Cathedral, with the arms of Booth and Hawtreay impaled, is the following inscription:—

“Here lieth Martha, the wife of George Booth, of the House of Dunham Massey, and youngest daughter of Mr. Ralph Hawtreay of Purley, Co. Surrey, who died May 6, 1718; by whom he had four sons and three daughters.”

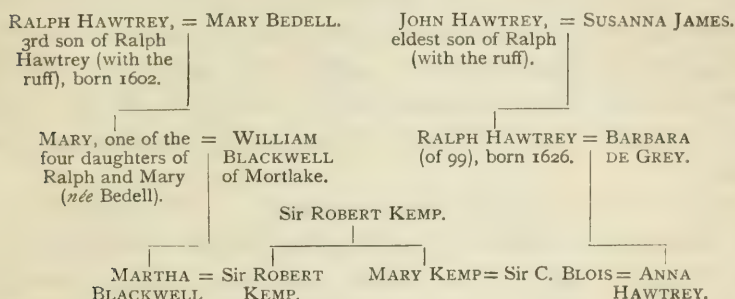
¹ Since I wrote the above I have learned that the Irish branch of the Hawtreay family claim descent—as will be seen in their pedigree—from Ralph, the eldest son of Ralph Hawtreay and Mary Bedell.

Extracts from the journal of Mrs. Howard, daughter of Martha Hawtreys and George Booth :—

“My dear mother died on a Tuesday, being the 6 of May 1718.”

“March 172 $\frac{3}{4}$. My niece Elizabeth Booth, my brother John Booth’s eldest daughter, was married to one Mr. Maske-lyne at London.”

“Lady Kemp, my mother’s (*i.e.* Martha Hawtreys’s) niece, died at Ubbeston, Suffolk, her husband’s seat, 1727.”



“The remains of Ubbeston House or Hall,” I am told by Mrs. Bradstreet’s notes, “still stand in the village of Ubbeston. It is now a farmhouse. The Kemps were Lords of the Manors of Ubbeston and Crotfield for several generations. Ubbeston is near Hobsworth in East Suffolk.”

Return of Members
of Parliament.

Return.

Vol. i. 474.	Wendover	{ John Hampden, Esq.	
	Borough	{ Raph Hawtreys, Esq.	Feb. 29, 1627-8.
		{ Sir Charles Gerrard, Bart., of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Co. Middlesex.	
„ 560.	Midsex. Co.	{ Ralph Hawtreys, Esq., of Rislipp, Co. Middlesex.	Jan. 16, 1688-9.
„ 567.	Midsex. Co.	{ Sir Ch. Gerrard, Bt. Raph Hawtreys, Esq.	Mar. 7, 1689-90.

From List of Admissions to Gray’s Inn : “Ralph Hawtreys, Middle Rislipp, Co. Mi., March 10, 1630.”

Mrs. Howard also preserved in her journal a translation of

the Latin inscription to the memory of Mary, the wife of Ralph Hawtrej, in Sanderstead Church, with this heading:—

“My Grandmother Hawtrej’s Epitaph at Saunderstead, written in Latten, translated as follows.”

This we have already seen, and will not repeat.

From Manning and Bray’s “Surrey” we learn that “In 1617 Sir William Walter conveyed to Matthew Bedell, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, his lands called Purley in Saunderstead. . . . These lands, and other house and lands, were to be sold, and legacies paid, but if his sons-in-law, Thomas Thorold and Ralph Hawtrej (also a Merchant Taylor), would pay the legacies, they should take the land. Ralph Hawtrej paid the legacies and took the land. At his death he left several sons, of whom John is called ‘of Ryslipp, Co. Mdsx.’

“From Skeleton, *Coll. Regal. Cantab.*: ‘1664 (read 1661), John Hawtrej or Hawtry, fourth son of Ralph Hawtrej, who was 3rd son of Ralph H. of Rislip, Co. Mdsx., Esqre., born at Sanderstead, not far from Croydon, Surrey, circa 1643, of Mary, daūr. of Matthew Bedell, Esqre. . . . Left Fellowship about 1668, being A.B. Married, and after commenced A.M. He proved an honest man and a good preacher, and was Rector of Sanderstead, the place of his nativity, about four years. Died Oct. 9, 1678, æt. 35. Lies interred with father in south isle of said Church, under fair black marble monument enchasd. in white marble Doric pillars; where the said father has a handsome epitaph, which you may read in Aubrey’s “Antiquities of Surrey,” vol. ii. 77-8, giving his father a very good character.’”

An epitaph in Sanderstead Church tells us the following: “Junta Etiam Jacent reliquiæ Johannis Hawtrej Radulphi et Mariæ Hawtrej filius natu quartus hujus Elesiæ quatuor annos Rector occubuit nono die Octobris Anno Domini 1678, ætatus, 35.”¹

I have now spoken of John Hawtrej, the husband of

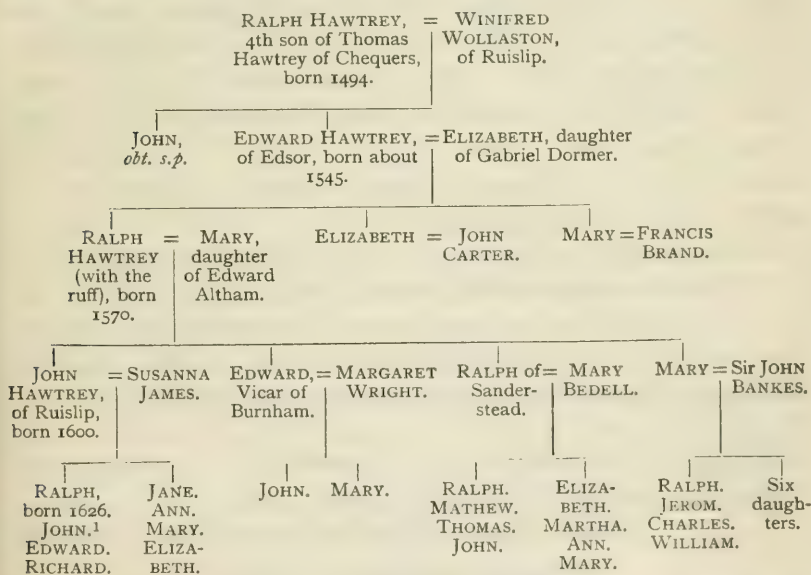
¹ “Close by lie also the remains of John Hawtrej, the fourth son of Ralph and Mary Hawtrej, for four years rector of this parish, who died on the 9th of October 1678, aged 35 years.”

Susanna James, and possessor of the Ruislip property from 1638 to 1658.

From Mr. Story Maskelyne's notes I add that there was in 1617 an admission to Gray's Inn of a John Hawtrey. Also the following extract, which I find copied into the same notes:

"Par. Registers, St. Thomas Apostle (Harl. Soc.) 1624, Nov. 2. Hawtrey, John, and Susan James married."

Also, we have traced in a measure the histories of his brother Ralph, of Sanderstead, and of his sister, Lady Bankes. His brother Edward I will return to hereafter. The children of the above-mentioned John Hawtrey and his wife Susanna were eight in number, and here it will make matters plainer if I introduce a portion of the pedigree. I will begin with the first of the family who settled at Ruislip.



Ralph, the eldest son of John and Susanna, inherited the Ruislip property, and married Barbara de Grey. John¹ settled at Pinner, not far from Ruislip, and married Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Trollope. Edward and Richard both died without leaving children. Jane married James Clitherow; Ann

¹ List of Admissions to Gray's Inn, 1521-1677: "John Hawtrey, Ryslipp Midsex., May 21, 1650."

and Mary were married to London merchants, named Morse and Lee; Elizabeth to Dr. Rogers.

The following is an abstract of the will of Edward Hawtrej, whose name appears in the foregoing pedigree, one of the sons of John and Susanna :—

"I, Edward Hawtrej. To my Sister Lee, the £100 which Edward Lyvinge doth owe me on bond, also £100 to be paid her within six months. My Sister Morisse, £100 within six months, &c. My Sister Rogers, £5. Unto Dr. Rogers, 20s. for a ring. My Brother Morsse, £10. Item I give unto my cousin, Martha Booth, £5. My goddaūr., Mrs. Mary Lee, 20 pounds within six months. My brother, Mr. Ralph Lee, 20s. Sister, Mrs. Barbara Hawtrej, £20. My mother, Mrs. Susan Hawtrej, £10. Mr. Rousewell, Vicar of Ruislip, 20s., &c. My godson, George Rogers, silver boat and silver spoon. Sister Lee, gold seal ring. My Sister Morse, my picture that hangs in Rislip House, &c. Cozen, Jane Lister, £6 and moving chair. Residue to kind brother, Ralph Hawtrej, Esqre., whom I make Executor. Dated Sept. 7, 1683." Witnessed by three men and "Hanna Downes (nurse)." Proved Dec. 3, 1683, on oath of Ralph Hawtrej.

This "kind brother Ralph" is he who lived to ninety-nine.

Edward's epitaph at Ruislip is as follows :—

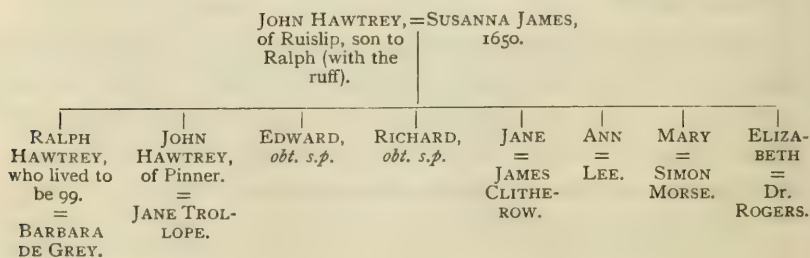
"This marble covers the body of Edward Hawtrej, gentleman, third son of John Hawtrej of Rislip, Esqre., who died the 29th of Nov. 1683, and in the 53rd yr. of his age."

Return of Members
of Parliament.

Return.

Vol. i. 554. Middsex. } Sir Charles Gerrard, Bart.

County } Edward Hawtrej, Esqre. March 7, 1684-5.



At Ruislip or at Pinner we find the following epitaphs:—

“Here lieth the Body of Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., Son of John Hawtrey. He departed this Life on the 27th day of November 1725. In the 99th year of his age.”

“Here lieth the Body of Mrs. Barbara Hawtrey, eldest Daughter of Sr. Robert de Grey of Martin, in the County of Norfolk, Knight, and Elizabeth his wife. Married 69 years to Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., of Ruislip. . . . Who departed this Life Nov. 24, 1719. Aged 86.”

In Pinner Church is the following inscription:—

“In this marble ly the remains of John Hawtrey and Jane his wife, who, dying both in the same year, 1682, he on ye 19th day of July, she on ye 23rd of September following, were here deposited together.”

Short inscriptions in Ruislip Church tell us that Edward and Richard died, the one in 1683, aged 53, the other in 1691, aged 46. The will of the former has been given. The following, in Ruislip Church, is to the memory of their sister Jane:—

“Near this place lies what remains of Mistress Jane Clitherow, Daughter to John Hawtrey, Esqre., and of Susanna his wife; wife to Mr. James Clitherow, the sonne of Sr. Christopher, Lord Maior of London. She was a dutiful childe, a loving wife, a tender mother, a deare sister; discharged all the parts of a pious relation. Who after many infirmities of Body, supported with a meek and gracious spirit, in the yeare of grace 1659, and of her age the 23rd, changed this weary life for a better, leaving James and Jane for the successors of her body upon Earth, and all her relations to follow her Soule into Heaven.

“Reader, expect that, and read no more.”

Her sister Elizabeth's name is mentioned in the following epitaph in Ruislip Church:—

“Here lyeth the Body of George Rogers, Dr. of Physick, who married Elizabeth, ye eight Daughter¹ of John Hawtrey, Esqre., in the County of Middilsex, and had by her 3 Daughters, Interred in this chancel, and 3 sons surviving, George, Thomas,

¹ “Ye eight Daughter” must mean eighth child.

and John. He departed this Life 22nd Jan. An. Do. 1697. Age, 79."

The father of this family, John Hawtrey of Ruislip, is represented in an oil painting belonging to Mr. Deane as a handsome, middle-aged man with flowing brown curls. He died at fifty-eight, and his brother Ralph of Sanderstead at forty-three. These ages and even the sixty-nine years of the other brother, Edward, the Vicar of Burnham, do not betoken very long life, and we seem to see in the almost hundred years of the next Ralph a bequest from his aged mother Susanna of her healthy constitution. He was born in the first year of Charles I., and was twenty-two at the King's death. He must have heard all about the defence of Corfe Castle by his Aunt Lady Bankes. Then he lived on through the Commonwealth. He was thirty-four years old at the Restoration. He saw the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, and died two years before the death of George I.

One cannot help feeling very much for this old man, the last Hawtrey, as he was, of Ruislip, for during his long life he saw the deaths of his five sons, and of his grandson, a young Ralph, who died at fourteen years old. His eldest son, John, died in infancy; another son was born, and to him also the name of John was given; at least, if this is the proper explanation of the following epitaph in Ruislip Church:—

"John Hawtrey. His eldest Brother dying Infant was hereabout Interred. And another of Riper years so named made the Royal Oratory in Cambridge, both his grave and monument, In the yeare 1674."

I think the words "His eldest Brother" may refer to one of the other sons of Ralph Hawtrey, for one often finds such references on the old gravestones at Ruislip. If we leave out these words the above epitaph, which looks perplexing at first sight, would simply read thus:—

"John Hawtrey dying Infant was hereabout interred, and another of riper years so named made the Royal Oratory in Cambridge, both his grave and monument, in the year 1674."

An extract from the first volume of Cole's MSS. in the



JOHN HAWTREY OF RUISLIP
ELDEST SON OF RALPH HAWTREY

VI

British Museum gives us the following account and copy of the inscription to the memory of the John Hawtrey "of riper years" in "the Royal Oratory":—

"KING'S COLLEGE.

"At the bottom of this chapel (the 5th or 8th of the chapels) upon some old stones, and not laid in the pavement, lies an extream handsome black marble slab, which, when the Quire was throughout paved with black and white marble, was removed from about the altar, as ye bottom part of the Epitaph informs us. At the head of the marble are these arms: On a bend cottised 3 Lions passant gardant for Hawtrey. Crest, one of the Lions. Underneath is this inscription:—

"JOHANES HAWTREY
Filius Natu Maximus
Radulphi Hawtrey Armiger
de Rislip In Comitatu Middlesex
Comen. Ad Mensam Socior.
hujus Collegii hic jacet
Deliciæ, Spes, et dulce Decus
Parentum Amor omnium.
Qui primo flore Juventæ suūa cum
Constantia et pietate Animam Deo
Reddidit
Año Dom. MDCLXXIII. ætat XIX.
Possuere Pater et Mater
Mœstissime
Inter cancellos altaris
Et Australem parietem
Cinis conditur."

Of which the following is a translation:—

"John Hawtrey, eldest son of Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., of Ruislip in the county of Middlesex, Fellow Commoner of this College, lies here. The delight, the hope, and the sweet honor of his Parents, the love of all. Who in the first flower of his youth, with the greatest {firmness
resignation
constancy} and piety restored his spirit to God.

"He died in the year of our Lord 1673, aged 19."

Besides this epitaph, the following verses were written in memory of him by a college friend, Henry Savage. It seems that Henry Savage got King's in 1671, two years before the death of his friend.

“In obitum Johannis Hawtrej, Collegii Regalis Optimæ spei generosi et commensalis ibidem ad mensam Sociorum.

“O multum dilectam animam multumque beatam
 Conspectu frueris quæ propiore Dei
 Respice (siqua pios tangunt hæc infera manes)
 Respice tot madidas ad tua busta genas
 Vix terræ visus, cœlo maturus abisti
 Vix annis Juvenis, sed pietate senex
 Hinc stamen Juvenile secat præpostera Parca
 Virtutis numeras tot putat esse senem
 Credideram vanus tantis virtutibus auctum
 Tam prope divinum, non potuisse mori
 Me vanum moritur : volat en volat ignea mentis
 Vis super æthereas sydereasque domos !
 Sed quò musa feror superas turritus ad auras
 Mantua quem peperit sic spatietur olor
 At Tibi cui latus est implume vagoque volatu
 Non bene firmatum serpere præstat humi
 Illic flenda jacet cœlestis capsula gemmæ
 Illic divinæ mentis amæna domus
 Virgineum Corpus quo siquod pulchrius ornat
 Nunc animam certe est solis amicta Jubar
 Quo Decor emicuit quo vivida gratia nuper
 (Proh dolor !) us toto pallor in ore sedet
 Pumice quæ raso nituit modo lævior ausa est
 Nativam macies ut violare cutem
 Fatorum leges dum sic meditatur iniquas
 Fristitiæ pectus frœna remittit inops
 Sævior obnису torrentis more recusat
 Constringique intra metrica claustra dolor
 Curre dolor, liber, rumpensque repagula luctus
 Undique diffusus qua data porta ruas
 Quæ fluis immodice plorandi ob funus amici
 Quid tibi cum numeris lachryma quidve modis !”

These lines were translated in 1870, by my brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Daman, as follows :—

“On the death of John Hawtrey of King’s College, a gentleman of excellent promise, Fellow Commoner of the same.

“O much beloved soul, O spirit blest,
 Enjoying now the sight of God at rest,
 Behold (if spirits mark how men behave),
 See many a cheek so tearful at thy grave.
 Scarce seen on earth—too soon advanced above,
 In years a youth, but old in faith and love.
 And therefore fate untimely cuts his thread,
 Counting his graces, in his years misled.
 So wondrous gifted, in my heart said I
 Divine so nearly that he could not die.
 Ah, me ! he dies ; like flame his spirit flies—
 Flies piercing through the air and starry skies,
 But whither muse away. So lofty towers,
 Aloft and far, the swan from Mantua’s bowers.
 But thou—no wings are on thee—mortal birth,
 Unsteady flight, were better upon earth.
 Lamented lies that husk of heavenly seed,
 Fair mansion of a soul from sorrow freed,
 That virgin form, if now in garments clad,
 Yet fairer ’tis in light of sunbeams glad,
 Where beauty shone, but now where living grace.
 Ah, sorrow ! Paleness sits upon his face
 Lately more smooth than polished marble, now
 Decay hath dared deform that noble brow.
 Musing on fate’s hard law, seeking relief
 My heart o’erborne lets go the reins to grief.
 Grief, like a torrent grown by struggling worse,
 Refuses to be measured by my verse.
 Run free, my sorrow ; bid thy bars be riven,
 Spread thee around, flow full, where room is given,
 Flowing unmeasured when a friend is sleeping.
 What measure, O my tears, is in your weeping !”

It is touching to think of those Latin verses having been sent by the sorrowing friend to the sorrowing parents, and so carefully preserved that more than two hundred years after the death of their dear son, the verses are found safe in the old home at Ruislip.

The other children of Ralph and Barbara were Robert, Charles, Elizabeth, Mary, Barbara, Ralph, Anna, and James.

The epitaph to the memory of Robert in Ruislip Church is as follows :—

“This marble supports the memory and defend the dust of Robert Hawtrej, third son of Ralph Hawtrej of Ruislip, Esqre., and Barbara his wife, who, having lived a dutiful son and a loyall subject, dyed July 1st, an accomplished gentleman and a vertuous person in a vertuous age of his, the 24 year, and of salvation 1681.”

Charles died, aged thirty-five, in 1698. His epitaph in Ruislip Church is as follows :—

“Under this stone lyeth the Body of Charles Hawtrej, gentleman, fifth son of Ralph Hawtrej, Esqre., and Barbara his wife. He married Philadelphia, only daūr. of Edward Mapleston of Marden, in the county of Kent, Esqre., and had issue by her, Philadelphia, Elizabeth, Jane, and Ralph, all living at the time of his death, which happened one 15th day of April, in ye year of our Lord 1698, and of his age the 35.”

The following is the abstract of his will :—

“I, Charles Hawtrej of Ruislip, Co. Mdsx., Esqre., to be sep. in the chancel of the Parish Church of Ruislip without any funeral pomp. Debts to be paid as soon as money can be raised out of personal estate.

“To my three daughters, Philadelphia, Elizabeth, and Jane (whom I desire my loving wife to take the care to see educated), £2000 equally between them, in case my son Ralph, &c., &c., attaines the age of 21, to be paid them at the ages of 21, &c., but if my son, Ralph, &c., die under their ages of 21, this bequest to sd. three daughters to be void, they being otherwise provided for by settlement, &c.

“To my loving wife, Philadelphia, all her jewels and chamber plate; much honored father and mother, rings of 20s.; sisters Mrs. Sitwell and the Lady Bloys, and my brother Ralph Hawtrej, 20s. each for rings; to my sister Sitwell, brother Ralph, cosin William Hawtrej, and my ffriend Mr. Richard Blower, £10 each for mourning.

“All my personal estate and the income of my three leases from the Provost, fellows, and scholars of King’s Coll., Camb., and from the Dean and Canons of Windsor, &c., to

my Executors to raise moneys to pay debts, then if my son Ralph or other sons die under age without issue, I give to my loving brother, Ralph Hawtrey, the remainder of the sd. leases, &c. Father Mr. Ralph Hawtrey, loving brother Mr. Ralph Hawtrey, loving cosin Mr. Wm. Hawtrey, and friend Mr. Richd. Blower of Bernard's Inn, Executors. March 25, 1696. Witnesses, &c. Proved May 11, 1698, by Ralph Hawtrey, senr., Esqre., the father."

The following is the will of the "loving brother Mr. Ralph Hawtrey," dated fifteen years later:—

"In the name of God Amen. Feb. 15, 1713. 12 Anne. I, Ralph Hawtrey, jun., of the parish of Ruislipp, &c., sick and weak in body, commend my soul to God.

"To be buried in Chancell of Ruislip amongst my relations. To my loving father, Ralph Hawtrey, sen., of the Parish of Ruislipp, Esqre., &c., all interest I have at present and in reversion after decease of my sd. father in all those 3 leases holden of King's College in Cambridge, viz. the Manor lease, the Park lease, and the Common Wood lease, lying in the Parish of Ruislip, which I claim to hold by virtue of the assignment of Mrs. Philadelphia Hawtrey, sen., my sister, and also Mrs. Philadelphia Hawtrey, jun., Mrs. Elizabeth Hawtrey, lately deceased, and Mrs. Jane Hawtrey, my nieces; to my sd. loving father, all right and title, &c., in all the lease of tythes, &c., wh. I claim to hold.

"To James Owen of Ruislip, carpenter, my huntsman, all my pack of Doggs, and also my horse wth. all the accoutrements belonging to him, which he usually rides a-hunting on. Residue to my loving father, Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., sole executor. (Sd.) Proved May 27th, 1714, by R. H. the executor."

Inserted on a stone in the chancel of Ruislip, with brass of John Hawtrey, 1593 (much obliterated):—

"Here lies Mr. Ralph Hawtrey, the son of Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., and Barbara his wife. Aged 45 years; dyed 19 March 1713."

Of James, another brother, I find no trace, except that in Rawlinson's MSS., Folio No. 76, it is said that he was born on Whit-Monday, May 23, 1670.

Philadelphia, the wife of Ch. Hawtrey, in a short will, proved September 13, 1728, desires to be buried at Ruislip, if she die there, or if she die at Bulmarsh, at Sonning. Legacies to her son and daughter Rogers, and to her daughter and grand-daughter, the two Philadelphias.

I have now followed the history of the six sons of Ralph and Barbara Hawtrey. Their daughters were four in number.

Elizabeth, the eldest, married George Sitwell, of Eachington, in Derbyshire. They both lie in Ruislip Church, as we learn by the following epitaph:—

“Here lyeth interr'd the body of George Sitwell of Eachington in the county of Derby, Esqre., who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Ralph Hawtrey, of this parish, Esqre., who died the 20th of July 1708, in the 74th year of his age.

“This stone also covers the body of the above-named Elizabeth, who died the 3rd day of Septr. 1712, in the 60 year of her age.”

Abstract of George Sitwell's will:—

“I, George Sitwell, citizen and mercer of London, in perfect health of body, &c. To my loving brother William Sitwell, one quarter of 21s. and 6d., and to all my loving kinsmen following, viz.: my nephew Geo. Sitwell, senr., Francis Sitwell, senr., George Sitwell, junr., Francis Sitwell, junr., Thos. Sitwell, John Copley, senr., my niece Mary Shephard, one quã each of like value, within month of my decease. Residue to my loving wife Elizabeth Sitwell, Sole Exix. June 1st, 1706. (Sd.) George Sitwell. Wit., &c.

“Proved Aug. 5, 1708, by Elizth. Sitwell, the relict.”¹

Abstract of his wife's:—

“I, Elizabeth Sitwell, of St. Olaves, Southwark, Co. Surrey, widow, in perfect health, &c. To be buried by my late dear husband in the Parish Church of Ruislippe, Co. Mdsex. To my dear mother Mrs. Barbary Hawtrey, £100. To my brother

¹ C. P. C., “Barrett,” 175.

Mr. Ralph Hawtrey, £50. Sister Dame Mary Franklin, wife of Sir Thomas Franklin, Knt. and Bart., £50. Sister Dame Anne Blois, wife of Sir Charles Blois, Knt. and Bart., £50 and all my plate. Sister Philadelphia Hawtrey, widow, £50. Nephews John and Ralph Blois, sons of Sir Charles, £40 apiece. Niece Ann Blois, their sister, £40 and my gold watch. Nieces Philadelphia, Elizabeth, and Jane Hawtrey, spinsters, £40 each. My maid, Elizabeth Holme, lease I have of a house in the Bridge Yard, and all my wearing apparell, best bed in room where I shall die (if she be living with me, but if gone from me, only £5 to buy her mourning).

"Debts to be paid.—Poor of Ruislip, £5. Residue to honord. father, Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., Sole Exor. Nov. 23, 1708. 7 Anne. (Sd.) Eliza. Sitwell. Wit., &c.

"Provd Sept. 23, 1712, by Ralph Hawtrey, Esq., the father."¹

This had been the marriage licence of the above:—

"1668. Dec. 14.—Geo. Sitwell of St. Andrew, Under-shaft, citizen and merchant, bachr., about 30, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hawtrye of Rislippe, spinr., about 17. Consent of father, Ralph Hawtrey of same, Esqre., at Ryslipp aforesaid."²

CHAPTER IX

PINNER

MARY, sister to the above-named Elizabeth, and mentioned by her as Dame Mary Franklin, was twice married. First to Christopher Clitherow:—

"1678. Oct. 5.—Christopher Clitherow of Pinner, Co. Mdsx., Esqre., bachr., about 24, and Mrs. Mary Hawtrey of Ryslip, in said Co., with consent of her father, Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., at Ruislip afsd."³

In Pinner Church is the following inscription:—

¹ C. P. C., "Barnes," 177.

² Mar. Lic. Vic. Gen. Arch. Cant. (Harl. Soc.).

³ *Ibid.*

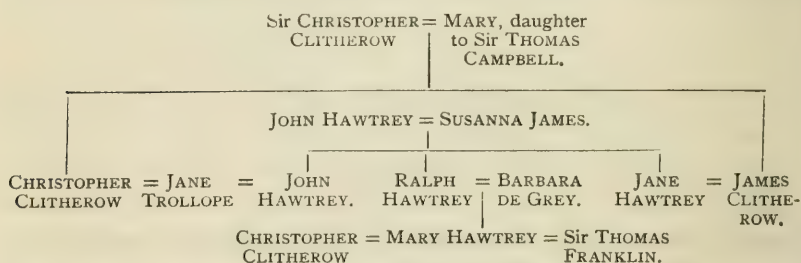
"Near this place lyeth the body of Christopher Clitherow of Pinner, Esqre., the son of Christopher Clitherow, and grandson of Sir Christopher Clitherow, Lord Mayor of London. He lived a very honest man, a loyall subject, and a good Christian, in a corrupt, seditious, wicked age, and went to his reward the 12th of May, in the year of our Lord 1685, and of his age the 32d.

"He had to wife Mary, the daughter of Ralph Hawtreys of Ruislip, Esqre., and Barbara his wife, with whom he lived in all conjugal affection the space of almost seven years. He left her no children, though otherwise many pledges of his love; and she, in grateful piety, hath raised this monument here for the sake of others, herself preserving it in a better place.

"Reader, who e'er thou art, kneele downe and pray,
O fitt me for the hower of death,
And for ye Judgement Day."

A PEDIGREE SHOWING THE INTERMARRIAGES BETWEEN THE HAWTREYS AND CLITHEROWS

(Copied from Mr. Maskelyne's Notes.)



The last-named Christopher appears by his will to have been a very kind husband to Mary, who became afterwards the Dame Mary Franklin mentioned in her sister Elizabeth Sitwell's will.

CHAPTER X

LAST HAWTREYS OF RUISLIP

THERE follows a short pedigree of the last Hawtreys of Ruislip, showing how the property there passed out of the name, although not out of the family—the present possessor, Mr. Ralph Hawtrey Deane, being seventh in descent from the great-grandfather of his great-great-grandmother, Philadelphia Blagrove, the daughter of Philadelphia Hawtrey.

Ralph Hawtrey, the husband of Barbara de Grey, whose name stands at the head of this pedigree, was grandson to Ralph “with the ruff,” nephew to Edward Hawtrey, Vicar of Burnham, and first cousin to John Hawtrey, Vicar of Maple Durham, our direct ancestors.

The son of the last-mentioned John Hawtrey was my great-grandfather, the Sub-Dean of Exeter. In a letter to one of his sons, the sub-dean speaks of this Ralph as “Old Mr. Hawtrey.” For, as we have seen, he lived to be ninety-nine years of age, and died in 1725.

We see then that Charles Hawtrey, son to the old Ralph “of ninety-nine,” had three daughters and one son, but this son was only to survive his father for five years. This is his epitaph:—

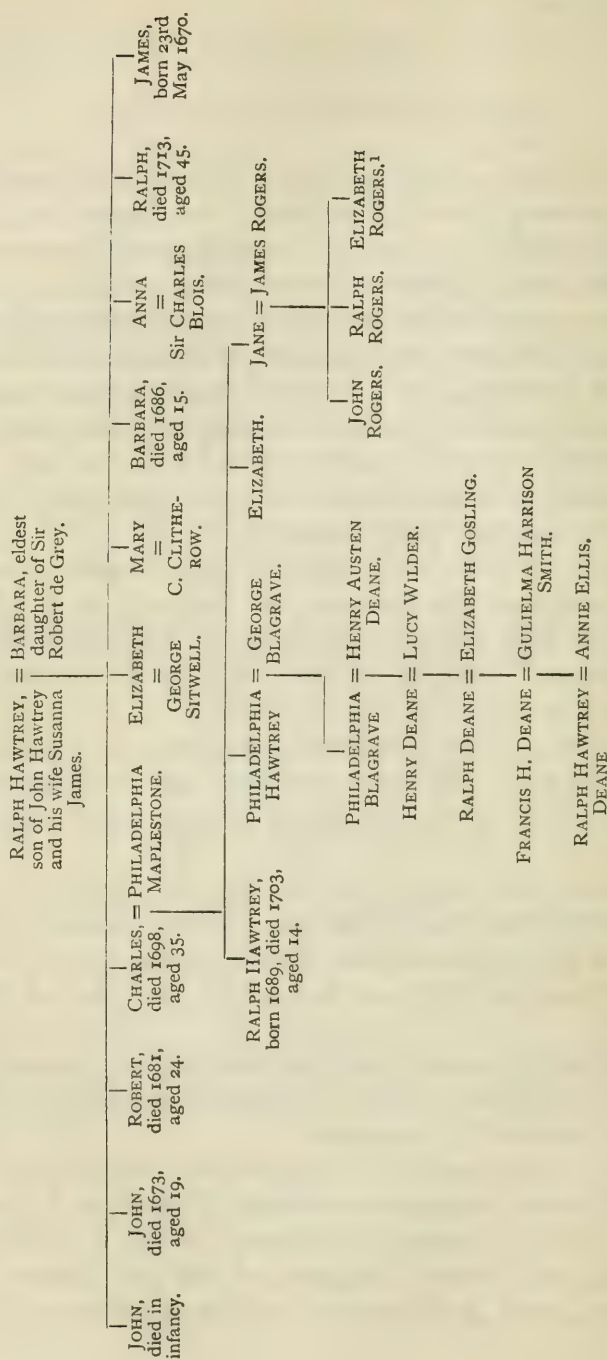
“Under this stone lyes interred the body of Ralph Hawtrey, the only son of the late Charles Hawtrey, gentleman, and grandchild to Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre., born the 20th day of November 1689 and buried the 29th day of October 1703.”

One might almost fancy that sorrow was now too heavy to allow the survivors even to solace themselves with tender words or praise of the departed.

Philadelphia married Mr. Blagrove of Bulmarsh, near Reading. Elizabeth’s epitaph is in Ruislip Church, as follows:—

“Under this stone lyes interred the body of Elizabeth Hawtrey, the second daughter of the late Charles Hawtrey, gent., and grāddaughter to Ralph Hawtrey, Esqre.,

PEDIGREE OF THE LAST HAWTREYS OF RUISLIP



¹ Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of James Rogers and his wife Jane Hawtreys, inherited the Ruislip Estate, and dying unmarried, left it to the grandson of her cousin Philadelphia, Mr. Ralph Deane.



RALPH, THE LAST HAWTREY OF RUISLIP

VII

aged about 22 years, who departed this life the 22nd of February 1709."

Jane, the third daughter of Charles Hawtreys, was married to James Rogers.

This is her epitaph in Ruislip Church:—

"Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Jane Rogers, wife of James Rogers, Esqre., daughter of Mr. Charles Hawtreys, and granddaughter of Ralph Hawtreys, Esqre. She died the first day of February 1735-6, in the 47 yeare of her age."

Amongst the Ruislip books was one in a very neat and pretty binding, well preserved—a small book entitled "A Practical Discourse upon the Parable of the Prodigal Son," published in 1713. On the first leaf are the suggestive words: "Jane always good, her book."

And now I must bring this part of my history to an end by giving the epitaphs of the venerable pair who, alas! saw their children and their only grandson die before themselves.

The following inscriptions to their memory are in Ruislip Church:—

"Here lyeth the body of Ralph Hawtreys, Esqre., son of John Hawtreys and grandson of Ralph Hawtreys. He departed this life on the 27th day of November 1725, in the 99th year of his age."

"Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Barbara Hawtreys, eldest daughter of Sr. Robert de Grey of Martin, in the county of Norfolk, and Elizabeth his wife, married 69 years to Ralph Hawtreys, Esq., of Ruislip, who departed this life Nov. 24, 1719, aged 86."

I said I should with these epitaphs bring this part of my history to an end, but I must add a copy of part of the will of the above Ralph:—

"The last Will of Ralph Hawtreys, Esqre.

"I will be buried in the grave of my grandfather Hawtreys privately, at the discretion of my executors. Legacies—to my daughter, the Lady Franklin, £500; to Sir Thomas, her husband, £100; to my daūr. Anna, the Lady Bloys, £500, and if she dyes before me, to her children, and to my Lady Franklin's, and not Sir Thomas's; to Sir Charles Blois,

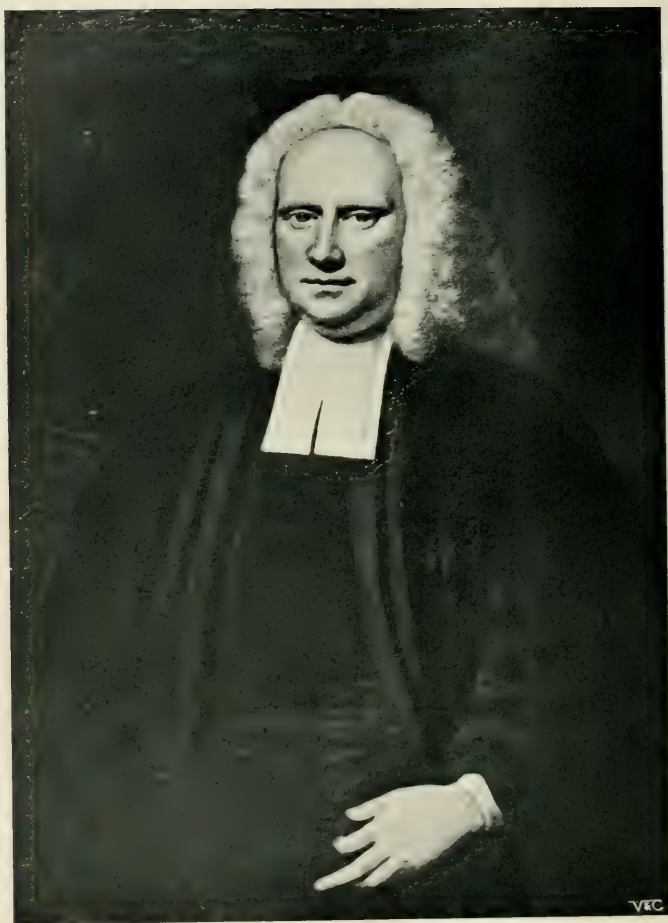
£100; to the Lady Bloys' 3 children, £100 a-piece; to my daughter Hawtreys, £500; to my granddaur. Philadelphia Blagrove, £100; to George Blagrove, her husband, £100; to Jane Rogers, my grandchild, £100; to my sister Rogers, £10; to my sister Morse, £10. Poor of the parish, £200, to be disposed of as the minister of the parish, and those that live here and those that live at Sir Thomas's, shall think fit; to all my relations, rings; to my niece Lister, my niece Jennings, George Rogers my nephew, Thomas Rogers and his wife, my nephew Ralph Lee, my niece Anne Lee, Mr. ffrorde and his lady, Mrs. Fuller and Grace Lee, to each of them rings of 30s.; to my grand-nieces and nephews of those families, guinea rings.

"To my cousin Charles Hawtreys, guinea ring. Coz. Edlin and his wife, and Mr. Tate, do. Exor. to give rings to those gentlemen who come to my funeral, and to servants of the house 10s. each; maid Hester, £10; Wm. Wood, £5, if with me. Out of my £4000, the debt wch. lyes upon the leases to Philadelphia Blagrove and Jane Rogers shall be paid; the overplus of sd. £4000, after my funeral and legacies are paid, to my grandson James Rogers. I give to Jane Rogers, my grandchild, and to James Rogers, her husband, all goods within doors, except in chamber next mine, and my plate; they to be executors. Oct. 19, 1724. (Sd.) Ralph Hawtreys. Wit., ffran. Peters, Wm. Hunbridge, Wm. ffearn. Proved Jan. 12, 1725-6, by James Rogers, Esqr., one of the executors."¹

*A letter from the Sub-Dean, CHARLES HAWTREY, to his son
EDWARD, father to the late Provost of Eton.*

I am now going to introduce a letter from my great-grandfather, the Sub-Dean of Exeter, to his son Edward, father to Dr. Hawtreys, the late Provost of Eton. My great-grandfather's father and Ralph Hawtreys of ninety-nine were first cousins; it was to the Sub-Dean, Charles Hawtreys, no doubt, that the "guinea ring" was willed by his aged cousin

¹ "Plymouth," fo. 7, 1726.



CHARLES HAWTREY
SUB-DEAN OF EXETER AND RECTOR OF HEAVITREE

VIII

at Ruislip. The letter was written in 1786 from Heavitree, near Exeter, the writer's living.

"TO Mr. EDWARD HAWTREY,
At Eton, near Windsor, Berks,
By way of Bristol and London.

"13th July 1768, HEAVITREE.

"DEAR NED,—I received your letter, Dat. 8th Instant, by which you give me but small hopes of seeing you this summer, for which I am sorry, as I am old, and feel the effects of old age daily, and consequently must expect and think of going where I shall neither see nor be seen. Your aunt Edlin and cousin Nanny came here some days before I received yours, and are well, tho' they were frightened upon the road with the lightning very much. What you enquire about the Blagraves being related to the Hawtreys is thus: Mr. Blaggrave of Bulmarsh, *als* Burmish, near Reading, about forty years ago or more, married a grand-daughter of old Mr. Hawtreys of Rislip, named Philadelphia Hawtreys, by which marriage the relationship ariseth.

"We expect Ste. here soon, your aunt and cousin, and Lucy. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall send their kindest love, and to Jack, to whom my love and blessings.—I am, dear Ned, your most affect. Father,
C. HAWTREY."

As is seen in the short pedigree given above, the daughter of Philadelphia Blaggrave, *née* Hawtreys, married Mr. Henry Deane, whose great-great-grandson, Mr. Ralph Hawtreys Deane, is now the possessor of Eastcote House (sometimes spelt Askott), which is the name of the old property at Ruislip. It was inherited by Jane Hawtreys's daughter, Elizabeth Rogers, on the death of Ralph Hawtreys of ninety-nine, her great-grandfather, and was left by her to the grandson of her cousin Philadelphia Blaggrave.

Elizabeth Rogers was born in 1722, three years before the death of her great-grandfather, Ralph of ninety-nine, and would be forty-six years of age when my great-grandfather wrote the letter I have given above to his son Edward.

There may have been little acquaintance between the two branches of the family, and nearer and dearer ties may have bound her to the family of her cousin, whose grandson, though not bearing the old name, had a two-fold claim to represent the old family, as collaterally related to Elizabeth Rogers, and lineally descended from Ralph Hawtreys.

IRISH HAWTREYS

A branch of our family some time before this had settled in Ireland. The name is extinct there now, but when my father was a young man he knew the then head of that family; he was a clergyman, and his Christian name was the old family name, Ralph. Whether it was he in his younger days who is said to have paid a visit to Ruislip, or another of the family, I cannot tell, but I have the following story preserved in the handwriting of my sister, Emily Daman.

"The last time I saw Aunt Sarah," she writes (this was our father's sister), "she told me that she remembered having heard, when she was a child, of a Mr. Hawtreys from Ireland coming to see old Mrs. Rogers at Ruislip. On hearing who it was, she refused to see him, saying she was sure he was not a true Hawtreys, so he took out his signet ring with the Hawtreys arms upon it, but the poor dear old lady would not see him. She was afraid of being made or persuaded to leave the property away from her mother's sister's children. The Hawtreys name had been extinct at Ruislip since 1725; that was when old Ralph of ninety-nine died, and he had outlived all of his name."

CHAPTER XI

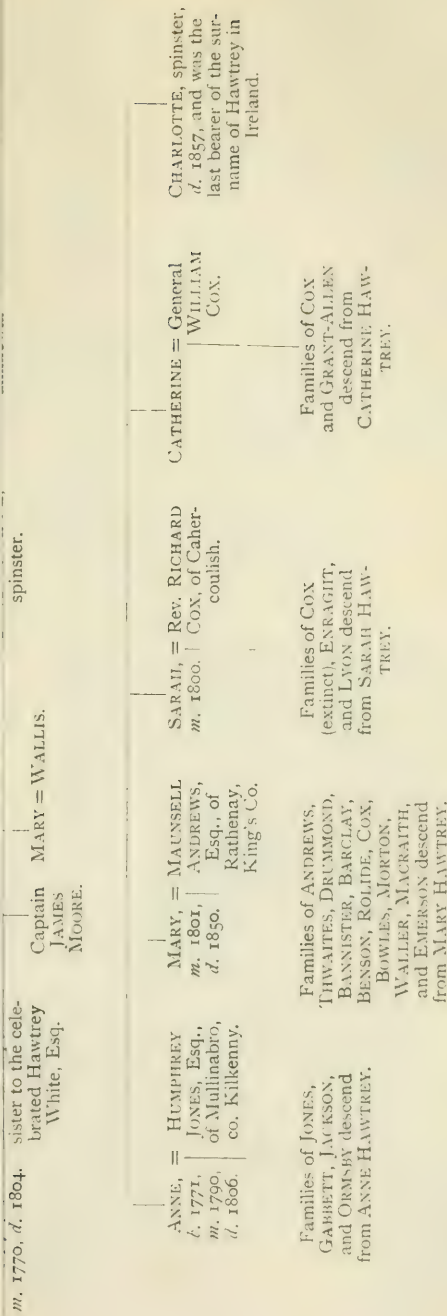
DIRECT ANCESTORS OF THE PRESENT HAWTREY FAMILY

AND now we will turn to the direct ancestors of the present Hawtreys family.

In common with those whose histories I have been latterly attempting to follow, they descend from Raufe, fourth son

PEDIGREE II.]

PEDIGREE OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY



PEDIGREE OF THE HAWTREY FAMILY

RALPH HAWTREY, = MARY ALTHAM, sol^d
of Ruship, "with daughter of Edward
the Ruff," Altham, Esq. of Mark
A. 1570, d. 1638. Hall, Luton, co.
Essex

JOHN, = SUSANNA
A. 1602, d. 1657
JAMES

Extinct male line
John Hawtreys Deane,
Esq. of Fosseote House,
Ruship, Middlesex, is the
representative of this
branch.

EDWARD, = MARGARET
A. 1602, d. 1660
WRIGHT,
Barnham,
widow.

The families of the Rev. Montague
Hawtreys and those of his brothers
Joan and Henry represent this
branch, from which also descend
the families of the Rev. Charles
Daman Fellow and Tutor of Oriel,
and of William F. Dunkin Savilian
Professor of Astronomy, Oxford.
Dr. Hawtreys, late Provost of Eton,
descended from this branch.

RALPH, = MARY
A. 1602, d. 1655,
aged 45,
buried in
Sanderstead Church.
Surrey.

LEWIS,
AUBURN,
Esq.,
Major in
Grennells
Army.
A. 1647

MARY, = Sir JOHN
A. 1601, d. 1661,
buried at
Ruship
BANKES.

Bankes family of
Corie Castle and
Kington Lacy,
co. Dorset.

FRANCES,
A. 1648

LEWIS,
A. 1650

RALPH, "soldier
adventurer,"
of Westmead, and
Tipperary,
A. 1644, d. 1713
at the house of his
nephew, Lacy Kemp,
Coleston, Somers.

MATTHEW,
A. 1632

MARY,
A. 1634

THOMAS,
A. 1635

ANNE, = MAIN-
A. 1636, d. 1690
WARING.

Issue
unknown.

MARY, = BLACK-
A. 1639
WELL, of
Mort-
lake,
Surrey.

ELIZA-
BETH,
A. 1641

JOHN, =
A. 1642, d. 1698
Vicar of
Sander-
stead.

MARTHA = GEORGE
BROTH,
Proctor,
notary of
Chester.

MARTHA, = Sir WILLIAM
A. 1727
KEMP of
Culstoe,
Suffolk.

A daughter

Mr. STONY MAN-
CHESTER, Mrs.
BRADFIELD and
others, descend
from MARTHA
HAWTREY.

His wife,
Mrs. BROWNE,
A. 1725
= RALPH, of Kilkenny,
died at Waterford,
Ireland, 1729.
(See Appendix F.)

Her wife,
= Mrs. WALLEY,
of Newford,
co. Galway.

Daughter.

Daughter

JOHN = ELIZABETH
BROWN, of
Dublin, 1748

Rev. RALPH,
A. 1725,
died at Trinity
College, Dublin
1742,
A. 1773, d. 1804

Mrs. WHITE, of
Esparto Castle,
co. Wick, 4th
daughter of James
White, Esq. and
sister to the self-
titled Hawtreys
White, Esq.

ANNE, = JAMES MOORE,
A. 1753, of Liverpool.
Captain
JAMES
MOORE.

CATHERINE = Major OTTO
A. 1758,
HAMILTON,
of Waterford.
GREVILLE ANNE
spinster.

RALPH
Issue, if any,
unknown

CATHERINE,
spinster.

SARAH,
spinster.

MARTHA,
spinster.

ANN = HENRIEY
A. 1754, d. 1804
JONES, Esq.,
of Malabar,
co. Kerry.

MARY, = MAURICE
A. 1801, d. 1806
ANDREWS,
Esq. of
Rathmore,
Kilgobbin

SARAH = Rev. RICHARD
A. 1801, d. 1806
COX of Caher-
conagh.

CATHERINE = General
WILLIAM
COX.

CHARLOTTE, spinster,
A. 1807, and also the
first daughter of the sig-
nature of Hawtreys in
Ireland

Families of JONES,
GARRATT, JONES,
and O'MOY descend
from ANN HAWTREY.

Families of ANDREWS,
FRANKS, DUNN,
BARNETT, BAYLY,
BRISSE, BOLTON, &
BOSCH, MURPHY,
and EMERY descend
from MARY HAWTREY.

Families of COX,
FRANKS, and
LAW descend
from SARAH HAW-
TREY.

Families of COX,
and FRANKS, ALLEN
descend from
CATHERINE HAW-
TREY.

of Thomas Hawtrey of Chequers, grandfather to the Ralph Hawtrey who was born in 1570, the father of Lady Banks, and whom we call "Ralph with the ruff."

I have a copy of his will transcribed into modern characters, from the ancient writing in which the original exists, signed as

it is on every page by the testator,

Raphe Hawtrey

The will is dated the 30th of March 1638, and is as follows:—

"This was acknowledged by the within-named Raphe Hawtrey of Ruislip, com. Midd., Esqre., to be his last will and testament in the presence of us who were desired to witness it in this manner.

RAFE HAWTREY.

JOHN TIMBS.

Proved in London in presence of—Sammes—of Laws, on the 10th day of the month of April A.D. 1638, with the oath of John Hawtrey, son and executor of the will of the aforesaid deceased.

"Radulphi Hawtrey ar.

"In the name of God Amen.

"The twelfth day of March in the year of our Lord God one thousand six hundredth thirty and seaven, and in the thirteenth yeare of the raygne of our Sovraigne Lord Charles, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, Fraunce and Ireland, Defender of the Fayth.

"I, Raphe Hawtrey, of Ruyslip in the county of Middlesex, Esquier, though sicke in body, yet of perfect mind and memorye, thankes be to God, do ordayne and make this my last will and testament in manner and form followinge.

"First, I bequeathe my soule to Almightye God, who in the Second Person redeemed the same, verilye believing by His meritts to be saved, and to enjoy the fruition of the Deity. My body to be decently buried within the Parish Church of Ruyslip.

"First, I give and bequeath to the poor of the said parish, to be distributed by my executor, the sum of five pounds within one year after my decease.

“Item, I give and bequeath to Mary, my most loving wife, the use of the moiety of my plate, bedding, and household stuff within the doors during the term of her natural life if she shall think good to live in the house with my son, John Hawtreys; if not, then my will and meaning is that she shall make choice of the furniture of two chambers of the best, and two furnitures of the chambers for servants, with as much plate as shall be to the value of fifty pounds, such as she please to choose as fittest for her own use, and so much linen both for her bed and board as she shall think convenient for her during her natural life.

“Item, my will is that my executor shall pay unto Mary, my wife, the sum of fifty pounds that I owe unto her within one year after my decease, and fifty pounds more within one year after her leaving this my house, if she shall not think good to live with my said son John. Item, I give unto Marye, my wife, my best coach and two of my coach horses, such as she shall please to choose, with the harness to them belonging. Item, I give and bequeath to Edward Hawtreys, my second son, the next presentation to the parsonage of Denham in the county of Buckingham, lately purchased from William Bowyer of the same, Esqre., and one hundred pounds of lawful money, to be paid unto him at such time as the same living shall happen to fall, as a means to help to settle him in it, and all such bedding and linen as his mother have provided now for him, being two feather beds, six pair of sheets, and other table linen that are already marked with his mark. Item, I give unto Raphe Hawtreys, my third son, one obligation in which he standeth bound to me, and all what may or might be claimed as due to me upon the same. Item, I give unto the said Raphe, my son, my white gelding. Item, I give unto my sister Brand seven pounds a year, to be paid unto her yearly, and every year during her natural life, by my executor. Item, I give to Ann Young, my wife’s chambermaid, the sum of three pounds. Item, I give unto William Roberts, Alexander Winchester, John Hale, Robert Thompson, Mathew Lawrence, and John Salter, my servants, twenty shillings apiece. Item, I give unto Susan Norton, my wife’s woman, forty shillings.

Item, my will is that my executor do bestow in rings the sum of twenty pounds, to be given to my son-in-law, Sir John Bankes, Kt., His Majestie's Attorney-General; Mary, my daughter, his ladye; Susan, my son John Hawtrey's wife, and Mary, my son Raphe Hawtrey his wife, or to be bestowed for them or by them in what they shall think best as a token of my love. Item, I give unto John Hawtrey, my eldest son, the lease of the Rectory of Ruislip, to him and his assigns. Item, I give unto the said John, my son, the leases of the Ruislip Park, and all other freehold lands not before settled upon him. Also, I give unto the said John, my son, all my plate, goods, and chattels, or money, household stuff, bedding, brass, pewter, and implements, belonging to the house, with all the corn in the barn and garnery, and all the corn upon the ground, with all my horses, carts, ploughs, and all other my goods whatsoever not formerly disposed of, whom I do hereby make and ordain my sole executor of this my last will and testament, hoping that he will faithfully and carefully see my debts and legacies paid, and this my last will performed in all points, and I do earnestly intreat my son Sir John Bankes, Kt., His Majesty's Attorney-General, to be overseer of this my last will and testament, and if there should any difference fall (which I hope will not), that he will endeavour to settle it. In witness whereof I have set my hand to every particular sheet hereof, the day and yeare first above written.

“RAPPE HAWTREY.”

Through the kindness of Mr. Story Maskelyne, himself descended from the above Ralph Hawtrey, I am able to add a copy of the will of Mary, his wife, or at least an abstract of it. From Fines, fo. 75.

“I, Mary Hawtrey of Rislep, Co. Mdsx., widow, to be sep. by my dear husband in the chauncel of the Parish Church of Rislep. £5, poor. To my children, John Hawtrey and Edward Hawtrey and the Lady Bankes, £200 apiece. To my son John Hawtrey, 3 pieces of plate, his wife a box of china dishes; to my son Edward, a green wrought bed, wch. I wrought for him, 2 books of Bishop Hall's (the biggest

volumes) and a booke himself gave me called the History of the holy Warres. To my daūr. Lady Bankes, pearl necklace, with pearls 204, also 200 round pearls that were the Lady Bennett's, fiftie shee gave me and fiftie I bought, all now stronge in one necklace, making 304. To my son John's wife, my border of diamonds, 21 buttons in number. To my son Edward's wife, one of my diamond rings. Son Ralph, his widowe, my diamond ringe with four stones. To my granddaūr. the Lady Borlase, pointed diamond ringe, bracelet of seed pearl. Granddaughter Mary Bankes, diamond ringe. Granddaūrs. Elizth. and Joane Bankes, diamond ringes, &c., &c. To my grandson Ralph Hawtre, son to John Hawtre, wedding ring, &c. Jane and Anne Hawtre, my two cabinets. My sister-in-law Mary Brand, £5. My sister Beck, my ring, &c. My daūr., the before-mentioned Susannah Hawtre, . . . Lady Glover, my plain gold ring. The Lady Altham, my sister. . . . Residue to my loving son John Hawtre, Executor; my son Edward, overseer. May 5, 1646. Wit., Edward Hawtre and Edward Seddon. Proved by son John, Ap. 13, 1647."

Before taking leave of the Ruislip Hawtreys, I must introduce one more epitaph. It is to a daughter of old Ralph Hawtre (of ninety-nine) and his wife Barbara de Grey:—

“*December the 8, 1680.*”

“The vertuous Barbara, 3rd daughter of Ralph Hawtre of Rislip, Esqre., and his dear consort of that name, having restored the breath borrowed for 15 years, then deposed the chaste Relique in the cold ground beneath. Hoping, though now asleep, to be found among the watchful and wise Virgins at the coming of the Great Bridegroom, and her Body with a little change made spiritual to enter into the marriage at the Resurrection of the undefiled. Amen.”

Edward, second son to Ralph, and our direct ancestor, received, as we see by his father's will, the living of Denham

as his portion. In Lipscombe's "Buckinghamshire" is the following notice under *Rectors of Denham* :—

"Edward Hawtrey succeeded in 1643, but was ejected in 1647. He lived to be restored, and died rector in 1669, being also Vicar of Burnham."

It appears that he became Vicar of Burnham on his marriage with Margaret Wright, for it had been her first husband's living and family property. It was eventually given to Eton College by John Hawtrey, Edward's son.

An interesting monument was dedicated by him to his father's memory, but, unfortunately, it seems that when the church was restored within the last fifty years, the marble slab on which the epitaph was inscribed offered a convenient flat surface to the workmen employed, on which to lay the modern encaustic tiles with which the church is paved, and whereby the old historic monument is effaced.

The following is a copy of the inscription in Latin, and a translation is subjoined. Copied from my sister's MS. book :—

"On a marble slab in the chancel of the Parish Church of Burnham is the following inscription to the memory of Edward Hawtrey :—

"Honrando Patri Edvardo Hawtrey, antiquâ familiâ oriundo nec minus ingenio et pietate quam genere eximio, qui Etonæ Spes, Cantabrigiæ Deliciæ, et ibidem Sacri Pulpiti diu insigne ornamentum, inde Burnhamiæ vicarius et Denhamiæ Pastor, Fidem Catholicam non minus inculpabili vitâ quam concionibus promovit. Donec exulante cum Carolo Justitiâ, et ipse (uti per erat) hinc expulsus, non nisi reductis iis est rectitutus, ubi per novennium piè prædicavit ; piè vixit, et piè demum obiit.

"Filius devotissimus Johannes Hawtrey honoris pietatisque ergo hoc monumentum dicavit.

"Obiit Anno Domini 1669, ætatis suæ 69."

Translation

"To his honoured father, Edward Hawtrey, sprung from an ancient family, and not less distinguished for his talent and

piety than for his birth, who was the hope of Eton, the delight of Cambridge, and likewise for a long time a remarkable ornament of the sacred pulpit. Afterwards the Vicar of Burnham and Rector of Denham, he promoted the Catholic faith not less by his blameless life than by his doctrines, until Justice with Charles leaving the land, he also, as was natural, being hence expelled, was not restored till their return, when for nine years he preached piously, lived piously, and at last died piously.

“His most devoted son, John Hawtrey, for the sake of Honor and Piety dedicated this monument.

“He died Anno Domini 1669, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.”

Edward was elected scholar of King's in 1622. His father died fourteen years later, and between these two periods, Edward, no doubt, married.

In a list of benefactions to the parish of Burnham we find that on the 29th of September 1660:—

“Mrs. Margaret Hawtrey gave ‘by deed’ in Land, vested in the Vicar of the Parish for the time being, the sum annually of £2 12s. od., to buy bread for the poor of Burnham.”

This was the year of the restoration of King Charles II., and may have been a thank-offering for that event, and for her husband's restoration to his home at Burnham.

In a manuscript at King's College, Cambridge, the following is preserved:—

“Anno 1621. Edward Hawtrey . . born at Ryslip in Middlesex (uncle to John of the year 1646), Fellow A.M. 1629, Senior Poser at Eton Election 1642. He succeeded one Mr. Wright in the Rectory of Burnham near Eaton in Bucks, upon which he left College 1643, and married the said Mr. Wright's widow, and had children by her, and in her right had the perpetual advowson of Burnham aforesaid. In the year 16 . . he succeeded Mr. Vincent (of the year 1584) in his Rectory of Denham, Bucks, where Mr. Hawtrey died, holding Burnham, which induced the Parliament to eject him

from Burnham in 1650, having declared against all Pluralities. . . . There have been several other worthy persons and of this name and family of our College, to whom the index will direct you, particularly to his son John Hawtrey of this College."

Here is an abstract of the will of Edward Hawtrey :—

"I, Edward Hawtrey of Burnham, Co. Bucks, clerk, being of indifferent good health in body.

"Nov. 20, 1667.

"To be decently buried at discretion of executor.

"To my beloved and only son, John Hawtrey, £500.

"I charge him to make good every article mentioned in articles of agreement between me and my son-in-law Mr. Samuell Edlyn concerning soe much of the marriage portion of my daur. Mary Edlyn as remains unpaid. And that he does present, or cause my said son-in-law to be presented, to the Vicaridge of Burnham, Co. Bucks, within six months next after my decease, otherwise to pay said son-in-law £200; to said son, all books, papers, and writings, with best mourning cloak; to said daūr. Edlyn, my coach, and two coach horses with their harness; to said son and daughter Edlyn, £10 apiece to buy them mourning; poor of Burnham and Denham, £10 between them; servant Abigail Payne, £5, and my wearing apparell, both woollen and linnen, after my said daūr. Edlyn hath taken her choice of such linnen as may be for her use; servant Jn. Coggs, 20s.; faithful friend Mr. Thomas Dickenson, 40s. for ring. Residue, son John, sole executor.

"(Signed) EDWARD HAWTREY.

"Witnessed by Timothy Burrage, Jn. Jae, Phil. Stone. Proved 11 Nov. 1669, by John Hawtrey, the son."

It may be remembered that a nephew of Edward Hawtrey is described as "John Hawtrey of Pinner." He was a younger brother of Ralph of ninety-nine.

This connection of the family with Pinner may account for the acquaintance and marriage of Mary Hawtrey with

Samuel Edlyn; and *that* marriage may have led to a later one to be noticed hereafter.

The son of Edward and Margaret was born at Hitcham, in the parish church of which place is the following register:—

“In 1645, John Hawtrej, the sone of Edward Hawtrej, by Margaret his wife, was baptized the 18th Janry. 1645.”

This son John was four years old at the time of King Charles the First's death, and fifteen at the Restoration.

The following is from the “*Alumni Etonensis*, Thos. Harwood, Birmingham, 1797”:—

“1664. Car. II. 5. John Hawtrej, A.B. 1668, A.M. 1672, was the son of Edward Hawtrej of the year 1622, was born at Hitcham, Bucks, and travelled into France and Italy.”

From Skeleton's *Coll. Regal. Cantab.*, or a Catalogue of all the Provosts, Fellows, and Scholars of King's College of the Blessed Virgin, Cambridge, 1441 to 1750:—

“John Hawtrej, son of Mr. Ed. Hawtrej, born at Hitcham, Bucks. He passed the degrees of Arts, travelled into France and Italy, resigned his Fellowship, having been chosen Fellow of Eton. Was Vicar of Mapel Durham for thirty years.”

The wife of John Hawtrej was Kimbrough, the daughter and co-heir of John Caryll of Thorpe, in the county of Surrey. John and Kimbrough had six children: three sons—Charles, John, and William; and three daughters—one was Mary, who died an infant. The parish register at Maple Durham tells of her birth on the 16th of July 1690, about eleven at night; her baptism, on the 24th of the same month; and of her burial on the 9th of August the same year.

On the 18th of February the following year another daughter was born:—

“Mary, ye second of that name, daughter of Mr. John Hawtrej and Kimbrough his wife, was born ye eighteenth day of February, and baptized ye seventeenth day of March 1691.”

This Mary lived to grow up, and she became the wife of Edward Edlyn of Pinner, son to Samuel Edlyn, who married Mary's aunt, and one of the Barons of the Exchequer of North Britain. They were married on the 5th of March 1714. This Mary is the "Aunt Edlyn" mentioned in the foregoing letter from her brother Charles, my great-grandfather and the Sub-Dean of Exeter, to his son Edward.

John and William, the second and third sons of John Hawtrej and his wife Kimbrough, died childless.

One other daughter was born to them, in 1688. She was named after her mother, Kimbrough, and her short life ended very soon after her mother's, for the parish register tells us that:—

"Kimborough Hawtrej, the daughter of Richard Carill of Thorpe, in the county of Surrey, and wife of John Hawtrej, vicar of this parish, died the last day of October, and was buried the seventh day of November 1693;" and

"Kimborough Hawtrej, the daughter of John Hawtrej and Kimborough his wife, was buried the ninth day of November 1693."

It is touching to think how the father of this little daughter of five years old may have watched her last hours in loneliness, after his great bereavement, upon which the child's death was so soon to follow. He himself lived to be seventy years old, surviving them both more than twenty years.

His epitaph was not to be found at Maple Durham, where the floods had probably washed it away from the stone on which it had been inscribed; but it was preserved in Latin in Skeleton's *Coll. Regal. Cantab.*, and in English in Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana*, in the Bodleian. Of the former, Mr. Story Maskelyne has lent me a copy.

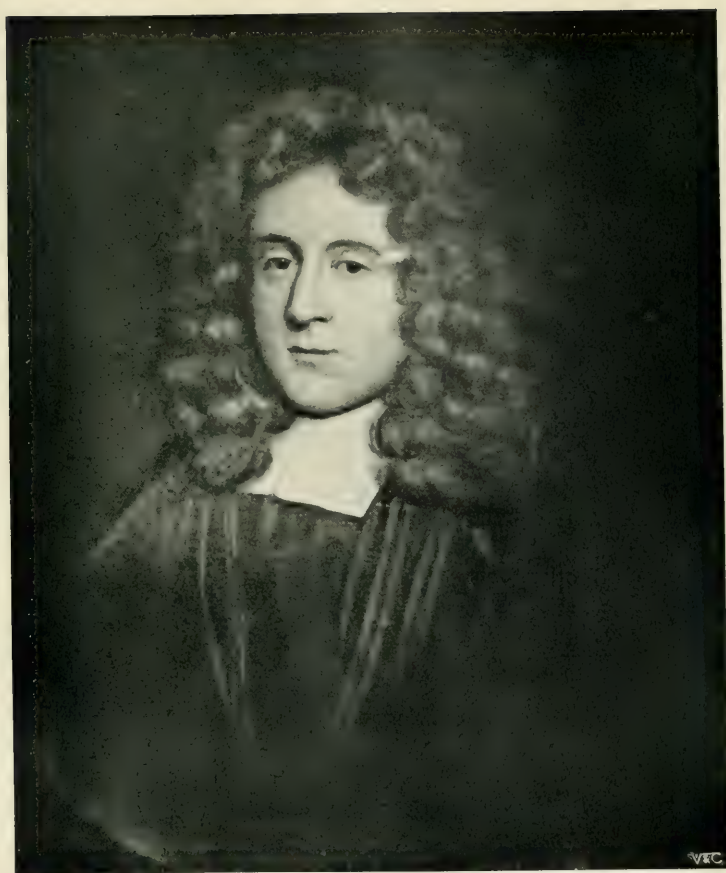
THE HAWTREY FAMILY

"JOHANNIS HAWTREY
 per triginta annos hujus Parochiæ
 Vicarii
 nec non per idem tempus
 Collegii Etonensis socii
 Dum vixit Pastorati fidelis
 Ad curandum gregem diligenter incubuit
 Necessitatibus omnium quoad potuit
 Subministrans
 Peccantibus admonitus Ignavis Lucem
 Pauperibus alimentā laago animo
 distribuit
 Qui postquam pie sobrie juste
 Et ob admodum suavem a Natura indolem
 Omnibus Amabilis
 Ad septuagesimum annum ætatem
 Per duxerat ob. 24 Jan. 1715.
 Ex opposito infra Cancellōs œdis jacet uxor
 Quam maxime sibi cara et filia parvula
 Plus viginti abhinc annos defunctæ
 Quibus quam propius licet sed extra Ædem
 Se poni voluit."

The following is the translation, from Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana*, in the Bodleian :—

"Sacred to the memory of John Hawtrey. For thirty years Vicar of this Parish, and also during the same time Fellow of Eton College. Whilst he lived he applied himself diligently as a faithful Pastor to the care of his Flock, ministering as far as he could to the necessities of all. He distributed admonitions to the sinning, light to the ignorant, food with liberal heart to the poor, and after he had prolonged his life piously, soberly and righteously, and beloved by all for his very sweet natural disposition, to his seventieth year, he died on the 24th January 1715. Over against him, beneath the chancel rails of the church, lie a wife most especially dear to him, and a little daughter, who died more than twenty years before, and to whom he wished to be placed as near as possible, but outside the church."

In the churchyard of Maple Durham, near the east end of the church, is a stone from which all inscription is effaced. It



JOHN HAWTREY
RECTOR OF MAPLE DURHAM (A.D. 1645)

IX

EDWARD SEITCH, = ANNE SAUNDERS
organist of Lion
College Chapel
died 1881

may mark the spot where this loving and humble-minded husband and father is laid.

I have now to return to the eldest son of John and Kimbrough Hawtrey, my great-grandfather. In the Register at Maple Durham is the following entry:—

“1687. Charles, ye son of Mr. John Hawtrey and Kimborough his wife, was born July 24th, baptized Augst., 1687.”

And from the *Registrum Regale* we learn that he was admitted to King's in 1706 at nineteen years old. Later he became Sub-Dean of Exeter and Rector of Heavitree, and his wife was Anne, daughter of Dr. Richard Sleafch.

CHAPTER XII

THE SLEECH FAMILY

FROM manuscripts which have come into my hands containing copies from the Registers of Etonbridge in Kent, we learn that the Sleafch family were formerly settled there “and in Sussex about Little Hampton, bearing for arms, as appears by Camden's Register, Checks or and gules a canton sinister argent. Of those in Kent, all are extinct it is supposed. Of those in Sussex, Captain Richard Sleafch of New Shoreham had a grandson by a daughter, so that none of the name remain except the family of Dr. Richard Sleafch.”

This Dr. Richard Sleafch, the father of my great-grandmother and her eleven brothers and sisters, was son to Edward Sleafch, whose wife was Anne Saunders. I now copy from another manuscript compiled probably by my cousin, Laura Hawtrey, sister to the late Provost of Eton. She says:—

“Richard Sleafch was born at Eton, son of Mr. Sleafch, organist of the College Chapel, who,” she adds, “came to England with William the Third.” But there must be some mistake here, as Edward, the father of Richard Sleafch, died in 1681, four years before the death of Charles II.

Besides Richard, and two other sons who died in infancy,

Edward and Anne Sleech had a daughter Lucy, who married Stephen Weston, a Master, later a Fellow of Eton, finally Bishop of Exeter, and donor of the name "Weston" to "Weston's Yard" at Eton. He was the father of a large family; of one of his sons, named Stephen, my sister in her MS. book writes:—

"Stephen Weston is described as a most excellent man, husband, and friend to the poor, and was the great promoter of the scheme he lived to see completely executed, namely, the Hospital for the Sick in the City of Exeter."

She adds: "This is interesting to us, especially from remembering he was first cousin to our great-grandmother, Mrs. Hawtreys; and as our great-grandfather was at the time Sub-Dean and Canon of Exeter, we may believe they were occupied in the same good works."

"There is also," she adds, "an interesting epitaph to the memory of Edward Weston, the Bishop's second son."

"He was one of His Majesty's Most Honble. Privy Council in the Kingdom of Ireland; served the Crown 22 years in public affairs; Under Secretary of State for Ireland, &c."

The epitaph closes thus:—

"He died at Buxton, the 15th day of July 1770, in the 68th year of his age, in a sincere repentance of many and great transgressions, and in humble hope of a happy resurrection through the unbounded mercies of God in Christ Jesus."

Other particulars of the numerous Sleech family have been preserved. Some of these I will give, and they will show our connection with families now existing, who are descended, like our own family, from the parents of Anne Hawtreys, *née* Sleech, the wife of the Sub-Dean, Charles Hawtreys.

She was one of eleven brothers and sisters, four of whom died unmarried. The accompanying pedigree gives the names of these eleven children of Dr. Richard Sleech, and of some of their descendants.

My great-grandmother's eldest brother, Stephen Sleech, was chaplain to George II. and Provost of Eton. It was he, I believe, who is said to have planted the Brocas Clump at Eton. At my grandfather's baptism he appears as one of the "gossips."

I have two letters from him addressed to his brother Henry. The first is written in 1744, the writer being then thirty-nine years of age, and his brother Henry twenty-two. Their father had died about fifteen years previous to this date.

“E. C., *Jan.* 21, 1744.

“DEAR HARRY,—I ought long since to have thanked you for your Last to me, and in my Turn to have complimented you on your Fellowship. But you and I are on a better Footing than Forms, as I daresay you are satisfied that I desire nothing more than to see you well sett out in Life, and I can say that I am satisfied of your good sense and Inclinations so as to endeavour to support any Recommendation that may be given of you by me or others.

“I am so satisfied in this Respect, notwithstanding your Youth, that I shall, as I expect once more an Opportunity, recommend you to My Lord Duke to be Tutor to his son, and I flatter myself, if ye Place be open, as I expect it to be, my Recommendation will be accepted.

“As I have this Design, I must tell you on what supposition I undertake it. In the first place, I imagine you have no Objection to it, and are as willing to imbark in this way of Life as any other; and secondly, as, you willing, I conclude you will seriously consider the Importance of the Trust so as to execute it with Care and Diligence. It is the education of one of the greatest Noblemen in the Kingdom. Your view must therefore be to train him up in those Principles and with those attainments that may sett off his dignity and Birth.

“Yr. Thoughts, yr. time and Inclinations, must be dedicated to him. You must be much with him, must sett him a good example, must keep him from the company of servants and footmen, and fence him against the insinuations of Flatterers.

“In the next place, you will remember that you are to be admitted into ye Family and Familiarity of one of the greatest Noblemen. At first it is probable you will be more on the Reserve than you need be, but time will wear this off. Then will it be time for you to be on your Guard, not to make use

of the freedoms that you find you may, but to keep within the bounds of your Post ; to be on the side of Business rather than Diversion; not to be forward to go a-hunting or shooting, but to wait for the Duke's asking you to go. In this case I cou'd wish you wou'd make it your standing Rule so to act. At Table be ready to give an answer, but yet careful of holding yr. tongue while your superiors are speaking, tho' you know the subject better than they. I mention this because it is a piece of ill-breeding that People are often guilty of, and this you would avoid, as studious of being decent and of pleasing.

"In ye course of your Behaviour, to be so modest and cautious that ye Duke might even think you fit to have the education even of his Daughters, so upright and full of Honour as to abhor the Thoughts of being liked by these when grown to woman's estate more than is consistent with the Distance that is between you and them.

"I have heard the Duke talk on this point ; therefore I mention it. Indeed, I mention the whole more to show my thoughts on ye case than to advise you, because I conclude your own understanding wou'd lead you where I am pointing.

"You may imagine, by my entring on the subject, I believe it will do, but as nothing is certain till 'tis done, I advise you to look on it as uncertain, but that I shall do all I can in it, as I am persuaded, if you manage rightly, it will be a very good thing ; the Duke is a most friendly man where he takes, but it will require the studying his temper to make him your Friend.

"If the thing succeeds I will write to the Provost. In ye meantime keep it secret for yr. own sake, but let me know the first Post when Standings are, that I may judge when you can be spared from the College.

"Yrs., Dear Harry, very affectly., S. S."

The following letter is not signed, but as we know that Stephen Sleech accompanied George II. to Hanover as his chaplain in May 1745, I think we may feel sure it is from him. The handwriting also testifies to this. The letter is addressed "To Mr. Henry Sleech."

“HANOVER, 10th Aug. N.S. 1745.

“DEAR BROTHER,—I recd. yours of the 27th of June O.S. How my Journey may turn out to me God knows, but I thank you for your good wishes that it may turn out well. I cou’d have wished, when you wrote, you had made yourself the Subject of your letter a little more than you did. I find, both by Ned and Kitty” (probably Edward Sleech and Catharine Cooke, brother and sister to the writer and receiver of this letter), “some hints about the Army. But hints from others are not ground enough for me to act on and try my strength. The Army is a place of Business and of Danger, that if I could do anything for you in it, I wou’d not without I knew from you yourself that it was your Desire to imbarck in it. I have talked with Mr. Weston about it, and might talk with a greater Man on some lucky occasion on this very subject. I have also talked with Mr. Weston on a clerkship in the office.” (Stephen Sleech was first cousin to Stephen Weston, son to the Bishop of Exeter. This Mr. Weston was Registrar of the Diocese of Exeter, and had an office in the Custom House.) “I don’t know whether there may be a vacancy, but if there shou’d be one, and you can make yourself master of French and the ingrossing Hand, I doubt not but you might gett into it. But whether you do or not, I wou’d advise, as you have not Business over much at present, to labour in the French Language, for the Business of the World is almost carried on in it. Where I am, there is hardly anything else talked, but among ye common People. I lament much that I have not made myself a perfect master of it; I shou’d have fell into many conversations that I have been backward in engaging in from a Diffidence of being able to go through them with success. Not but that I understand all that is said, even the Comedy, wch. I go to without blame in my gown and cassock. I learn a little German, and truly but a little; as I see no use in it, I have no spirit to take Pains in it. I think it very likely my stay here will not be so long as was expected. The situation of Affairs will in all probability call us home.

“For my own particular, I meet with nothing here that

should make me not like the place for as long (a time) as the King stays here. The Court at noon, and ye Gallery at night, and variety of good Company at dinner, is at least as agreeable as being within the College walls—not but, if I return never so soon, those walls, I daresay, will be as agreeable to me as ever.

“You will hardly excuse me, if, being placed in the Seat of News, I send you none. Thus much I know, that the Hessians are come off from the French; Prince William of Hesse left this Court this morning, after great civilities paid him for two days. He is a fine Gentleman, and, as I am told, took our K. William for his pattern, having served under him. His son, Prince Frederick, will command the Hessian Troops which are to march to Flanders.

“The Queen of Hungary and her Grand Duke have been laying out immense sums on Preparations towards the intended Election, which the wisest here cannot pretend to say will fall out in their favour. As for her Army, instead of fighting with, at least harrassing the French, to whom they are superior, they are marched to the Neckar, and are eating up the Elector Palatine’s country about Heidelberg, as the French do at Manheim. The Victory that I see mentioned in the London Papers had not the least grounds, and how such a story cou’d be spread is strange.

“As for Flanders, I can say nothing particular of it, but that the Duke of C. is so much inferior, that with all the courage of him and his men, they must be on the Defensive.

“And what shall I say for England? You that are in it know more of her state than I do. She has my Prayers for Protection from ye evils wh. may be designed agst. her. It is certain that the young Man who frightened us a year and $\frac{1}{2}$ ago, sailed the 15th of July from Belleisle with six ships of the Line, a great summ of money, and arms for 8000 men; and it is certain there are many more ships in their Harbour ready to follow on any hopes of success. Whether England, Scotland, or Ireland he is to try his fortune upon, I don’t know. You see I am not cast down with this alarm, because I cannot conceive that a People who have enjoyed their Religion,

their Liberty, and Property under the present Royal Family, will not unite in Defence of the Government. If they do so, a French army, if they cou'd land in England, wou'd soon be glad to return home again.

"I thank the A'Deacon for his letter of the 9th July O.S., and for his Intelligence about Masterships, wch. was then new to me. I have since had applications for Sumner, Dampier, and Apthorp, but I give no answer at present ; I think there is time enough. I hope sister Mary finds great benefit from her journey and Devonshire air. My kindest compliments to the Sub-dean, and sister, and little ones. I conclude you are very happy together. I wish the news of the Times may not damp the joy ; yet, bad as it is, I thought it wou'd be kindest to tell it. Pray wait upon Mr. Reynolds with my humble Service. I flatter myself I shall meet him in Safety, thro' the vigilance of the Government, in the place that he loves.

"Dear Harry, yrs. most affectly."

This interesting letter is written on the four sides of a single sheet of rough paper discoloured by age. The handwriting is beautifully clear.

The Queen of Hungary, Maria Theresa, had been on the throne at this time some three or four years, having been supported by England (who remained true to the Pragmatic Sanction), when Prussia and Bavaria, supported by France, were scrambling for her dominions. The Battle of Dettingen against the French, when England was victoriously led by George II., had taken place two years before this letter was written. The next year, 1744, France sent an army against England under Marshal Saxe, but a storm prevented a landing. This attempt on the part of the French was made on behalf of Prince Charles Edward, "the young man who frightened us a year and $\frac{1}{2}$ ago." In 1745, the year in which the letter was written, the English, under the command of "the Duke of C." (Cumberland), marched to the relief of Tournay. The ground was difficult and the French outnumbered the English. They, however, broke through the French centre, and were advancing upon the village where

Louis XV. and the Dauphin were, when they found themselves deserted by their allies and in danger of being cut off.

"The retreat which followed, in the face of batteries on every side, called forth the admiration of the French, who said, as they saw the unbroken ranks retire step by step, that such a retreat was a victory."¹

Prince Charles Edward, when he sailed from Belleisle on 15th July, as Provost Sleech's letter tells us, must have been on his way to Scotland, and the news of his landing on the coast of Inverness, which happened on 25th July, had apparently not reached the Court at Hanover when the letter was written. And then followed the attempt of the "forty-five," celebrated in "Waverley," the last serious attempt made by the Stuarts and their friends upon the English throne.

My sister in her manuscript book writes:—

"I have heard from our cousin Mrs. Furse, who had it from her aunts, the grand-daughters of Dr. Richard Sleech, that he (Dr. R. Sleech) had ventured all his property in the South Sea Bubble, notwithstanding the earnest entreaty of his wife, who went on her knees to him to entreat he would not, but he fancied he had had a private hint through Sir Robert Walpole, and would do it.

"He lost it all, and it so affected his spirits that he died soon after, leaving nine children almost wholly unprovided for. Friends came forward to help them. The eldest son succeeded his father as Fellow of Eton. The sons all turned out well . . . and all the daughters married well, except two who were deformed, and were highly respected for their determination, on their father's death, to become 'chamber milliners' in London, which they did. These two, Mary and Lucy Sleech, Miss Halifax tells me, were the most high-minded and honourable women; most respected by all, every one knew their connections, and the cause of their taking the step they did. They lived in St. James's Square in a private house, and ladies went to them; their own family and connections used to stay with them when they came to town. Lucy was quite an angel, and had a most happy deathbed.

¹ Morris's "Class-book History of England."

She said she heard most beautiful music, and saw beautiful angels round her bed. They lived economically, and saved very good fortunes, so that they were able to leave £40 a year to each of their nieces. They were great-aunts to Miss Halifax, and she is at this moment [30th June 1857] enjoying the £40 a year which was left to her mother. Our great-aunt, Frances Hawtrey [niece to the two good old Miss Sleeches], was with them for a little while in London, and when they died, came to live with Lucy [her sister] at Eton."

Lucy and Frances were the two unmarried daughters of the Sub-Dean of Exeter, and for a time were dames at Eton.

Elizabeth, the wife of Dr. Sleech (who showed so much good sense in opposing the South Sea Bubble), was the daughter of Stephen Upman, Fellow of Eton College, Prebendary of Westminster, and Rector of Stamford, who died in 1707.

FAMILY OF THE SUB-DEAN OF EXETER

The old manuscripts which tell the history of the Sleech family give particulars of the births and baptisms of the children of my great-grandfather, Charles Hawtrey, the Sub-Dean of Exeter.

I have not remarked upon it before, but Charles had not in past times been a family name, and yet it appears as that of my great-grandfather, and also of his cousin, the son of old Ralph Hawtrey of ninety-nine. The latter was born eight years after the restoration of Charles II., the former nineteen years later, and no doubt the introduction of the name was due to loyal feeling.

To return to the old manuscript, it tells us: "Charles and Anne Hawtrey, the under-written are their children.

"1. Anne, born Janry. 22, 1730, baptized February 16th, at Heavitree. Gossips, Mrs. Abigail Northey, Mrs. Anne Fleetwood, and the Honble. Mr. Baron Edlin.

"She died unmarried Aug. 9, /51, of a sore throat and fever, after five days' illness, and was much lamented, being a very worthy, sensible, and agreeable young woman. Aged 20 years, six months, and 10 days.

"2. Charles, born May 30th, 1732; baptized at Heavtree. Stephen Weston, Stephen Sleech, and Mrs. Mary Edlin gossips. Student of Christchurch, Oxon., and one of the Portionists of Bampton. Married a daughter of Sir Robert Deane, sister to Lord Muskerry, and left two sons and a daughter.

"3. Lucy, born July 10th, 1733; baptized Aug. 31. Mrs. Lucy Weston, Mrs. Edlin Sleech, and the Rev. Mr. Tate¹ gossips. Died single at Eton College between 70 and 80.

"4. Frances, born November 29, 1735; baptized at S. Peter's, Exon., December 30th following. Lady Chichester, Mrs. Mary Edlin, and the Rev. Dr. Harris gossips. Living in 1816 in Windsor.

"5. John, born December 29th, 1736; baptized at St. Peter's, Exon., Feb. 2nd following. William Northey, Esqre., the Rev. Mr. John Sleech, Mrs. Elwy gossips. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. In '58 succeeded to the living of Ringwood, Prebend of Winchester, and living in 1816 unmarried."

He died on the 8th of April 1817. I learn from records at Winchester that he was appointed Prebendary between Nov. 25, 1802, and June 23, 1803, and that "he was buried in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, in the County of Southampton, on the 16th of April 1817, aged 81." I am also informed that he had been chaplain to the Duke of Montrose.

And now I come to records of my grandfather.

"6. Stephen, born August 24, 1738; baptized at S. Peter's, Exon., Sept. 16 following. Stephen Weston, Bishop of Exeter, and Stephen Sleech gossips. Registrar of Eton College, March 1759. Married [Sarah] Hurnard; died of the gout in his stomach, leaving two sons and a daughter.²

"7. Edward, married Miss Foster, sister to Dr. Foster, Master of Eton, Vicar of Burnham, and left three daughters and one son."³

My sister adds what the old MS. had left out.

¹ This Mr. Tate—the Rev. Matthew Tate—married Elizabeth Edlin, sister to Edward Edlin, Mary Hawtreys' husband.

² These were my uncle Stephen, my father, and my aunt Mrs. Bird.

³ The Provost of Eton, Dr. Hawtreys, and his three sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Laura.

"8. Mary, married to the Revd. John Marshall, Rector of St. John's and of St. George's, Exeter."

Mary Marshall left three sons and three daughters. William, the third son, was the father of our cousin, Louisa Marshall, and her brothers. The three daughters were thus married: Mary to Mr. Collins, Eliza to Mr. Furze, and Anna to Mr. Buller, son to the Bishop of Exeter. It was a well-known and accepted tradition in the family, I am told, that Eliza and Anna were models to Miss Austen, with whom they were acquainted, for her characters Elizabeth and Jane Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice," but whether this really was the case I cannot say.

COLLATERAL RELATIONS

The old MSS. already quoted give information about the family of George Harris and his wife Elizabeth Sleech. Their children were:—

"1. John, born July 12th, baptized August 17, 1729. Made a Colleger /42, and Scholar of King's July 4th do. Presented by the Fellows of Eton College to the Living of Sturminster Marshall, Co. Dorset, 1753."

Mr. John Harris married Mary, daughter of Mr. John Greathed of Kingston-on-Hull, in 1747. Her brother Edward bought Hampreston in 1790 from Lord Arundel, and Uddens in Dorsetshire shortly afterwards. The mother of Edward and Mary Greathed was Anne Wilberforce, aunt to William Wilberforce.

The children of John Harris and his wife Mary Greathed were:—

1, John Greathed Harris, lawyer; 2, George, indigo planter in Bengal; 3, Herbert Harris, captain of an East Indiaman; 4, Edward, in the army, heir to his uncle, Mr. Greathed, whose name he took—his son was Sir Edward Greathed, K.C.B., of Uddens, Dorset, now the property of his Daughter Elizabeth; and 5, Mary, married to David Parry Okeden, Esqre., whose son married his cousin Julia, sister to Sir Edward Greathed.

To return to the MSS. :—

“2. Francis” (this is the second son of George Harris and Elizabeth Sleech, and uncle to the Greatheds above mentioned), “born December 13th, baptized the 15th Jan. 1731. Went to India in the *Princess of Wales*, Capt. Money, 1742. Went a second voyage to India and China with the Honorable Captain Townshend, in the *Augusta*, April '45; returned to Eton, November /47. Went a third voyage to India, 1749; returned in /50, Janry. Went a fourth voyage in /50; returned June /53. Went a fifth voyage as second master in the *Triton*, to China, Nov. /53. Appointed Captain of the *Triton*, and returned to China, Dec. 24, /56; returned, having lost but one man. Feb. the 19th, /59, sailed in the *Triton*, Captain, to China; died on his voyage, May the 13th, 1760, aged 30 years, 4 months, 18 days.

“3. Mary, born 22nd of July 1732. Married the Revd. Dr. Cust, Canon of Christ Church.

“4. Catherine, born 13th Janry. 1733; died immediately.

“5. Herbert, born 24th of Jan. 1742. Went to sea with Admiral Knowles in the *Essex*, November 1st, 1759; went again with Admiral Knowles in the *Neptune*, Sept. /47, on the expedition against Rochfort. Left the sea service and was made a clerk in the Pell Office, June 1759. Sailed in the *Triton*, Indiaman, under his brother Francis to China in 1769; died an old man in India, leaving no children, and no money, a remarkable instance, having filled some of the best situations.”

(There must be a mistake in the last date given, as Francis Harris died in 1760.)

CHARLES HAWTREY, SUB-DEAN OF EXETER, AND HIS FAMILY

To return now to my great-grandfather, the Sub-Dean of Exeter, and the husband of Anne Sleech, through whom he became brother-in-law, uncle, or great-uncle, to these whose histories I have given.

It will be remembered that he was son to John Hawtreys of Maple Durham and his wife Kimbrough, and the beautiful and

touching epitaph to his father, who died when his son Charles was twenty-eight, may have been his composition. He survived his wife, Anne Sleece, nineteen years, and died about ten years before my father was born. I have therefore no early recollections from him of his grandfather, but had there been any such, they would, judging from his epitaph, have been kindly ones. Having been Rector of Heavitree and Sub-Dean of Exeter, his time must have been spent between these two places, which are not many miles apart. His letters to his son Edward, which are all of his that I have, showed that he was an affectionate father, and longed for the society of his children. His portrait is in the College Hall at Eton.

I have a copy of an abstract of his will, as follows:—

“I, Charles Hawtrey, Sub-Dean, and one of the Canons residentiary of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter in Exeter, being of sound mind, &c., commend my soul to God, my body to be decently interred in the south aisle of St. Peter’s in Exeter, near my late dear wife and daughter, in case I die at Exeter, but if I die at Heavitree, to be buried in the churchyard there. To each of my Brethren Canons residentiary of the Cathedral Church aforesaid, ring of the value of one guinea. Rings of like value to my sister Mrs. Mary Edlin, and to Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Anne Tate of Burnham, Bucks, and to Edward Sleece, Esqre., and his wife, and to the wife of the Revd. John Sleece, Arch Deacon of Cornwall, and to whom else I shall give notice to my executors. Whereas, by marriage articles between their mother and myself, it was agreed that £1000 settled on her, my wife, should after our decease be divided among our children in such proportions as the longer liver of us should by his or her will appoint, I give, therefore, unto my daughter Mary Marshall £17 as her proportion out of the £1000 settled on her mother, but the remaining part of the £1000 to be equally divided among my other six children. . . .

“Whereas the Revd. Dr. Sleece, Provost of Eton College, lately deceased, did by his will leave unto me, in the place of his sister Ann, my late wife, an equal share with his other

brothers and sisters of £1000 in 3% bank annuities consolidated, which share of mine, together with the proportion assigned to Mrs. Marshall out of my wife's marriage articles of settlement, I give and bequeath unto the Revd. Mr. John Sleech, Arch Deacon of Cornwall, to the Revd. Mr. Richard Marshall, and to the Revd. Mr. Charles Hawtrey of Bampton, to them and their heirs *in trust*, for ye whole and sole use, and benefit of my daūr. Mary Marshall and her children, to be by them settled upon her in the same manner as in her settlement in her marriage articles.

“To my daughter Lucy Hawtrey, my moiety of the rectorial tithes and lands in ye parish of Heavitree, which I am entitled to under a lease granted by ye Dean and Chapter of Exeter to Mr. Arch Deacon Sleech and myself. To my daughter Frances Hawtrey, £100. To each of my four sons . . . and to my daughters Frances Hawtrey and Mary Marshall, I give £10 for mourning. I constitute ye Revd. John Sleech, Archdn. of Cornwall, and the Revd. John Marshall, my son-in-law, to be trustees of this my last will, desiring them to be assistant to my executrix, and that they will be pleased to accept a piece of plate to the value of £10 each for their trouble. To my eldest son, Charles Hawtrey, my two-eared silver cup with the cover belonging to it, also my silver watch, with chain, seal, and appurtenances; to son Edward, small silver cup, which Mrs. Ann Courtenay, his godmother, left as a legacy to my wife. Residue of my goods, &c., I give to my daughter Lucy Hawtrey, sole executrix, Jan. 23rd, 1769. (Signed) Cha. Hawtrey. Wit., Isaac Cresswell, Joseph Hammond, James Hill. Item, I give my daughter Frances Hawtrey an additional sum of £50, Aug. 23, 1769. (Sd.) Cha. Hawtrey. Item, I give my daūr. Frances Hawtrey an additional sum of £100, Jan. 22, 1770. (Sd.) Charles Hawtrey.

“Proved at London, May 26, 1770, by Lucy Hawtrey, the executrix.”

The following is my great-grandfather's epitaph in Exeter Cathedral, on a marble slab in the south aisle :—

“Charles Hawtrey, M.A., Sub-Dean and Canon Residentiary of this Church, who died 3rd May 1770, aged 83. As a husband, parent, master, and friend, he was affectionate, tender, kind, and true; extensive in his charity, but secret. A faithful minister of Jesus Christ. After a long and melancholy illness, borne with the fortitude of a Christian, he was released from this world, to reap the fruits of his piety in a better.”

The following epitaphs to his wife and daughter are also in the south aisle of the choir:—

“To the memory of Anne, the beloved and affectionate wife of Charles Hawtrey, Sub-Dean and Canon Residentiary of this Church, and daughter of Richard Sleech, D.D., Fellow of Eton College and Canon of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, who died 24th of August 1751. Aged 45.

“Also of Anne, the dutiful and beloved daughter of the above-named Charles and Anne Hawtrey, who died the 9th day of August 1751. Aged 21.”

The mother and daughter were taken in the very same year and month.

I have already given one of two letters that have been preserved from the Sub-Dean. Here is the other, also addressed to his son Edward. It is written in beautiful square writing, on the first page of a small sheet of rough writing paper:—

“13th April 1768.

“DEAREST NED,—’Tis a long time since you have heard from me, notwithstanding you are but seldom out of my mind. In your last letter you intimated to me as if your young sparks might be sent for into Ireland at Election Breaking up, which I hope will prove true, that you may be at liberty to spend ye more time at Heavitree. However, if they should not go, I wish you could contrive to come hither, tho’ it be only for a week or fortnight, for I find myself decaying as well from bodily infirmities as old age. Your aunt Edlin designs to be with me about that time. Mr. and Mrs.

Marshall are well, so are their children at present, but are soon to be inoculated. They have been at Heavitree preparing this week or more. I pray God prosper their undertaking, and also send your aunt Edlin and yourself a happy meeting here. My kindest love and blessing to your brother Jack; I shall soon write to him. In the meantime, I remain yours and his most affectionate Father,

CHA. HAWTREY.

"Lucy sends her love."

My great-grandfather was eighty-one when he wrote this, and he died two years later.

CHAPTER XIII

DESCENDANTS OF CHARLES HAWTREY, SUB-DEAN OF EXETER

I SEEM to remember some old story to the effect that the Sub-Dean, lest his sons should be vain of their pedigree, put the roll of parchment on which it was emblazoned away in a garret. However this may be, after his death it passed into the hands of his eldest son Charles, and with an interest in the family history of which we see a trace in the inquiries he had put to his father about the Blagraves of Bulmarsh, Edward elicits from his brother Charles the following letter. It is addressed to "The Revd. Mr. Hawtreys, Burnham," and is written evidently from Bampton.

"DEAR BROTHER," he writes, "I herewith send you a transcript of the grant made to Sir Wm. Hawtree of a crest in ye time of Hen. 8, and by it I think you will perceive that what you have from ye Heralds' Office doth not exactly correspond with it. I cannot send you the figure as it is *depicted at the Margent*, but if my eye serves me it is different as having silver and gould *Martells gold lyned silver bottonett gould*, all wch. I profess I do not understand, but ye figure in ye *Margent* is all bedizened with gold and silver, of wch., if I remember right, your's out of the Heralds' Office has not a particle. The same

omission is in ye figure of ye crest in ye Pedigree. At ye end of ye Pedigree is given a Hatchment with ye Quarterings, but ye crest to ye Hatchment is a black lion, wch. is rather extraordinary.

“ With regard to ye Pedigree, it would take a week’s time to examine it properly, and my eyes are too weak for the purpose. However, if there is any particular in it on wch. you wish for information, if you will let me know, I will send you the particulars. If you have Bishop Tanner’s *Noticia Monastica*, and will look into it, you will see that there was a Nunnery founded by a Hawtreys, in what reign I forget, but wish to be informed. It was dissolved by that wretch, Hen. 8, and what became of it I know not, but as there were Hawtreys at that time, it most assuredly ought to have returned to the heir of ye founder, whoever he might be.

“ The beginning of ye Pedigree notifies that ye Hawtreys were a very ancient family in Normandy; and as I am told, but know not the truth of it, I tell it you in a whisper, were like ye King whom they followed, *Bastards*. When they first came into England they settled in Lincolnshire, but in process of time migrated farther south, and became numerous in Buckinghamshire. The present Dorsetshire Bankes is a fool¹ if he pretends to be unconnected with the Hawtreys Family, for by ye female side he is directly descended from a Hawtreys.

“ It is rather extraordinary that ye Pedigree should begin with ye Harcourt Family, to wch. it makes us allied, but it is strangely made out. I see many respectable names among ye inter-marriages, and there they may be for any good we shall reap from them. Two things I could not help observing: the one is a mistake wch. has prevailed as if we were the elder branch, wch. is not true, and another as if ye Edlins took place before us, wch. is not true neither, if ye Pedigree may be relied on. Would it not be proper, if you find the original crest differ from what you have out of ye Heralds’ Office, to acquaint Sir —— Hurd of it, who, perhaps, will be able to explain the matter?”

¹ It will be seen that the Rev. Charles Hawtreys, of Bampton, did not mince matters in describing any one with whose opinions he disagreed.—EDITOR.

I shall give the remainder of this letter, one no doubt characteristic of the writer. "And now," he continues, "for other matters. By and with these papers cometh John Collins, who will prove, I hope, such a servant to you as you would wish to have. How he may have altered since he left me I cannot say, but the character I gave you of him while in my service was literally true, and he promises me that he will serve you to his best, as I do not doubt but he will. We often talk of you and your's, and shall be extremely happy to hear that Mrs. Hawtreys is well, be it boy or girl, she has all our best wishes. How does Mr. Edward? Does he strut with as much importance as ever, and is he as well as I wish him? He is a fine little fellow. And as for Mrs. Tetsey, I wish I could walk as well as she can, but I am still a baby, and can't go without holding; besides the bruise there was a strain, wch., I suppose, will require a length of time before it is well. Patience and resignation must be my remedy. With regard to my daughter, she feels herself most pleasingly flattered by ye notice wch. her friends have taken of her. She is a very good little girl, and I hope will continue to be so. She often talks of ye good Lady Ravensworth, with whom she is wonderfully taken. I wish I had thought of it to have enquired whether Lady Ravensworth knows anything of Lady Frances Tilson; she is an old lady, well known in ye polite circles in London, sister to the Duke of Montague, and aunt, by marriage, to my wife. A word perhaps from Lady R. might have been of service to my daughter, for Lady Frances is rich enough in conscience, and destitute of dependants and hangers on, but withal she is a very odd fish. I am writing by candle light, wch. as it does not quite suit with my eyes I shall add no more, but our kindest love to Mrs. Hawtreys, and very respectful compliments to Lady Ravensworth, if she condescends to ask after us, and Mrs. Ellison, nor must I forget my old partner. I beg my compliments likewise to ye Duke of Rutland, als. Mr. Grossmith, and to all enquiring friends, and am, dear Brother, most truly and affectionately yours,

C. HAWTREY.

"Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1792.

"John walks to Oxford to-morrow morning early, from whence he takes coach, and will be with [you?] on Friday in ye afternoon."

The following is the "transcript of the grant" mentioned in the beginning of the above letter:—

"Read and Perpend.

"To all present and to come which these present letters shall see, rede, or here, Christofer Barker, Esquier, also Garter Principall King at Armes of Englishmen, sendeth due and humble recommendation and greting.

"Equite willeth and reason ordeinethe that men vertuous and of cofmendable disposicion and lyvenge be by their meryts and good renowne rewarded, and had in perpetual memory for their good name, and to be in all places of honner and worshipp amonge other noble personnes accepted and reputed by shewing certain ensignes and tokens of honner, vertue, and gentelness, to the intent that by their ensample other shulde the more perseveringly enforce themselves to use their time in honnerable wourkes and vertuous dedes, to purchase and gette the renowne of auntient noblesse in their ligne and posteritie, and how be it that Willm. hawtree of Ellesborough, in the county of Buckingham., Esquier, ys descended of honnest lignaige, and allso his aunceters and predecessors hathe longe contynued in nobilitee, and bearinge arms lawfully and conveniently, yet neverthelesse the sayde Willm., being incertein how or in what manner he ought to bere and use his crest, and he not willing to do no prejudice to no manner parson, hathe required and instantly desired me, the sayde Garter Principall King at Armes, as above sayde, to ordein, devise, and assigne hym a crest lawfull and convenient, and therefore considering his request to be juste and reasonable, and also by vertue power and austeritee to my office, and chefe and principal King at Armes annexed and attributed by the King our Souverain Lorde, I have devised, ordeined, and assigned unto and for the said Willm. the crest with the appurtenances hereafter following, viz. :—

"A Lyon's hed, coupe golde ffretted sables, langed and lam-pozed goutes, sett upon a wreathe silver and gould, mantells gould lyned silver, bottonette golde. As more plainly appeareth deputed in this margent, to have and to holde unto the sayde Willm. hawtree and his posteritee, the same to bere and injoie for evermore.

"In witness whereof seals are set be in the 38 year of Henry 8." (1547.)

At the conclusion of the copy of this interesting document, which Charles Hawtreys sends to his brother, he adds:—

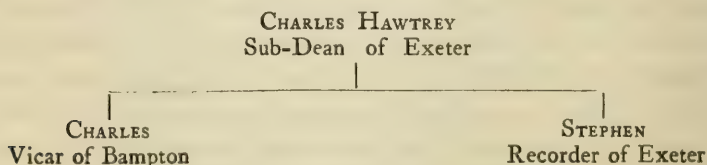
"Concerning ye Pedigree little is to be said; it is too much to transcribe. The first Hawtreys mentioned is Sir Wm. de alta Ripa *als* Dawtreys of Algarkirk, in Co^m Lincoln, temp. Hen. 3 et Edw. 1."

The writer of the foregoing letter—Charles Hawtreys, Vicar of Bampton in the latter part of the century before last—married Grace, daughter of Sir Robert Deane, and sister to the first Lord Muskerry. (This family is not the same as that of Mr. Deane of Ruislip.)

Within the altar rails of the chancel of his church at Bampton is this inscription:—

"Here lyeth the Body of the Revd. Charles Hawtreys, late Vicar of two portions of Bampton. He died the 23rd day of June 1796, aged 63."

My cousin Frances, Miss Hawtreys of Tenby, has been so kind as to give me the names of all the branches of the families who descend from her grandfather, Charles Hawtreys, Vicar of Bampton, the elder brother of my grandfather, the Recorder of Exeter.



and various other brothers and sisters, of whom information is given elsewhere. We will here follow the descent of the

children of Charles, Vicar of Bampton. He had two sons and one daughter. His eldest son was Charles Sleech Hawtrej; he became a clergyman. I do not remember him, but my elder brothers and sisters did well—a very gentlemanly man, with white hair and dark eyebrows. He had a church at Hackney, and he and his cousin, Mr. Lewis Way, used to interest themselves about the conversion of the Jews. He married Miss Harriet Haffey, who died, I suppose, between thirty and forty years ago, having survived her husband many years.

They had a large family of sons and daughters. Four of the latter are still (1896) living at Tenby. The names of these sons and daughters are as follows:—

Charles John	Harriet Deane
Henry	Sophia Sleech
Frederick Hill	Frances
Benjamin	Emily Way Haffey
Lewis Way	Adelaide Scott
Alexander	Louisa Stewart
Herbert Onslow	

Harriet Deane, the eldest daughter, married Mr. James Parks. Their sons and daughters follow:—

John Charles	Victoria
James Henry Haffey	Victoria
Frederic Caldwell	Florence Sophia Emily
Hugh Hamilton	
Ynyr Dean Hawtrej	
William Ross	
Douglas	
Edward Alexander Hawtrej	
Arthur Wellington	
Alexander	

Mr. Ynyr Parks' children are:—

Herbert	Flora Emily Hamilton
Montague	Violet

Mr. Herbert Parks married Miss Goodwin; they have two children.

The younger son of the Vicar of Bampton was a Colonel Henry Hawtrej, in the Indian army (4th Bengal Cavalry).

He married Margaret Chamberlayne, and left one son and one daughter :—

Charles Henry

Anna Hill

The living representatives of this branch of the family, descending from the Vicar of Bampton, my grandfather's eldest brother, are my four cousins at Tenby—Frances, Emily, Adelaide, and Louisa ; their nephews—Mr. Hamilton Parks, an invalid, living in Wales ; Mr. Ross Parks, married, but with no children, living in Buda-Pesth, where he has diligently made a living for himself by teaching ; and the children of Mr. Ynyr Parks — Herbert, who was at St. Mark's School, and is now married, and the father of two children ; and his sister Flora, also married ; and their brother Montague, godson to my eldest brother Montague ; he is doing well in the Mauritius.

My cousin Frances also mentions a son and daughter of her uncle, Colonel Henry Hawtreys. The former died some years ago ; I believe his two sons went to America. I do not know whether Mrs. Hill is still living.

JOHN HAWTREY, VICAR OF RINGWOOD

The second son of the Sub-Dean of Exeter (my great-grandfather) was John Hawtreys, the Vicar of Ringwood, born in 1736, and elected Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1754.

I have several letters from him. The following, addressed to his brother Edward (father to the late Provost of Eton), is not written from Ringwood, the writer's home, but from Scotland.

“BUCHANAN, *Sat.* 21st July 1770.

“DEAR EDWARD,—I arrived at Buchanan yesterday about one, and received a hearty welcome from the Duke of Montrose. We did not reach Edinburgh till last Sunday evening, where we spent that night and ye following day ; saw everything worth attending to ; went to the anatomical schools, where there are an infinite variety of curious

preparations ; visited the Botanical Garden, which abounds with many plants, Foreign and British ; went to Holy Rood House and the Castle Hill. The houses of Edinburgh are of an uncommon height, the streets tolerably filthy ; the New Town will be as magnificent as anything in London ; the houses that are already built are superb—part of a spacious square is finished in as grand a stile as your London houses ; the situation of this New Town is very pleasant—it is surrounded with hills lofty and beautifull, and bounded by the Frith of Forth, an extensive piece of water. On Teusday morning we went to Hopetown House, but in our way thither stopped at Craggy Hall, a house belonging to Lord Hopetown's brother. Here we were much entertained ; it is a most delightfull place—groves, water, green walks, rocks, amazing falls of water, summer-houses commanding most extensive prospects ; sweet-smelling flowers and shrubs of every sort around us. I never saw anything that pleased me more. The house is comfortable, but nothing very magnificent. After we had refreshed ourselves with a few mouthfuls of rich cake and a glass of sweet wine, we took leave of Mr. Hope and ladies, and proceeded to Hopetown House. This, I think I may say with truth, is more magnificent than any I ever before saw. The lower apartments are more noble and spacious than those at Burleigh. The house is built upon the model of the Queen's Palace, but larger ; the garden is very pleasant, has a fine view of water full of small vessels, and a country rather wild. We spent Tuesday and Wednesday at this place, much to our satisfaction. I slept in a pompous bed, surrounded with curtains of purple velvet and yellow silk, but I am not sensible that I slept sounder than in my hut at Eton.

“On Thursday we went to Stirling ; ascended the castle, which they told us is above 1400 years old ; the vallies and water beneath are rich and beautifull.

“Mr. Don and son supped with us, and saw five things at once upon the table.

“Now for Buchanan—but I must shave myself. Since the above I have finished a good dinner ; amongst other things, eat some very large herings, which are in this country plentiful

and good. I have met here with a batch of port wine equal to Tarrant's of 5 years old which I tasted last summer. I shall stick to this in preference to Burgundy and claret (this by the by). The dwelling-house of Buchanan is neat and comfortable. It stands at the extremity of a hill, fronting an extended lawn; on ye east side it is bounded by a thick grove, on ye west by another grove, and the famous Lake called Lock-lomon, full of Islands; interspersed through the Lawn on which the House, standing full south, looks, are a variety of single trees, which have a very pleasing effect; there are likewise Houses, Barns, and Ruins here and there, all which heightens the prospect. Beyond the Lawn are High Mountains, rising one above another, which have somewhat of a Wild appearance. On ye north side likewise at ye back of the House are lofty Mountains. Upon the whole I find myself in a country abounding with many Natural Beauties, capable of very great Improvement, but in its present state, which is little more than a state of nature, it is truly delightfull, and I have no doubt but that I shall spend several Weeks here much to my satisfaction.

"My journey to this part of ye world was a very agreeable one, the weather fine.

"I have met with no bad butter since I have been in Scotland—I mean none that I could not eat. Buchanan flows with milk, butter, and honey. Let me here [*sic*] how my mare goes on, what passes at election, who Pozers, where you spend your holidays, whether Mrs. Foster has twins, and all other news that can be agreeable. Write to me under a cover directed to His Grace the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, near Glasgow, by Edinburgh. Remember me to all Friends.—
Yours, &c.,
JOHN HAWTREY."

The writer of this letter must have been at the time he wrote it thirty-four years old, just the age to enter heartily into the pleasure of seeing such new, interesting, and beautiful scenery, though not as yet illuminated by the pen and the genius of Sir Walter Scott, who, having been born in August 1771, was at this time just eleven months old!

The following letter seems to show what a favourite Mrs. Edward Hawtrey (*née* Elizabeth Foster) was. The old bachelor brother writes to her from his Vicarage of Ringwood on

“Wednesday afternoon, 2nd December 1789.

“DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,—It wld. be quite unnatural to inclose a Letter to you from faithful Kitty,¹ and not take the opportunity of thanking you for yr. great good nature in coming to Ringwood and giving me the pleasure of your company, tho’ for a few days. I wished to have sent the letter after you, but you must have been too much ahead for even the fleet Countess to have overtaken you within any reasonable distance. I suppose it was some disappointment to you (a misfortune that sometimes happens to good mothers) not to find it at Andover. I trust however that you had Philosophy to bear the delay with calmness and to conclude that its arrival at Ringwood after you had left it was the only cause of its being so long in coming to you. I hope you will receive it at Barham, for ’twld. be very absurd to receive it next week at Burnham.

“I have the pleasure to assure you that some of the Party (for all had not an opportunity of speaking to me) you met at Mr. Taylor’s were highly pleased with you, and wld. have been happy if you cld. have made it convenient to have stay’d another week at Ringwood, that they might have entertain’d you at their houses, and returned your visit at the Vicarage of Ringwood, from which they have been hitherto barbarously excluded. I am afraid they will never rest till they gain admittance; they of late have been very troublesome, and threaten me again and again that They positively will come. Now don’t think that my keeping them out arises from moroseness, or any disaffection or indifference to well-bred, good-humoured women. I should really be happy to entertain them if I cld. do it to my own satisfaction. But my Females, tho’ well disposed, are not very skillfull in culinary arts, and I shld. feel uncomfortable in the thought of things not going off well. That wld. not have been the case if you

¹ Evidently a letter from some faithful person left in charge at home, *i.e.* Burnham, of which place her husband was vicar.

cld. have staid and plann'd a dinner with the same ease and elegance as you do a garden, and then have graced it with your amiable presence. However I do not despair of such an event taking place on some future occasion; and to induce you to come, you shall not come without your Boy. You see what you get by your kindness to me; instead of talking about returning your visit, I am already engaging you to make another; if you think me unreasonable, lay it to your own door. I never talk in this stile to any that are unwelcome to me; and as you have not been so, and I suspect never will be, so you must forgive these impertinent expressions of sincere affection. If at yr. leizure you shld. find yourself disposed to acknowledge this, I promise you not to throw your letter into the fire, nor to write to yr. *Husband* that I have received it.

"I hope when you get to Burnham that you will find your little Fellow well, and that you and your Husband will not fail to follow instantly the advice of the Apostle, 'Be careful for nothing,' &c., &c. Give my love to your Husband and best wishes, and Believe me to be what I feel that I am, my dear Sister, yr. most affectionate Brother and Friend,

"JOHN HAWTREY."

One would have liked to see the answer to this letter, but I have none to show. After all, sooner or later, it may have been "thrown into the fire," while his was preserved. Here, however, are a few lines from this "Dear Sister," who seems to have had some graceful talent of her own for winning affection. They are written many years later, and are addressed to her son, now grown to man's estate.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—What I shall send in this packet will only prove how very good-natured some persons can be upon the least trifle. I amused myself by cutting out Sussex oaks for the Presentor and the *Presented* upon that Courtly day! and the companion to your's went to Pope's Villa on the fete in honor of the great Howe. So I sent it under cover to the present Earl to present to his Mother. I am now very

glad I did, as Mrs. Wilmot assures me it would delight her, 'as nothing (Sir W. says) puts the Baroness in good humour like the name of Hawtreys.' This is a trifling note, but you must take the Will for the Deed from, Dearest Edward, your most afft. M., E. H. Love from all in abundance to dear Elizabeth and your own dear self."

The letter is dated June 12, and the postmark 1834.

The next letter is again from John Hawtreys to the same :—

"RINGWOOD, *Tuesday, 5th Jan. 1790.*

"DEAR SISTER,—I will now thank you for the pleasure of the kind letter received on the 12th of last month. I am glad young Edward was quite as he should be, and that the birds had not pecked a hole in either of his fat cheeks. Miss Lisle enquired after you the other day, and complained that you made too short a stay. If you had tarried with me another day, my house wld. have been full of petticoats. As that was not the case, I have hitherto kept myself quiet and undisturbed; and as the moon is now pass'd the full, all is safe, I trust, for this winter, for the Families will be moving to London the end of this month or the next at furthest. My trees have been all planted according to your directions. Miss Lisle gave me two elegant acacias, and being unwilling to throw either of them away, tho' one only was wanted according to your arrangement, I left it to the profound Elstob to plant the superfluous one where he shld. please, and he put it in direct line with the Birch on the left side of it. I cannot say it looks as if it had any business there. However, I will let it stay, and if it proves an evil it can be easily got rid of. The season has been uncommonly favorable for planting, and the trees look all cheerful. The lilac is budding and bursting; the chestnut swells; the birch looks pert; the beech I can say nothing positive about. Miss Lisle's gardener tells me they are the most difficult to move of any tree.

"I am very glad you have been brewing Buckbean. I depend upon your steadiness to see that your Husband does not fail to drink two small tea-cups every day without

interruption, and do you do the same. My brother Stephen came to me from Bath, and tarried with me three days. The waters have had a very good effect upon Him and he left me very well, but I can perceive that his stomach, though strengthened, is in a very delicate state and that a little matter will disorder it. He shuffles as well as your Husband about Buckbean. However, I prevailed upon Him to determine to use it constantly; it is a fine and effectual Antiscorbutic, as well as strengthener of the stomach; therefore, why not drink it? It can do no harm. I believe that if it was universally drunk the sound of a Pestle wld. be seldom heard, and that Blue Doctors wld. be rare Birds. My Ledger came safe to hand and is now in use, for which I thank you. Tell your Husband I received His letter, and will answer it before many weeks are past. Sir Wil. Heathcote and Chute have applied to me for my vote, and that I have promised to vote for them, supposing I appear at the Elections. They carry everything before them in these western parts of the county.

“The dissenters applied to Sir Will. to know whether he would vote for the repeal of the test. He wld. not engage Himself. They applied to Lord John Russel, and he promised to serve. This is what is asserted, and I have reason to believe it is true. Give my love to your Husband. I wish him and you a happy new year and many.

“Believe me, Dear Sister, to be yrs. most sincerely and affectionately,
JOHN HAWTREY.”

The next letter, written three years later than the last, is from the same to his brother Edward:—

“RINGWOOD, *Friday Morn, 7 o'clock,*
June 28th, 1793.

“DEAR EDWARD,—This moment emerged from my Piscina. You may talk what you please of Burnham and Eton Fellowships, &c., &c., but you will never be complete till you have got the Roman Piscina. Read Baynard, who abounds with good sense and laughable things. Amongst other complaints, he says Bathing is a cure for ‘vilis omnia

cutanea,' and thus describes a red-faced man, 'sic qui variegato faciei colore nasoq-carbunculari, et apprimé postulato in medium prodeunt, &c.'

"I mean to turn into my Piscina for three or four months to come 3 times a week; that is often enough; besides being highly salutary, invigorating the spirits, and bracing the whole frame, it is really a prodigious Luxury, and it is infinitely more comfortable dressing and undressing under cover than 'sub Dio.'

"Now to the main point. Soon after I received your first letter of the 14th I wrote to Pestle and bid him bottle for you ten dozen of my Pipe, 13 to the dozen, at 22s. the dozen. I went yesterday to Christ Church and dined with Pestle. Your ten dozen are ready, and will be sent by Brookman's waggon from Xt. Church through Limington and Winchester, and so to Egham, on *Friday, the 5th day of July*. The waggon gets to Egham sometime the Tuesday following, I believe in the evening. Yr. wine will be directed to you at Eton College, to be left at the Duke's Head, Egham, with Mr. Holywell. I asked Pestle what the carriage wld. be. He said he was not certain, but fancied it might be 3s. or 2s. 6d. the hamper.

"Your expense of the wine is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Bottles at 3s. a dozen, the same that Pestle pays	1	12	6
Three Hampers	0	7 6
Port	11	0 0
	<hr/>		
	£13	0	0

"As you complained of being short of cash, I will immediately send Pestle these thirteen pounds, and you may pay me again at your audit in Decembr., or when it shall suit. I did not like to let the wine stay in his cellar till the end of August, nor that he should be kept out of his money. The wine is very cheap, and will, I presume, come cheaper to you than any Port you can have from London, carriage and Bottles included, not to mention that all London wine is adulterated. This is pure and unmixed, as it came from Portugal. Pestle

said . . . that he had never adulterated a drop of wine since he dealt in the commodity. He says this Pipe [word partly illegible] itself, and that he did not put in so much as the white of an egg. He has some incomparable sherry, twelve years old. But my cellar is full of fine sherry, and therefore I forbear to purchase this. I wish you had been in cash, and instead of ten had sent for twenty dozen. As a proof that Pestle's wines are unadulterated, I drank after dinner my usual quantity at his house, and tested five or six different sorts of wine, viz., Montem 25 years old, sherry 12, red calavalle, which is a delicious wine, and four sorts of ports, rode home soon after it, and had no heartburn, which is almost always the case if you ride after dinner. If, therefore, any of your friends have money, and will pay the *ready*, they may now have a portion of a very fine Pipe . . . therefore now or never. . . .

"This wine costs me a very little more than 20s. a dozen. For London wine you give 26s. a dozen, and only twelve bottles to the dozen.

"I am glad you have a horse that you like, and hope you continue to like him. Your collection for the French was well enough for Burnham, but not equal to mine—mine amounted to £14, 15s. 6d. . . . I made my hay very well, 5 ton, and shall cut my meadows about a fortnight hence. Kind love to Mrs. Hawtreys and Co.—Yrs.,

"J. HAWTREY."

In 1848 my brother Henry was Tutor to the Marquis of Hastings at Efford.

He was accosted one day in the Park by one of the outdoor servants, an old man, who asked if his name was Hawtreys, and presently continued: "I once knew a gentleman of the name, he was Vicar of Ringwood, and such a good old man he was; we used to call him the Prophet. One night a fire broke out in the village and there were great fears that it would extend to some valuable property not far off, the wind blowing the flames that way, and in the midst of the dismay, the Vicar was seen on his knees on the ground

with a prayer-book in his hand saying some prayers—in a few minutes the wind changed and blew the flames another way. Always after that he was called by the poor people a Prophet.” The old man also said that he was very particular about catechising the children, and used to do it every Sunday.

The next letter is written in the spring of the following year:—

“RINGWOOD, *Tuesday, 4th March 1794.*

“DEAR EDWARD,—I was concerned to read in your last letter that your old friend the gout had lately taken you by the right hand of fellowship, and like Dr. Haxham, when Princess Amelia visited Plymouth, and offered him her hand to kiss, was loth to let it go. However, if it will hold you by the hand, let it, but at all events keep it from the stomach and head; if it chuses to descend to your feet, such a change may not be displeasing. You should drink Buckbean steadily this month and the next, and then pause till next September or October.

“I am glad Masterman is pleased with his Scholarship. Berdmore may serve him there as well as at Merton. Dr. Cooke certainly promised Mr. Harris to give Edward the Postmastership,¹ in consequence of the application he made to him, and in proof of it Mr. Harris copied some part of his letter, which was guarded, gracious, and quaint, and sent it to me. It is possible that what Edward Harris says may be true, for this reason; Berdmore has been dangerously ill, is better, but thought to be in a bad way: Now if the Warden shld. not live four or five or six years, Mr. Harris’s purpose in sending him to Merton will not be answered, for He flatters himself that by the Interest of John Compton, whom Dr. Cust served in his Merton Fellowship, Berdmore may be prevailed on to elect his son Fellow.

“For my own part I have a very mean opinion of Merton, from what I have observed of its present Caput and some of its members. I suspect that nothing is done there; ’tis

¹ A Scholarship so named at Merton College, Oxford, accorded to boys on the foundation at Eton who were not eligible for King’s.

reckoned a genteel society, and the Fellowships are much sought after by the Sons of the great. St. John's at Cambridge is certainly preferable, for as Edwd. Harris is clever, if he will apply and not be irregular, I think he will not fail of success. Dr. Rindolget is President of Corpus. His two-vol. Bib., published by Clesun, are well worth reading and keeping. He is a very orthodox, sound Divine.

"With regard to public affairs, Pitt had done admirably well with regard to taxes and given satisfaction even to attornies, at least the respectable part of them, for the tax will certainly prevent Sharks from acting.

"With regard to Irish affairs, I know not what to believe, because the newspapers speak at random.

"Ld. Grenville's answer to that absurd Mr. Lansdowne made an impression. He asserts that the French have neither money, nor credit, nor commerce, nor manufactures, nor agriculture. If this is true, one should think that this year wld. make a finish of Them. If their Armies are more than 700,000 men, their necessary expenses must be enormous. Dr. Taylor probably you may have seen; he went to be at Eton the end of last week with young Hales. He is rallied again, but in my opinion fills too fast. His attack was in the head—apoplectic. He must take care of himself and be cautious what he eats and drinks. He has a vast deal of company and takes no exercise. Yr. sisters must charge Hales's account from Xmas last. If the Recorder's son is placed in the fifth, he will be in luck. With regard to that matter of placing boys, I think the Provost of Eton and King's should take the matter up, and determine that no boy that is intended for the Foundation shld. be placed higher than the fourth form.

"But unless such a resolution is passed the Master will be eternally plagued, and will be, I fear, distressed how to act. I received a letter from my friend, Sir Francis, the other day, who disapproves of the politics of the Opposition, who, he says, think they are right, and that they ought to act as they do and vote with the Ministry. He tells me he thinks there will be no division. Poor Mrs. Taylor is frightened, and has

made me promise that if I hear of the French being landed at Christ Church I will give her immediate notice, that she may set off with her Family to Oxford.

"Give my kind love to Mrs. Hawtrej and children, and believe me yrs. sincerely and affecte., J. HAWTREY."

This letter is addressed :—

"To the Reverend Mr. Hawtrej,
Fellow of Eton College, Bucks ;"

And written across :—

"Answered April 7th 94."

But it seems that few if any of that generation preserved letters except Edward and his wife, the parents of the late Provost.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, WRITTEN A YEAR
LATER THAN THE LAST

"RINGWOOD, *Monday 13th April 1795.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—As you propose so very shortly to be on the wing, I will take this opportunity of thanking you for your last Letter and acquainting you that I shall be very happy to see yrself, Mrs. Hawtrej, and children, as soon as you shall have paid your visit at Abbot's Anne. You will, of course, let me know what day I am to have the pleasure of seeing you at Ringwood.

"I was favor'd with a Letter from the P— which was extremely civil and obliging. The mistake about the publication and the compliments in consequence was sufficiently laughable. I wonder he ventured to refuse His R.H. He told me that he wished to oblige some of his Friends, and also to promote the succession at King's. It is most probable that he will at length so manage matters as to disgust many and oblige none. I thank you for what you so kindly mention with respect to your options. There is one advantage arising from meeting with no success in Applications—it makes one happy and thankful that we have anything at all that we can call our

own. All that a man need do is to cut his coat according to his Cloath, and then he need care for nothing, let what will happen.

"We have everything distressing and ruinous in this Town: Bread seventeen pence $\frac{1}{2}$, which used to be 12 pence the gallon loaf; Barracks finished and reserved for 860 men who are expected every day, and yet notwithstanding this troops are marching hither from Poole every week. Last week we had near a thousand come through—the expense to the innkeepers more than one hundred pounds. We have sent two men express to Mr. Rose and the Secretary at War to declare that if a stop is not put to the marching of the Troops, the 20 innkeepers will immediately throw up their licenses, and that the Military Route must be some other way. If the principal Inhabitants had not interfered on Friday and Saturday and promised some relief, I suspect there wld. have been a great riot. The distresses of almost all works, and of consequence the ill humour, is so great that something bad must appear very soon I fear. At Wilton the people rage, and seized a considerable quantity of wheat belonging to a Rogue of a Farmer, and very *unwisely burnt it*, instead of making bread of it. 'Tis impossible that men at seven shillings a week and bread at seventeenpence halfpenny the gallon loaf can go on long without some relief.

"I am glad to see in the Salisbury Paper an advertisement of one thousand sacks of fine flour to be sold now at Poole. I suppose this must come from America; some of our people are gone over to purchase.

"We expect the Duke of Argyle's Highlanders from Poole this week. They are well-behaved men. The Irish that are quartered there are abominable undisciplined and riotous in the extreme.

"If you come through Windsor and can conveniently meet with the same Sims's long [?], be so good as to bring me the same quantity as when you last came hither. Give my kind love to Mrs. Hawtreys and the Children, and tell them I shall be very glad to see them, and that I hope at the end of the month to be able to cut some grass for them, for the meadows look very green and smiling.

"If you ride on horseback, I have two stalls at your service and a rick of good hay, which I luckily bought of Jos. Veale at £3, 15s. a ton; it now sells for 4 and 5 guineas.

"I am, Dear Edward, yrs. sincerely and affectionately,
"J. HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, THREE MONTHS LATER

"RINGWOOD, *Thursday 16th July 1795.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—Your letter bearing date the 13th came to hand this morning between 10 and 11, so that it has been pretty near 3 days and a $\frac{1}{2}$ coming a little more than 70 miles.

"I acknowledge it without delay, because I sent an order to Coe for cloaths ten days or a fortnight ago, so that you must instantly order the cards [?], if they are to travel with my suit of ditto, and possibly it may be too late. I thank you for paying my bills. The Hat arrived a few days ago; it fits very well and cuts a figure. If Tom Barnard is to have the Living, the Registrarship will be vacant; wld. not yr. Brother Stephen take it if he cld. get it?

"We are in very great distress on account of scarcity. We agree to eat brown bread, and to abstain from all pastry, cherry pyes, and cherry puddings. We give £24 a load for wheat. We meet this day at 12 o'clock, and I suppose a Subscription will be made, for the poor are literally *starving*. Mr. Hobson, after expending a deal of Money at Somerley, has sold the place to a Mr. Goffe of Staffordshire, a Cousin of Sir Henry Goffe, for £82,000, and the purchase of the stock, &c., is supposed will make it £92,000. The Estate is valued to Mr. Goffe at £2400 a year. When Hobson bought it, it was valued at £1133 pds. odd a year. Mr. Goffe pays £41,000 the 25th of this month of the money, or forfeits £5000. As this change has taken place, there will probably be an interruption to the payment of my Tithes. Hobson used to pay me at Ladyday and Michaelmas. Supposing Goffe should not settle with me, shall you be able to lend me fifty pounds, which shall be repayed some time in January without fail? My

expenses have been uncommonly large of late from various causes, and if Goffe does not pay at the ordinary time, I must borrow of some one or adjourn to Winchester.

“The Vicar” (this is the writer’s eldest Brother, Charles Hawtreys, the Vicar of Bampton) “and his Daughter tarried with me three weeks all but a day. They both liked their quarters. The Vicar is very lame, and his Hands shake so much that He is forced to hold his glass, like Matthew the Patriarch, with both his hands. He appears very well in other respects, eat and drink very heartily, and slept uncommonly sound. We used to go to bed at 11, and his servant had sometimes difficulty in waking him the next morning at 8. In the last I wrote to him before he came I quoted that text in St. John, and told him I thought it decisive against his doctrine and unanswerable. In consequence of this, when he was with me He never once entered upon the point and I said nothing to him. The truth, I believe, is that He cannot answer it, and yet if Bryant or any one writes, He will certainly make a reply, and I wd. advise you to recommend it to Mr. Bryant not to publish, for the Subject will die away. No one Review that I have seen has taken any notice of it.

“I thank Mrs. Hawtreys for her kind wishes, but it will not be in my power to fly from *our present distress*. I must suffer with my Flock whatever is likely to befall us. The great point will be to keep things quiet and prevent riots. I never since I have been born was ever witness to such distress as the Poor now suffer, for they cannot get Bread for *money*; this happens continually. They are sent from the Baker’s without bread, tho’ they offer money for it. A ship is come to Poole with flour, and we have to get some if possible, but it is feared the Poole people will not part with it. We sent to the Isle of Wight, but the Inhabitants will not suffer a grain to go out of the country. At Salisbury Wheat is very dear and very scarce. The weather now promises well, and if it holds the Harvest may begin here, through the blessing of God, in less than a month.

“I wish the Emigrants may not be overpowered, as it happened at Toulon. The misery of Europe is such that all

should cry out for peace. These dreadful wars have certainly occasioned the present scarcity. Give my kind love to Mrs. Hawtreys and Children, and believe me your's aff.,

"JOHN HAWTREY."

"RINGWOOD, *Monday 12th Nov. 1798.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—I received yesterday the favor of your letter. . . . Our late successes and the prospect before us is very exhilarating; it must end, I should hope, in Peace. The French have nothing before them but misery, such are the blessed effects of Infidelity and apostacy from the Saviour of the world. We have now proof positive, *which* is most valuable, Christianity, or a thing which arrogantly claims the name of Philosophy. Do what men will, the Cross will triumph, and the Gates of Hell will not prevail against it. With regard to Ireland, we have reason to say 'the Angel of the Lord encamps round about it.' In the first attempt, God Himself interposed and the Wind and Sea fulfilled His Word. In the late attempt He has made them the Instruments of His pleasure, and Man has certainly done wonders. As to Buona-parte, He now seems to be dealt with as the French have hitherto dealt with all nations. No. He is successful against the enemy, He is overpowered by numbers, and will at length, I conceive, be swallowed up. The Arabs were never conquered, according to the prophecy concerning Ismael, whose descendants they are, nor ever will be. 'Tis no matter what becomes of Him, for He is an Infamous Blasphemer and shameless Hypocrite.

"As the stocks rise, I shall pause a little. I suppose if I sell out before you receive my Dividend for Michaelmas you will receive 35 pounds; let me know this. With regard to Land tax, I do not think of meddling with it, for this especial reason, because the exigencies of the State and the distress of my brother's injured children will probably make it necessary for me to consume by little and little my Principal; so that, when I die, there will in all likelihood be little left but legacies for my Servants, and some little matter for Charles and Grace. Have there been any resignations lately? Stephen in his last

letter says that His Son will be Second Boy at Xmas and Captain at Easter, but does not mention any particulars; explain this in your next. If so, he will probably have that disgraceful thing called a Montem, the fruit of begging and Robbery. I most heartily wish it was abolished; it does not suit in these days. How [can¹] Heath go on with his lawless B[usiness¹]? November is always a month of riot. God bless him! I wish he had good Preferment and wld. retire from the School. The last business has occasioned a prejudice against the School. Mr. Mills will not, I believe, send his son, and I have my doubts about Taylor."

"RINGWOOD, *April 30th 1799.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—I received this morning your letter . . . for which I take the earliest opportunity of thanking you. I conclude you received my letter this morning, which must have passed yours on the Road without noticing each other. In it I desired you to bespeak me a Hat when you went to Town. . . . The weather is uncommonly churlish and very unfriendly to gouty habits. I am glad you ride; 'tis the best exercise you can have. . . . Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

JOHN HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"RINGWOOD, *10 May 1799.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—Your letter of the 9th came to hand this morning, and as the point concerning Hat must be determined, I may as well now acquaint you once for all that when I speak of a riding Hat I always mean a *flapped Hat* and not a round Hat. Ergo you will order a flapped Hat, not quite so large as what suits your head.

"After a long and tedious Winter the Spring promises to be fruitfull; an intelligent Farmer informs me that the Barley and oats come on surprisingly, and the grass grows every minute.

"N.B.—I have at this time in my field, which is to be mowed in June, the finest Grass in the whole universal Parish.

“Edward, according to the natural course of things, must go to King’s, as he is so forward and so very young. I had heard nothing of the disputes or parties in the College. I do not envy our friend the Provost; his situation must be thoroughly unpleasant; the times are sadly against decency and subordination. ’Tis a pity the present Vice-Provost does not live out of College. Michel, who was turned out of the office as Junior to Pultney, did, I am told, his duty, and was a very competent man. With regard to your approaching Celebration, I think, with Matthias, it shd. be abolished. Why does not the College take it up and commission Heath to give notice that after the present occasion it is to be discontinued? I am glad, as it is to take place, that the present Captain wants it.

“I cannot say that I am quite easy in my mind with respect to the French Fleet; if it reaches Ireland and lands a Body of Troops it may occasion infinite confusion. There does not appear to have been any account yet given of them that can be depended on.

“The Arch-Duke, the Paper says, is recovered, and will, I trust, with the Blessing of God, go on conquering. The Russians, if they reach the French, will handle them very differently from what the Italians have done. Buonapart seems to have been successful against the Turks; he is a [’success]ful Fellow, and may possibly get to Constantinople. The Turks are wretched Soldiers.

“I received a Letter the other day from Mrs. S. Hawtrej, who says Mr. Marshall grows very weak, and that ’tis supposed He will not last out the summer. The present state of the Family is melancholy; and if it please God to take Him, it will, I trust, be a happy release for Him, as well as for those who are left behind. Who will dispose of his portion I know not. ’Tis a good £300 a year, and the best House at present of the three. Richards, I hear, pulls down my Brother’s, which Amphelt had before Him. He and Church, Mrs. Hawtrej’s representative, note the dilapidations 60 pds. Richards has made no demand, but shld. Mrs. Hawtrej’s fortune be paid, which it will not, He then, I suppose, wld.

¹ Under seal.

apply. Give my kind love to Mrs. Hawtreay and Babes, and believe yrs. sincerely and affectly., J. HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, FOUR MONTHS LATER

"RINGWOOD, *Sept. 5th, Thursday, 1799.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—I will now thank for the favour of your Letter received on the 20th of last July. Having been pretty much upon the wing and in an unsettled state for three weeks, I had no leizure to write to any one.

"My Friend Lord de Dunsterville¹ made such a point of my coming to see Him in Cornwall, from which place He had been kept by his duty to Country three years, that I cld. not stand out and therefore sallied forth; and being straightened for time (as I cld. be absent only two Sundays), George and His Master travelled all the way going and returning in Post chaises. I met with a most Friendly and affectionate reception from Lord and Lady, Daughter and Sisters, and all other Relations, and spent my time, considering that it rained almost every day, very pleasantly. The House very full of company when I arrived, and full when I departed. His Lordship lives in a very hospitable splendid stile, and well He may, for He told me He paid for his income tax a Thousand pounds. He also said that He spent six thousand a year, and that He cld. not spend more. I spent a day going and returning at Sydmouth with Mrs. S. Hawtreay and Her Children,² and Mr. and Mrs. Brereton;³ and the same time with Mr. Collins and His invisible wife⁴ and children, who entertained me most Hospitably. I met on my return at His House Mrs. Marshall, who looks pale and is very thin, but upon the whole in good spirits. I hope to see Her and Anna at my House in November, when they go to Eton for the winter.

¹ De Dunstanville—family name Basset. A Barony created in 1796; extinct 1835.

² Mrs. S. Hawtreay and children, my grandmother, father, uncle, and aunt.

³ Mr. and Mrs. Brereton, first cousins to the writer, Mrs. Brereton being daughter to his uncle, Mr. John Sleaford.

⁴ Mr. Collins was the husband of Mary Marshall, the daughter of the writer's sister, Mrs. Marshall. Anna, her other daughter, became Mrs. Buller. "Invisible wife"—*sic* in MS.

"Stour's present to your College is very magnificent indeed, but where will you find room for the books? for your Library, from what I remember, is already brimful.

"I received a letter on Sunday from Bursar Roberts which made me smile. He says in it that it was determined in 1798 that application should be made to all that hold Eton College Livings to give an account to the College of the value of them, of the *Houses*, the *Glebe*, the kind of *Soil*, whether *improved* or *improvable*, and of every *other particular* respecting them that cld. be of any advantage to the College to be informed of. Of consequence, He must beg of me the History of Ellingham. Then follows a curious Postscript. 'As Mr. Harris is in such a precarious state of Health, it would be indelicate in Him to make the same request to Him, and therefore He begged that I would pick up what I could gather concerning the Living, and send him particulars in a day or two.' I gave him the History of Ellingham; told him the House looked due East and West, was very small. Its eastern View was on a Garden full of Apple trees. Its Western View commanded the Church yard and a huge Barn, &c. With regard to Sturminster, I gave Him very little sterling, for this good reason, that I do not at all know what Mr. Harris makes of it.

"As you do not know who is to be the new Fellow, I will tell you—Roberts's Brother. I will also tell you who is to be your new Provost—George Heath. I will also tell you who is to be your new Master—Dr. Goodhill. I cannot tell you who will have Sturminster and Maple Derham.

"We illuminate this evening for our important successes on the coast of Holland. We had yesterday Bells ringing and a roar of Cannon. The weather is wonderfully pleasant and augurs good days.

"You are in luck to have so much fruit in your Garden. I have no wall fruit, hardly 12 gages, and 5 apricots, but I have a Standard Tree full of Charmontelles, for which the carpenters are now making an enclosure over which a net is to be thrown, which will save all the pears.

"The Birds have already begun to taste them, and every

pear they touch rots. There will be quantities of Cyder made in Devonshire ; the apples hang like ropes of onions."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"RINGWOOD, *Tuesday 22nd Oct. 1799.*

"DEAR EDWARD,—What could induce Dr. — to tell you that brilliant untruth, namely, his *meeting* me and *introducing Himself to me* at Sydmouth ?

"He neither met me nor saw me. I called upon Mr. and Mrs. Brereton, where I met Mrs. — but the Dr. *I never saw.*

"With regard to Lord —'s Brother, I fear, as his eyes indicate, He is a little deranged. He has taken a strange Demonarchical turn, and this turn carried him to America, which country he has twice visited. He was driven from it whilst I was in Cornwall by the dread of the yellow fever. He is very much in debt, and his Livings are sequestered. His Creditors allow him £300 a year ; the Livings are, I believe, about £800.

"His Brother built Him a House which cost Him £3000. He has talked much of resigning His Livings. Lord — told Him, if He did, He never shld. have them again. Upon this He resolved to hold them seven years and then give them up. I received a letter from Him the other day, in which He said He had written a letter to Dr. Heath to desire He would attend to His Son, and that He shld. visit Eton once a year.

"You may give G. Heath a hint that He is flighty, and desire Him to humour Him. . . . The Family have been at times very uneasy about Him. When Lord — dies, a considerable fortune will come to Him. . . .

"The State of Public affairs are bad, and should induce all Nations to make peace. For my own part, I don't see what we are fighting for ; the Holland business is shocking, and the Brest fleet, I suspect, is meditating mischief. . . . My Charmontelle Pears are still growing undisturbed under net work. The birds can't touch them. I shall gather them the

first dry day. I expect to see Mrs. Marshall and Daughter in their way to Eton the beginning of next month ; I have written to invite them. I am afraid we shall have great scarcity and distress this winter. The Gallon loaf is now with us one shilling and elevenpence, which is elevenpence more than in plentiful years. And possibly, after so much wet, severe frost. God's will be done. These things are against us."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"RINGWOOD, 16th *Sept.*, Tuesday, 1800.

"DEAR EDWARD,—I will now thank you for your letter of the 31st of July last and for your good wishes respecting my Health. The Decoction of Elm Bark is doubtless a very fine antiscorbutic. Dr. Lysons, a Phisician of Bath, has written a letter upon its powers, and gives you several cases where wonderful cures have been wrought tho' the Disorder was most Inveterate. I shall certainly drink it again this Autumn, tho' I thank God I am very well ; however, as my Friend Sir George prescribes it, I shall take it. I have been thinking of sending Sir George, when I can meet with any good, a Flitch of the best Hampshire.

"I thank you for your Shoes, and shall have no sort of objection to wearing any others that you may be able to send me. These are not times for People to be nice. This Kingdom appears to me to be now standing on the edge of a precipice ; the Poor *starving* in the midst of *Plenty* ; sixty-four millions a year wasted in Blood ; a cunning unprincipled Wretch offering to make peace with you for no other reason but to gain time to take you by surprise and ruin you. You may depend upon it the Democrats are now turning to account the covetousness of the Farmers and the Hunger and Discontent of the Poor, and something bad, it is to be presumed, will shew itself this year. Our gallon loaf continues at two shillings ; but the Bakers say they must raise it, and if they do the Poor will rise. A Poor man will naturally think within Himself, Hanging is less painfull and lingering than Starving. Lord How, who was at Ringwood

two days ago, said that there would be peace in a month, or a more bloody wasting war than ever.

"I am glad to find you are in possession of so good a House; I hope it is not *damp*; the Provost of King's and Johnson told me there were too many trees about it. If it be so, down with them, down with them, even to the ground; nothing is more unwholesome than trees near a Dwelling House.

"My sister in Her letter last month informed me that Mrs. Edlin was at Eton. I hope she continues to mend in health and spirits. With regard to Her Estate, I have no doubt but that it is very much under-let and that it wd. sell well; if she does sell, advise to lose no time; for if there should be a Peace, Stocks will be much higher than they are, and indeed so I believe will Land—at least if I may judge from what passes here. Joe Veal last week sold a piece of Ground not near so good as what I bought of Him, and but a very little larger, for £650. Mine is more than seven statute acres, which I purchased of Him for 600 and sold £50 of timber growing upon it; if I was to sell mine now, I believe I shld. get more than I gave for it by fifty or a Hundred pounds. There are no less than three different Persons, I have reason to believe, panting for it. But I cannot sell, because I cannot live comfortably without it, nor supply myself with Hay and Grass, Milk, Cream, and Butter. When I am dead, my successor, if He has money, shld. purchase the land; if He does not, He will probably live to repent of it.

"I saw Mr. Greathed the other day, who told me He met Mr. Harris lately at Mr. Willet's upon a visit in the Morning, and that He was very well and intended soon to come and see Him at Uddins, so that you will have no vacancy there, perhaps not so soon as at Worplesden. I am sorry for poor Chamberlayne. When I saw Him at Eton, it struck me that He appeared to be a stout strong man. It proves the truth of the old [adage?¹]: The Race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. I suppose if He should drop, as you are so fond of par Nobile Fratrem, that the next Election will be

¹ Seal.

George Heath. Berdmore called upon me the other day, and thinks it a most impudent, indecent thing your electing a second Roberts. Poor Fellow, How He does gasp for a Fellowship of Eton! I tell Him it never can be—that Aliens are utterly excluded. He says that the first 150 Fellows were Aliens. He says that none of you know anything of your Statutes, and that they are most shamefully broken; and instanced the affair of —— Son, who ought by the Statutes to have been dismissed long before. So that you perceive your conduct is not unnoticed by the observing World. Your school has more Boys than it ought to have, all things considered. You will have none, I believe, from *this Country*, not even Dr. Taylor's. He said He would send his son after this Election, but now He talks of sending at Xtmas. I fancy He is afraid of the expense, and will continue Him at Morgan's. Lord Grenville, I hear, is to bring in a bill respecting residence; the present law of making non-residents pay ten pds. a month is to be abolished; and Berdmore tells me that the Houses of non-residents are to be inhabited by *their Curates*, and that the Bishops are to appoint what Stipend they shall think adequate in proportion to the value of the Living."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"RINGWOOD, 30th Oct. 1800.

"DEAR EDWARD,—I received this morning your kind letter, and am much obliged to you, as well as to Dr. G. Heath, for your good intentions concerning our nephew.

"With regard to the Primacy, I believe I can communicate something which may be depended on. General Stewart, the Bishop of St. David's Brother, spent three or four days last week at Sir John Hale's House; Dr. Taylor was constantly with them. I dined with Taylor on Tuesday, when I met Sir John. I enquired whether the General had said anything about the Primacy. They told me, yes; that the Bishop certainly meant to take it, and waited (like a Bonny Scot) till the Audit at Windsor was finished, in order that He might

carry off as *much money as possible* from Windsor, whilst the profits of the Primacy were accumulating and swelling to an enormous bulk. They told me likewise that the reason why the Bishop declined the Primacy upon the offer of the Minister was because the King had given Him an actual promise of the Bishoprick of *Worcester*, when it should be vacant. However, upon the King's writing to Him, and pressing Him to take the Primacy, He consented. So that our Friend Dr. G. may make Himself quite easy about the Prebend, if He has the actual promise of it. General Stewart in the course of conversation told them that Bonaparte, tho' the Minister affected to hold Him cheap, was a most consummate General and a wonderfully able man, and that He made no scruple of telling the Minister his opinion of Him. Stewart, I understood from Sir John, is a very able man himself and a very *sturdy* one; for, whenever He undertakes an expedition, He makes his *own terms*, and will not be dictated to by a Minister. I understood too that Mr. Poultney's conduct is highly censured by the Army and Navy that are with Him, and that He is considered by Stewart as incompetent; but He was the favourite of the Duke of York, and therefore He was to go. Berdmore, who picks up a variety of anecdotes, told me that Grenville's Bill will insist upon the Clergyman who *does the Duty* residing always in the Parsonage House, because in various Parishes there are no resident Clergy at all, and they are served by Curates who live several miles distant. If this be true, you will not be able to let your House at all; it will be your Curate's, if you do not reside yourself. I do not like this, for by this law Rectors and Vicars are under no necessity of residing, tho' the Law says they are to [exercise] keep hospitality. But the worst evil of all is this: after a certain time a Minister who wants money will say the Churches are served for seventy or eighty pds. a year, and the Vicars and Rectors take the over-plus, live as Drones, and never visit their parishes; we will therefore take into our Hands all the Livings in England and allow ye clergy a hundred, but not officiate." (The writing here is a little difficult. "Officiate" is clear, but I am not sure of the two words that come between "hundred" and "officiate.")

"I am sorry for our Cousin Edlin's misfortune. Her Estate (considering Land rises every day in value) must bring in a considerable sum. I wish Her to sell it and that soon, and buy into the funds, for the London *Packet* of this morning says, 'We do not think it probable that there will be any more fighting on the Continent, and perhaps even a peace between England and France will be brought about sooner than is generally expected. At this moment we are told machinery is in motion which may operate to expedite this desirable business.' This paper is a Government Paper, and, I have observed, correct and sterling. Mr. Harris is better in bodily Health than He was half a year ago. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Okeden and John Harris spent a day with me last week; Okeden and wife opened a good deal about Him. . . . Mr. Okeden lives upon a milk diet entirely; He has no digestion, and all solid food, if taken, gives Him exquisite pain. My dividend is twenty-five pounds every half year. As I have still fifty pds. a year from the funds, I do not mean to sell any more out if I can do without it. If you can conveniently send me £25 next week I will thank you, for tho' I am now owed and ought to receive near £70, I cannot get a farthing of it. The Duke of Portland's letter was a very unwise one. What we are to do this winter I know not. In consequence of that letter corn immediately rose in Salisbury Market.

"I beg my kind love to Mrs. Hawtreys and your children,
&c.
JOHN HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"RINGWOOD, 5th Nov., Wednesday, 1800.

"DEAR EDWARD,—I received this morning the favor of your letter containing a 25 pd. draft, for which I thank you, and am in your debt 8d.½ for stamp, which you will pay yourself the first opportunity. But upon second thoughts I believe you are in my debt two pence; for in your letter Nov. 9, 1798, you say, I am in your debt tenpence halfpenny; if you have paid me this (for I don't recollect), I am in your debt 8d.½; if not, you now owe me two pence. Explain this,

if you please, in your next. I am glad the Primacy is at last filled, and that Dr. G. Heath is to have his Prebend; Huntingford, I understand, is to be the new Bishop, by means of the Speaker.

“Wheat fell yesterday at Salisbury Market, four pounds ten a load; and at Warminster the Saturday before, 10 pds. a load. I hope it will continue to fall, notwithstanding the illjudged letter of the Duke of Portland. The little Tradesmen are at present much worse off than the labouring Poor, for they in this Parish are very well provided for by positive orders of the Justices.

“I received a letter yesterday from Mrs. Stephen Hawtreys, now at Bath, in which she says that she has purchased for Her son, now Capt. John, a company in a marching price 1700 guineas Regiment which expects to sail for Gibraltar in less than a week. He has taken leave of Her, and is now in London. She then afterwards adds *these words*—

“‘What hurts me more than anything else is that my poor son has imbibed such religious principles as must hurt Him unless He is set right. He says every one ought to judge for themselves, but He is inclined to follow the notion (that too many others do) of Xtianity being *a Fable*.’ She begs I will write to Him. Accordingly I wrote to Him yesterday, and suggested what I thought might stagger Him and set Him right, if He is not very perverse and depraved. I greatly fear Infidelity is increasing amongst us every day. Don’t talk of this, for ’tis very shocking. If you have not bought Dr. Rett on the Scripture prophecies, 2 Vols. Octvo., buy it, and consider thoroughly the Contents. The Infidelity which has overturned France and almost all Europe is, I most cordially agree with Him, pointed out in Prophecy. The Bishops of London and Lincoln strongly recommend the work; I am much pleased with it; it must amaze and confound every Infidel that reads it, and comfort every Believer, in these very awfull times. It will tend also to rouse men from *indifference* and *Lukewarmness*, which prevail most surprisingly, as well as absolute Infidelity.



STEPHEN HAWTREY
RECORDER OF EXETER

X

"Being in haste, I beg only my kind love to Mrs. Hawtrey and children, and remain, Dear Edward, yours very sincerely and affectionately, J. HAWTREY."

FROM THE "LONDON CHRONICLE"

"WHITEHALL, *March 22nd* 1803.

"The King has been pleased to present the Revd. J. Hawtrey, Clerk, Master of Arts, to the place and dignity of a Canon or Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, void by the promotion of Dr. George Pelham, late Prebendary thereof, to the See of Bristol."

CHAPTER XIV

LETTERS FROM MY GRANDFATHER AND HIS BROTHERS

My grandfather's Christian name was Stephen—a new one in the family, but it is no wonder that it was given him, as one of his godfathers was his uncle, Stephen Sleech, and the other was Stephen Weston, Bishop of Exeter, who gave his name to "Weston's Yard" at Eton.

It will have been seen that the younger branch of the family, who divided off from the parent stem, found their provision in Eton, King's, and the Church; but Stephen became a barrister, Registrar of Eton in 1795, and Recorder of his native city of Exeter. He was of a very gentle and refined nature, and I think I have heard in former days, from some one of those who were links between the far past and our own days, that when he was coming to visit at one of his brother's houses, there was a great desire on the part of the mistress of the house that all should be in very special order for him.

Here is a letter written by him to a friend, in 1764, when he was twenty-six years old:—

"TAUNTON, SOMERSETSHIRE, *2nd April 1764.*

"DEAR GARDNER,—If I am not mistaken I promised to write to you during my absence from London, which promise I now sit down to fulfil—not that I think I shall be able to send you anything worth your enquiry, but rather that you may have no cause to accuse me of neglect. So much for preface.

"The day after I left you I arrived at a relation's House in Dorsetshire, where I stayed two days, and then my horses from Exeter met me and conveyed me to Dorchester, at which place only three causes were tried, in none of which (as you may imagine) I was concerned.

"From thence we proceeded to Exeter, the place of my nativity, where one would have guessed that all my Countrymen would have vied with each other which should have shewed me most favour, but lo! the vanity of all such Imaginations—not a Brief, not a Motion, at which I do assure you I was not at all baulked, but confess I should have been much surprised if it had been otherwise. At Launceston in Cornwall I met with equal success, and am now at this place, which is the last, where I think I shall have no chance of being scared with a Brief. . . .

"The weather is extremely fine and the Roads good, so that the country will be very pleasant while I stay in it. Send me all the news you can collect, and direct to me at Exeter.—Yours sincerely,

STEPH. HAWTREY.

"My watch gets a little every day. My Mare is, I think, improved."

The next letter, dated a year later than the last, is from my grandfather to his brother Edward, then a young man of twenty-four. It seems there was a Mastership vacant in a school in America, which Edward might get. His brother sends him information about it.

"BRICK COURT, *26th March 1765.*

"DEAR NED,—Since you left London, I called at the Virginia Coffee House to endeavour to find out Mr. Small,

but could learn no Tidings of him, therefore left a note for him desiring him to let me know where I might see him; in consequence of this, he called on me a few days since, and gave me what particulars he knew relating to the College. He is a polite, well-bred man, and said he should be glad to give you any Information in his power in regard to the College.

“As well as I can remember his account is this: The College was founded by Mr. Blair in Wm. and Mary’s time, who granted a Charter to a Rector and twenty Visitors of that place, with power to appoint a president and 6 professors, one of which you are appointed, tho’ they have given it the name of Grammar School Master. These Visitors have also a power by their Charter to make Statutes for the good Government of the College. Your Salary is £150 Sterling, paid as regularly as if at the Bank of England. Every boy pays a pistole Entrance money and 20s. Sterling per annum, out of which you pay the first Usher (there being two) 5s. Tho’ I said that every boy *pays* this sum, it would be speaking more properly to say *they ought* to pay it, for they are very irregular in their payment of that, and unless you look sharp after it and insist upon your right you may stand a chance of not receiving above one fourth.

“You have two rooms—by no means elegant, tho’ equal in goodness to any in the College—unfurnished, and will salute your eyes on your entrance with bare plaister walls. However, Mr. Small assures me they are what the rest of the Professors have, and are very well satisfied with the homeliness of their appearance, tho’ at first sight rather disgusting. He thinks you will not chuse to lay out any money on them.

“You may buy Furniture there, all except bedding and blankets, which you must carry over; chairs and tables rather cheaper than in England. He says his Furniture consists of 6 chairs, a Table, grate, Bed and Bedstead, and that is as much as you’ll want.

“He says you must have one Suit of handsome full-dressed Silk cloaths to wear on the King’s birthday at the Governor’s, the only time you will have to appear *fine* in the whole year,

but then it is expected that all English Gentlemen attend and pay their respects. However, you'll have no occasion for them this year, as you'll be hardly got there before the 4th of June. As to the rest of your Wearing apparel, you may dress as you please, for the fashions don't change, and you may wear the same Coat 3 years.

"Your passage at the outside won't cost you thirty pounds, to defray which expense the Visitors have or will order some Merchant in London to pay you twenty pounds, the same as was paid Mr. Small when he first went over, so you may be certain you will have the same.

"You will have much confinement. They break up" (in summer?) "for a month, and twice in the year besides, for a fortnight each time. As to laying in your own provisions for the Voyage, he advises you against it, as you will find it very troublesome. Only agree with the Captain to give him a certain sum for your passage and board, that is, breakfast, dinner, and supper, and wine twice a day, for which he says you won't pay above twenty guineas. Shoes and Stockings are very dear articles. Thread Stockings are worn chiefly. I shall go to Eton this week; if you want to know anything further write me word, tho' I don't believe I have omitted anything.

"I hope you found all well at Exeter; my Duty and Love to all.—Believe me, Dr. Ned, Your's most sincerely,

"STEPH. HAWTREY."

Though my great-grandfather and his family were at times at Heavitree, it seems reasonable to suppose that it was they whom Stephen hopes his brother found well "at Exeter," and to whom his duty and love are sent. The home family would be the Sub-Dean, now an old man of seventy-eight, and his two daughters, Lucy and Frances, aged at this time thirty-two and thirty. Mrs. Hawtreys and Anne, her eldest daughter, had died, within a very short time of each other, fourteen years before. Mary, the youngest daughter, now Mrs. Marshall, was also living near her old home in Exeter; and Ned, the youngest son, was visiting that home before making his start in life.

No doubt in those far-away days, when "the King's Birthday" was still kept in America, the long voyage thither and settlement in that distant home may have been an interesting thought and theme in the Devonshire home—perhaps a sad one, especially to the venerable head of the house, who would not like to think of such an exile for his youngest son. No doubt Eton—had there happily been a vacancy there—would have been the very place his family would have desired for him; but apparently there was none, and having been brought up for the Church and the scholastic profession, Edward had to look elsewhere for his livelihood.

Perhaps, as was reasonable at his age, he may not have disliked the idea of seeing something of the world—of crossing the ocean, and visiting a new country—and supposing this wish to have existed, we may flatter ourselves that it was gratified. We may not unreasonably think that he made the voyage, and entered upon the duties his brother had described to him, but ultimately I conclude that the Virginian School scheme fell through, or possibly Edward went there, but remained only for a short time, for in little more than a year after the above letter was written, another is addressed to him by his brother John. He was about two years older than my grandfather Stephen, and the style of his letters and the bolder hand give the impression of greater *abandon* than seems to be denoted by the careful and generally beautifully formed handwriting of my grandfather and the restrained character of his letters.

My great-uncle John's letter is as follows:—

"ETON, *June 29th* 1766.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The news of your arrival gave me great pleasure; am much obliged to my sister for her letter; daresay she has not forgot to write to my Father. I took the first opportunity of calling upon Dr. Dampier,¹ who expressed very great joy at what I told him.

¹ Dr. Dampier, afterwards Bishop of Ely, was the husband of Elizabeth Sleech, and therefore cousin by marriage to the sons and daughters of the Sub-Dean. At this time he must have been Head or Lower Master (*i.e.* Head Master of the Lower School) at Eton.

"Your Chambers consist of two rooms without any Furniture. The furniture for your Pupil Room may be bought here—any Rubbish will serve, but the Chairs and tables for your sitting-room you had better buy in London. Mr. Norbury used to Sleep in his Pupil room in a press bed that shut up, made of wainscoat; I think you had better do the same. Take care to purchase a new one.

"The *Countess of Atkins* sends Her Duty to you, and desires she may have the honour of waiting upon you; as Her Ladyship is far advanced, I do not imagine you will fall in love with Her, and therefore I would advise you to accept her Service. Mr. Cole, the College Barber, desires also that he may have the favor of dressing your Wigg, and my Washerwoman to wash your linnen. If you are not pre-engaged they will all do very well. Get an *Assistant's Wig* and Bachelor's Gown; but be sure bring no *Pease Blossom Coat*. Mrs. Mary Young is very glad to hear of your arrival, and desired I would send her Compliments to you.

"Let me hear how soon you can possibly come to Eton. For my own part I do not conceive that Dr. Dampier will let you have the care of the third Form, but you may assure yourself I will go as far as I can upon that point. Mr. Church complains of George Cooke for not sending his Newspaper To-day.—I am yours most affec.,

"JOHN HAWTREY."

The little jokes in this—"The Countess of Atkins," "the pease blossom coat"—I cannot explain, except by suggesting that the former was the nickname perhaps of some elderly bedmaker.

I now give another letter from my grandfather to his friend Gardner, written late in 1765.

"ETON COLLEGE, 15th October 1765.

"DEAR GARDNER,—In a sheet of paper which you sent me enclosed in your letter I acknowledge the receipt of yours this day. I was in London for two days—Saturday and Sunday. I came up merely to bespeak some mourning clothes

on the death of my dear uncle, whose memory I shall always revere as having been to me a most kind friend and generous Benefactor. I was surprised with the news of his death not before last Friday night, on my return from the Dorsetshire Sessions hither. I confess it struck me much, as I did not think (notwithstanding his long and painful illness and weak state) that he had been so near his end."

(This uncle was Dr. Stephen Sleech, my grandfather's godfather, and the eldest brother of my great-grandmother, Anne Hawtrey *née* Sleech.

A copy of the Edenbridge Register, made 30th June 1804, tells us that "Stephen Sleech, born on Sunday morning the 16th of September 1705, baptized the same day—Mr. Stephen Upman, John Newborough, and Mrs. Anne Newboro' Gossips—succeeded his father in the Fellowship of Eton and Rectory of Farnham Royal in Com. Bucks, 18 March 1729–30. He attended His Majesty King George II. to Hanover as Chaplain, May 15, 1745, being recommended by the Earl of Harrington; was elected Provost of Eton in the room of Dr. R. Bland, June 4, 1746; admitted Dr. in Divinity at Cambridge, Oct. 12, 1747; created Dr. at the Commencement, July 1748; resigned Farnham, and was collated to the Rectory of Worplesdon by the Bishop of Winchester, Oct. 22, 1753; died Oct. the 8th 1765, aged 60."

Two letters from him I have given earlier.)

"I called on you," my grandfather continues, in the letter to his friend Gardner, "to know if you wanted any money, as I had brought up six pounds for you, being your fees as *my clerk* at the several Courts I have holden this year; if you should have much occasion for it, I desire that you would draw upon me for that sum, or as much more as you please, not exceeding *Ten pounds*, as my strength won't hold out beyond that Sum. If it could be of service to you, don't scruple, but draw away as if you was at a well or Algate Pump. I promise you to honour your draft on sight. I shan't be in Town till the latter end of this month, but will let you know the day for certain when I can, that we may meet and spend the first evening together as usual, and talk over all occurrences

during our absence from each other. You'll be kind enough to go on with the Leases at your leisure. I don't apprehend I shall want them these three weeks or a month. However, you'll be in the progressive state with regard to them.

"If you draw upon me, give me advice beforehand, that I may leave out the money, in case I should be obliged to be out of the way.

"I am, dear Gardner, with great Truth, your very affectionate friend and servant,
STEPH. HAWTREY."

CHAPTER XV

MARRIAGE OF STEPHEN HAWTREY, RECORDER OF EXETER, AND LETTERS FROM HIM AND HIS FAMILY

THERE was a Devonshire family of some note and wealth into which, I believe, it was thought that my grandfather might marry. But far away in the distant County of Norfolk lived a lady who was to be his wife. Her father, Thomas Hurnard, was one of the great merchants of the day, and I think I have heard that when he was Mayor of Norwich, and John Wesley was mobbed in the streets of that town, Mr. Hurnard opened his door and took him into the safe refuge of his own house.

There may have been sons in this family. The name still exists, or did not many years ago, in that part of England, and there were two daughters. The portrait of one of these, who died early, is in the possession of my nephew, John William HawtreY. Little Thomasina, as she was called, is represented as a pretty little maiden of about twelve, in a white satin frock. With one delicate hand she draws back a red curtain, and in the other she holds a rose. The other daughter was Sarah. She was pretty and clever, and no expense was spared in her education. There was a school, I think, in Queen's Square, Camden Town, for young ladies of fashion, and to this school Sarah Hurnard was sent.



SARAH HURNARD
WIFE OF STEPHEN HAWTREY, RECORDER OF EXETER

XI

I suppose in those days Exeter was a place of some local attractions, like Bath. At all events, Mrs. Hurnard came there with her daughter Sarah, about the year 1777, when Sarah was twenty-five years old, and her future husband, the Recorder, thirty-nine.

They met at a ball, and the pretty, uncommon, and lively young lady—for she seems to have been all this—captivated the heart of the gentle, quiet, refined gentleman, which had not yet been really stirred by the attractions of any of the Devonshire ladies. From the registers of the parish of Littleham cum Exmouth, in the County of Devon, we have the following extract :—

“Stephen Hawtrey, of this parish, Esqre., and Sarah Hurnard, of this parish, spinster, were married in this church by license this twenty-seventh day of August in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, by me, John Marshall, minister.

This marriage was solemnized between us { Stephen Hawtrey.
Sarah Hurnard.

In the presence of { Sarah Hurnard.
Samuel Eyre."

I have understood that my grandmother was not a favourite in her husband's family. Her nature and her bringing up had been very different from their quiet conservatism; but, to judge by the characteristics of herself and of some of her descendants, she probably brought into the family something fresh and unconventional, and perhaps the love of travel which has been perceptible since in the family.

Quite in old age, in the days of her long widowhood, she would travel about in her pony carriage, appearing unexpectedly in one place or another.

She arrived in such a manner one morning at the house of one of my mother's brothers, my uncle William Watson, who, with his kind, sweet-tempered wife and large family of children, perhaps stood in some awe of her.

They were naturally on this occasion quite unprepared for her arrival.

"What!" she exclaimed, "not ready for me after my letter?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am," said my aunt with much concern, "but indeed I never received your letter."

"Never received my letter!" exclaimed my grandmother; "well, I should have been very much surprised if you had, for I never wrote!" So then all concern and trepidation changed into merriment and welcomes. She readily took them as they were, and made herself at home.

My grandparents, the Recorder of Exeter and his wife, had four children—three sons and a daughter: Stephen, born in 1780; John, on March 24, 1781; Edward, in 1782; and Sarah, in 1783.

Edward, probably godson to his uncle, the father of the Provost, died early—I think when about six years old. Stephen, John, and Sarah all lived to over seventy.

The following account of what occurred one day in my grandfather's house when his children were young was given by his daughter Sarah in her old age to my sister Emily Daman:—

One wet Sunday morning he and his wife, the children, Stephen, John, and Sarah, and their cousin, Grace Hawtreys, were sitting together in a room in the house where they lived in the Crescent at Exeter, and my grandmother proposed, as it was wet, that a sermon should be read, as they could not get to church.

Stephen said: "Oh, I don't like sermons!" and his brother John (my father) smiled, no doubt in sympathy.

Upon which their gentle-tempered father, with his voice trembling with emotion, said:—

"If ever I hear one of my children saying a word showing want of respect towards the Word of God or religion, I will disinherit him!" and immediately left the room.

The children were awe-struck, and could not speak, but began to cry. In a few minutes their father returned, and said:—

"If I have spoken too angrily, my children, it was because I could not hear a word said of disrespect towards

religion"—and he wept. His daughter, our aunt Mrs. Bird, said, long after, it was the only time in her life that she remembered seeing him angry.

And here I may appropriately introduce a letter from him, to his brother Edward, Fellow of Eton, though it does not come, as to date, in right order.

"BATH, 3 Dec. 1789.

"DEAR EDWARD,—I thank you for your last and the notices therein contained, and shall with great pleasure accept your kind offer of taking my Boy Stephen into your House a little while previous to his going to Eton. But I do not think of sending him till he can be placed in the upper School. From the accounts I have lately heard respecting Eton and King's College, I have had some doubts whether I should venture to send a son to Eton; the total neglect of discipline at each of these places is shocking, and a Boy with the best principles in the world might be ruined.

"Mr. M. has been much mortified at the behaviour of his son Ned since he has been at King's, owing intirely to the shameful negligence of the Governors of that place. Mr. M. says he supposes Ned has run in debt within the year 2 or £300. The Scholars all keep servants. Ned paid his servant 12 Gs. a year. By his account the only thing the Provost is strict in is the attendance in Chapel, but as to any other matters they do as they please, and I very much fear that drinking is in high vogue there. Mr. M. says that the foundation of all this is laid at Eton. I wish you would give me your sentiments on these matters, and whether there is more discipline at Eton than there used to be—and if you think I may safely trust my Boy there, for if there was any real danger of having his morals or his health ruined by it, I wd. send him 100 miles another way or keep him at home. I remember, when I called on K. Harris last year, she said, 'Don't send your son to Eton,' and seemed to hint as if it was but a bad place.

"I came to this place last Sunday for the benifit of the waters, which I drink by way of prevention and to strengthen

my stomach, but I am very well and free from gout ; my last attack was in August, and very severe for the time in my right hand. I hope you are quite well, and have not been visited lately by that very troublesome disorder. I am sorry to hear that Mrs. H. and her Brother are still such strangers, but I am satisfied that it is not her's or your fault. My kind love to her and a kiss for the little Boy. I left my wife and children quite well. Sally talks frequently of her visit to Burnham.—Yrs. sincerely,
S. H."

Stephen—the son about whose education at Eton his father shows so much anxiety in this letter—was now nine years old, John (my father) eight, and Sally, whom I remember in her middle life and old age as a dignified kind aunt, hardly even called Aunt *Sarah*, but rather by her married name, Aunt Bird, would have been six, when the above letter was written.

Here is another remembrance of those early days. I copy it from a manuscript book of my sister's. She writes on

"*June 30th 1851.*—I have this day heard my Uncle Stephen Hawtreys, Vicar of Broadchalk, say that when a boy at Sherborne School before he went to Eton, nearly sixty years ago, he was spending his Holidays at his Father's Cousin's, Mr. Harris, at Baylis House, Sturminster-Marshall, and Mr. Harris took him over to see his Uncle John, Vicar of Ringwood and Prebendary of Winchester. His Uncle told him he would take him to see a kind of relation, where he would see plenty of Pictures of Hawtreys, his Ancestors, and he took him over to Kingston Hall, the seat of Mr. Bankes, Member for Dorsetshire. Mrs. Bankes was sitting in a large Drawing-room full of Pictures, and she said to my Uncle, 'Those are Pictures of Hawtreys, your Ancestors.'"

This same Uncle Stephen told me (in his old age) that his father had not liked his son John's going into the Army. "Why did he not like it?" I asked. "He was afraid he would be killed," my uncle answered. One can understand this from a nature so gentle and affectionate as my

grandfather's appears to have been, and in those fighting days. However, he consented to his son's wish, and, upon leaving Eton, my father became a cornet in the 4th Regiment of Dragoons, in 1798.

CHAPTER XVI

FURTHER LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF MY
GRANDFATHER'S FAMILY

I now add several letters from my grandfather, chiefly to his brother Edward, the Fellow of Eton. No doubt there were many others written, but Edward and his family appear to have preserved their letters more than others did.

“EXETER, 22 *May* 1779.

“I am now to return you many thanks for having so long contributed to my support, by paying my Deputy at Eton. I shall now take that upon myself, and fully intended doing it after this last Ladyday. I shou'd have been happy to have relieved you from this burthen sooner, but my expenses have been very heavy upon me for these last 6 months. I hope, however, my Income now will be equal to my necessary expenses.

“I believe I wrote you word that Mrs. H. does not accompany me; indeed, the expense would have been very great, and besides it is not thought prudent for her to take so long a Journey in her present condition. She is much obliged to you for your invitation to your house at Eton, which she says she shall certainly prefer to all others. . . .

“I am afraid you will be at Cambridge when I come to Eton, for, if I mistake not, you said you was to be presented the 2d June, tho' perhaps it is not necessary that you should be present at the time the College present you.

“Jack Short is returned, who tells me he saw you all at Eton. He likes Dampier very much.

“We have a report that your Uncle Cooke is to be Dean

of Rochester, but I rather think Dr. Cust will be the man, if he chuses to accept it and vacate his Canonry of Christchurch, because he is Uncle to a Peer, and has 2 Brothers in the House of Commons and one Nephew (Mr. Yorke), and we all know that Parliamentary Interest is the Strongest.—Your's sincerely, S. H. Wife sends love."

The names in the above are to be found in the Hawtreys and Sleech pedigree which I have given—that is, the names of Cust, Dampier, and Cooke.

The next letter, from the same to the same, is written eight years later than the last. It is addressed:—

"To The Revd. Mr. Edwd. Hawtreys,
At the Revd. Mr. Hawtreys's, at Ringwood, Hants.
Sumat Sarum."

"EXETER, 26th Augt. 1787.

"DEAR EDWARD,—As I take for granted that this Letter will find you at Ringwood, I have directed it there, and thank you for your last, which I have been prevented from answering so soon as I intended by a severe fit of the gout in both hands and feet, Elbow, shoulder, and knee, which totally disabled me for near 3 weeks; but I am now, I thank God, pretty well recovered, except that my hands are very weak and my Feet very tender. This fit, tho' very sharp, was not of so long continuance as the last, nor weakened me so much. I fear there is no curing this horrid disorder, but if I can keep it a greater distance by care and a strict attention to diet, it is all I can expect. I mean to continue the use of the Buckbean and give it a fair trial.

"Charles was much pleased with you for your ready compliance with his request to be bound with him and —— and —— for the payment of the money, which now, it seems, must be £500 instead of 400. To show how little he knew of the situation of his own affairs, when I first saw him and talked to him about his debts he seemed to think that £200 might be sufficient; but upon my sifting him farther, he found that he should have occasion for £300, which he said wd. set him quite free. This sum I accordingly agreed to

lend him; but soon after my return hither he wrote me word that his debts, on a nicer scrutiny, turned out to be more than he expected, and therefore he shd. want £400, which would leave him about £40 to go on with till Christmas, after paying everything. Hitherto I had received no accurate account. I told him, therefore, I wd. not advance any money till he sent me a correct List of his debts to a farthing. After some time he sent me in his list, by which it appeared that £500 would not clear him. However, he desired the loan of that sum, which I agreed to advance, and have accordingly sent him the money to discharge his country creditors to the amt. of abt. £230, and the remainder of the £500 I have actually expended in redeeming the annuity of £35 per ann. (which he has been paying ever since Dec. 1767) and in paying all his London debts—and still there remain two debts owing for: one is for Newspapers, to Jenkins of the Secretary of State's Office, £14, 2s. 6d.; the other to Pretzman, for a pipe of Port, which he thought fit to send to Charles without order, and which Charles had not spirit or inclination to send back. These two debts I have left for him to pay at his leisure, for I can advance no more. However, he says he shall clear all in 3 y. and $\frac{1}{2}$.

“My wife and children all well, and send their love to you and John.—Yrs. sincerely,
S. H.”

The following, from the same to the same, and written about four months later, is addressed:—

“To the Revd. Mr. Hawtrey,
At Eton College, near Windsor.”

“EXETER, *Saturday, Dec. 15, 1787.*

“DEAR EDWARD,—I thank you for your Letter of the 1st Novr., inclosing your note for ——. I hope, however, that — will use his best endeavours to pay off the £500. . . . In about a Fortnight's time I expect to hear from him, in pursuance of his solemn promise to remit me £100. I believe I shall refresh his memory soon with a letter upon the subject.

. . . I hear he has not been at Gloucester, so am in hopes he still continues his frugal plan. Ned Marshall is arrived from Eton. He call'd on me, but I was not at home. I hear a very good account of him, tho' I fear his turn for expense will lead him into some difficulties before he is Fellow of King's. Mr. Marshall was very glad to hear that you now and then lectured him upon the subject of extravagance.

"I paid a visit the other day to Rhodes, whom I found very well and quite recovered from the Gout, which he attributed in a great measure to the steady and constant use of Buckbean. I can't say I have at present experienced equal benefit from it, having had no less than 3 fits of the gout this year. . . .

"I suppose you met your friends on the 6th at the Provost's Lodge, and regaled on Codshead and Turkies. When is Goodall to marry Miss Prior? or when do you expect a Vacancy at King's College? Ned Marshall wrote his Father that there was a prospect of their being 5 or 6 Vacancies very soon. I take it for granted that he is quite sure of going to King's. Probably it will not be of so much consequence to him as to other boys, as I think it very likely that by the time he is old enough to take prefermt. his Godfather the ABp. will have plenty in his gift.

"I begin to think that Mr. Marshall has not much to expect from that quarter, at least for many years, as hardly anything wd. be worth his acceptance except a sinecure, and all those are in the hands of young men, to whom the late A. B. gave them on the resignation of their respective Fathers. There was a fine piece of preferment fell by the death of Dr. Jubb, Principal Register of the Diocese of Canterbury, but I hardly think that (tho' a sinecure) will fall to Marshall's lot. I wrote to Ringwood to enquire how he has succeeded with the College respecting the Tithe of Hayseed. By this time I should apprehend he must have received the result of their deliberation. If he succeeds completely, his living will be improved £60 p. ann. I ride constantly, tho' the weather has been uncommonly wet, and the Roads are dirty beyond description. I suppose you now and then bestride your

Bucephalus and visit your Eton Friends. Remember me to all of them. I fancy it will be a long time e're I shall see them, as I know of nothing to call me eastward. Write soon and send me the Eton news and politics, and believe me your's very sincerely,
S. H."

The Mr. Marshall mentioned in the above letter was the husband of Mary Hawtrey, the writer's sister, whom, in the formal manner of those days, he writes of as Mrs. Marshall. Mary is their daughter, afterwards Mrs. Collins. The "A. D." is John Sleech, uncle to my grandfather, Archdeacon of Cornwall in 1747, Canon of Exeter, and, in 1769, Prebendary of Gloucester. His eldest daughter was Mrs. Brereton, sometimes mentioned in these letters of her cousin, and a second daughter was Mrs. Rhodes, who left a large family settled in Devon.

My great-grandfather, Charles Hawtrey, the Sub-Dean of Exeter, had, besides his four sons, three daughters who lived to old age—Frances and Lucy, who died unmarried, and Mary, who became Mrs. Marshall. The following letters are from the two former, who for some time were Dames at Eton, and lived in a house in Weston's Yard—the one afterwards occupied by Miss Ward, and now in the present day by Mr. Luxmoore. The first of their letters that I give will show how sisters-in-law wrote to each other, and what was expected of servants, a hundred years ago. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Edward Hawtrey.

"EXETER, *Febry.* 27th /88.

"DEAR MADAM,—I received the favour of your's last Monday, and have made it my business to enquire for what you want, a *very good* servant, which is a most difficult thing to meet with. The kind of servant you describe is what we have been looking out for ourselves for a long time without effect. As you keep only two maids, I suppose the upper one must help make the beds, clean the Rooms, &c., and at times assist in the Kitchen, make the Paste, &c. It is true we sent my Brothers Charles and John each of them a very

good servant whom we happen'd to know and could recommend, but they were kind of Housekeepers, at high wages—one of them sixteen guineas a year. I think a servant who is sent so far ought to be very good. In general I think the servants in this country are very indifferent. If I should hear of one I think will do I will let you know, but I should be glad to know what wages you will give, and what she will be expected to do besides working at her needle and washing and ironing. I wish I may hear of some one I can recommend, but I much doubt it, for, unless I know something of the Person, I shall be afraid to depend on the character.

“We are much obliged to you for your kind invitation. It would give us much pleasure to pay our respects to you, and we do not despair of one day doing it, but I trust we shall meet in this country before that day arrives. All friends here join with my sister and self in kindest compts. to yourself and my Brother, and believe me to be, Dear Madam, your's very affectionately,
L. HAWTREY.”

Here is one more note from the same to the same. The date of the year is not given, but it probably was written some time after the last; and the sisters-in-law had now no doubt met, and hence the style is less formal.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—I am much oblig'd to you for your Lavender roots, and likewise for your three elegant Patterns, which I am sure I shall not do justice to. We have been at Windsor all this morning paying visits; the weather is so inviting and our Boys so good that we need not stay at home for excuses. I hope you are all well. Our kindest love attend you.—I remain your much obliged and affecte.,

“L. HAWTREY.

“ETON COLLEGE, *Tuesday, Feby. 14.*”

The next letter is from my grandfather to his brother Edward.

“To the Revd. Mr. Hawtrey,
at Eton College, near Windsor.”

“DEAR EDWARD,—I saw Dr. Sumner at Bath, who told me that your Brother-in-law was married, and that he had £12,000 down upon the nail with the Lady—being her separate property, that her Father would give £4000 more, and that in all probability she wd. have 10 or 12,000 more at his death, and in case her Brother, who is now in the Army, should die without childn. she will succeed to an estate of £2000 p. ann. This he told me might be depended upon. He regretted much the differences that were between you, but was astonished when I told him you had called on Foster 4 times without his returning the visit. For F. had told him the reverse—that he had called on you, and you had not taken any notice of him. I was in hopes this match might have made up all differences. Sumner wishes to do everything in his power for that purpose. If you do not want the money, I think it will not be worth contending whether the settlement shd. be according to the present articles or only for a certain No. of years, as in either case you cannot expect to receive any advantage from either principal or interest for many years. I shall be heartily glad to hear that your Bro. is come to his right mind, and that this matter is amicably settled. Pray, will you order me a grate of the same kind as in your Drawing-room, the width 2 feet 8 or 9 inches, and to be sent to me directed to Exeter *by sea*? My wife joins me in kind love to you and Mrs. H., wishing you both many happy years.—Your’s very sincerely,

“STEPH. HAWTREY.

“Let me hear from you soon. I forgot to mention the death of Bob Cooke, by which I come into possession of Creely Barton, wh. I purchased of K. C. 2 y. $\frac{1}{2}$ ago.”

Dr. Sumner was probably father to the Archbishop, and to his brother, Bishop of Winchester. The Cookes were connections.

The letters that follow, from my great-aunt Frances, are not dated; Edward Craven Hawtrey, nephew to the writer and son to the receiver of the following, was born in 1788,

and we may suppose was about three when the letter was written, which more or less surely gives the date—1791. Frances writes :—

“ I take this opportunity, my Dear Sister, of thanking you for your obliging letter, and at the same time to beg your acceptance of this Box of Plumbs, an article that we rarely meet with at Exeter, and if the weather has been as cold with you as it has been with us since I left you, the Strawberries will not be very plenty immediately, and the dear little Edward will possibly not forget Aunt Frances when he tastes the plumbs. . . .

“ I have the pleasure to inform you that our relations in this part of the world are much better. Mrs. Brereton has been at Collyton, and returned yesterday much better for the change of air. Mrs. Collins was with us for the first time last Tuesday, is still very languid and thin, but I hope a little country air will soon recover her. Violent colds and coughs have been very prevalent here. My sister and self have escaped hitherto, and I hope you have been as fortunate at Burnham, though your beautiful garden would almost tempt one to risque getting cold.

“ My Br. Stephen, I hear, is very well, but, being at Heavittree and frequently from home, we see little of them. Our Landlord is so obliging as to release us from all our Engagements in regard to our House, which is a pleasant thing. Now we shall have nothing to dispose of except our furniture, and as that is in tolerable preservation and people in general fond of Auctions, hope it will fetch something considerable—I mean according to its value, for you may imagine it is not very costly.

“ Major Taylor call'd here yesterday in his way home ; was just come from Cambridge. The match is coming on again. Mr. H. has been there, and tho' it possibly may not take place immediately, there is no doubt of the young man's resolution on the subject. So they are all very happy, and if it takes place I hope she will be so. I do not wonder at my Brother's admiration of Ld. Courtenay's carriage. I am

told it cost four thousand pounds; indeed his common equipages are so splendid I can easily believe it. Poor Miss Courtenay looks sadly; I saw her drive up the Street the other day. It has been strongly reported here that Sir Charles Bamfylde is dead; that he is very ill I believe is pretty certain. Many people here have very long faces in consequence of it. I am very happy to hear your eyes continue so well. . . . The little Collins enjoys much being set to his feet; he has a very pretty notion of walking, and has a mouthful of teeth, but has not yet begun to utter, or I should have been charged with some tender remembrances for his lovely fair one. My Sister sends her kindest love to you and my Brother, and proposes great pleasure in visiting Burnham as soon as it is in her power. I hope my Br. keeps free from Gout. Poor Mr. Marshall has a little return with a cold.

"I hope this will not be an age before it gets to you, but it has to go through so many hands that *I* doubt if you get it under a fortnight. I shall write to my Cousin Harris by the post, that she may enquire for the Box if it should not arrive.

"With my kindest love to my Brother and yourself, I am, my Dear Madam, your truly affectionate Sister,

"FRAN. HAWTREY.

"EXETER, *May 27th.*"

I cannot throw any certain light upon "the match" mentioned in the above letter. Frances had a first cousin who became Mrs. Halifax, as the Sleech pedigree which I have given will show. Was her husband the "Mr. H." mentioned?

"Mrs. Brereton" was another first cousin, daughter to Mr. John Sleech, Archdeacon of Cornwall. "My Cousin Harris" may have been Mary Harris, who married Dr. Cust, or the wife of Frances Hawtreys first cousin, Mr. John Harris, the Vicar of Sturminster-Marshall; and Mrs. Collins was Mary, daughter to Mrs. Marshall and niece to Frances.

The next letter is again from the same to the same:—

“Your kind letter, my Dear Sister, I should have returned you my thanks for sooner, could I with any certainty have informed you of our movements, but that was a matter unsettled till within this week.

“The Death of the Bishop of Durham¹ was a most untoward accident at this juncture of our affairs; however, we must make the best of it. My dear Cousin by her letters seems sadly distress’d, and I fear we shall feel ourselves rather in an awkward situation, but time and patience will set us all to rights I trust. She desires we will be with her the first week in August if convenient, so we are at present arranging matters for that purpose. We mean to bring a servant with us, which will prevent our making any visits on the Road, and, as we shall be so near Burnham, must beg leave to postpone our visit there till we have been at Eton. Your kind reception of me when I visited you in the Spring makes me think with pleasure of a second meeting, and I assure you my Sister is no less anxious to become acquainted with you. I felt exceedingly happy at your saying the plumbs were acceptable. I think I shall have a little corner in Edward’s heart, and the dear little cherub, his sister, I suppose is as charming as ever. I hope she did not feel her weaning too sensibly, and that the dear mother exerted a necessary fortitude upon the occasion. I know it must have been a great trial to the whole party.

“Mrs. Collins is returned after an absence of six weeks; she is much mended by the country air. The sun has made no ravages on the skin of her waxwork Baby, tho’ he wears his Beaver up. He walks very well with the help of one finger, and his nurse says that he can call Mama, but I have not heard him. Mrs. Marshall² is perfectly recovered from her late indisposition. Indeed, I think all the Family now appear to be

¹ The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Halifax, was the husband of Catharine, daughter to Catharine Sleech, who married William Cooke, Master at Eton and afterwards Rector of Denham. The last-mentioned Catharine having been sister to Frances Hawtrey’s mother, Frances and the Bishop’s wife, Mrs. Halifax, were first cousins.

² Three generations are spoken of—Mrs. Marshall *née* Mary Hawtrey, sister to Frances; Mrs. Collins *née* Mary Marshall; and the waxwork baby.

in pretty good Health, but we have had trying weather, for I could at this present moment sit by a fire with pleasure. But one feels a kind of repugnance at the thought of lighting a fire in July, tho' we indulged ourselves with them at Midsummer. I cannot say I wish for very hot weather this next fortnight, as we shall be in bustle sufficient to keep us warm. Mrs. Brereton and her dear Husband are solacing themselves at Sidmouth, where they talked of remaining till October. I shall write to Mrs. Harris as soon as we have fixed on the day we propose setting out. In the meantime, if you should see her, beg her not to engage for any more boys, for we had much rather not have so many at first. We have refused three that were offered us here; indeed, I would not promise one till we have turn'd ourselves round and are established in the House. Our chief care will be to keep them in Health, and that cannot be done if a House is overfilled. I flatter myself the thought of a visit from us has not prevented your making any excursion that might have been agreeable to you. I sent you a message to that effect in a letter to dear Catherine, which I hope she informed you of. As it is probable I shall not write again till I have the pleasure of seeing you, I pray God send us a happy meeting with my dear Brother, yourself, and Babes, to whom we desire our kindest love, and hope ever to be esteemed your affectionate Sister and faithful Friend,

"F. HAWTREY.

"I had almost forgot to tell you that Mrs. Stepn. and little Sally, who has not been very well, are gone to Exmouth for a month. My Brother and the Boys are there occasionally; he is wonderfully well for him.

"EXETER, *July 12th.*"

This letter, probably written in 1792 or 1793, marks the time when the two sisters, who had now survived their father, the Sub-Dean, more than twenty years, entered upon a new life in becoming Dames at Eton. They were both now of a goodly age themselves—Lucy, the elder, about sixty, and Frances two years younger.

The next letter is from my grandfather to his brother Edward. I omit a portion of it, which refers to law business connected with Eton. The letter is written from Bath, six years later than the last. Stephen junior would now be fifteen, John fourteen, Sarah twelve.

“BATH, 4th Nov. 1795.

“DEAR EDWARD,—I received your’s this day, and answer it immediately, as you seem to wish to hear soon.

“I was much concerned to hear of the death of Mrs. Ann Edlin; her disorder must have taken a very strong turn to have deceived Turton so much. I very much pity the surviving sisters, for their attachment to each other was very great.

“I returned home last Sunday after a very pleasant excursion, and I hope I received much benefit from Buxton, particularly from the Bathing, which is remarkably efficacious in restoring limbs that have been roughly handled by the gout. I should be very glad to meet you there upon some future occasion; I think you would receive benefit. I only wish I had gone there 17 years ago,

“Let me hear from you how this matter is likely to turn out; at all events the College must succeed, but it is a sad thing to be harassed by such a litigious fellow. If the appeal is tried at the Sessions, I think the Justices there will give the College their full costs.

“We are all well, and join in best love and good wishes to you and your’s.—I am, Dr. Edward, your’s very sincerely and affectly.,

STEPH. HAWTREY.

“P.S.—It gives me great pleasure to hear from you that my Boys go on well.”

Mrs. Ann Edlin, mentioned in the above letter, would be first cousin to the writer. His father, the Sub-Dean, in writing to his son Edward, twenty-seven years before, says: “Your Aunt Edlin and Cousin Nanny came here some days before I received your’s, &c.” He was speaking of his own sister Mary, who married Mr. Edward Edlin, and of her daughter,

of whose death we now hear, and who seems to have been one of an attached band of sisters.

The next letter, from the same to the same, is dated about four months later than the last :—

“BATH, 3 *March* 1796.

“DEAR EDWARD,—I thank you for your last letter of the 16th of February, and hope this will find you as free from gout and all symptoms of it as you was when you wrote. I am now quite recovered from the gout, and only feel the effects of it in my hands and feet, but I am happy to say they are getting stronger every day. Your account of the event of your appeal was the first I had heard of it, and which was the same as I had expected. I should hardly think Master Jessop will venture at another rate on the College.

“At Easter they chuse new overseers; the parish, therefore, should take care that he is not appointed again.

“Thomas Polehampton is famous for confused Ideas, and consequently for making blunders. He must have diverted the Justices not a little. I hear his Son and Heir is to have the Montem, and that he looks forward to be Provost of one of the two Royal Colleges. Your account of the College brown bread was curious. . . .

“I was very sorry I saw so little of Mrs. Yonge and Miss Sleech while they were at Bath, but I was so weak and lame, and the weather was so bad, that there was very little intercourse between us, except for two Evenings. Fanny Sleech is not well, but she thought she derived benefit from the waters. I hear Dr. Cooke and his Family intend visiting this place about the end of this Month, and they talk much of the King's coming here, but I do not think it very probable. I see our Friend Dr. Sumner very frequently; he is quite recovered from his gout. He had heard nothing of your appeal, or I conclude he would have mentioned it to me. In general his news from Eton, wherever he gets it, is pretty authentick.

“Have you read the Bishop of Chester's Sermons in answer to the Vicar of Bampton's Hypothesis? The latter

informs me he is very busy in writing an answer to the Bishop's, but I fancy he will find some difficulty in convincing his Lordship that he is in error. I don't find — agrees with the Vicar in his opinion. The *British Critic* in its observations upon the Pamphlet is very civil and pays compliments, but expresses his doubts . . . tho' he gives no opinion. As to the Vicar, he is more and more confirmed in his opinion, or, as the Vicar of Ringwood says, is determined to persist in a most egregious error.

"Notwithstanding the strong appearances against it, many are sanguine in their expectations of peace, and the stocks still keep up.

"Our best love and comps. attend you and your's.— Believe me, Dr. Edward, your's most affectionately,

"STEPH. HAWTREY.

"How do you like Burke's letter? There are some good strokes in it, but rather too much of Admiral Keppel and himself."

"The Nation at large was still ardent for war [against the French revolutionary Republic], and its ardour was fired by Burke in his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' which denounced Pitt's attempt in 1796 to negotiate with France."¹

The next letter, from the same to the same, is written about a year later than the last :—

"BATH, 30 April 1797.

"DEAR EDWARD,—I thank you for your letter giving me an account of . . . your having another little girl. I was very glad to hear that she [Mrs. Hawtreys] was so well, and hope this will find her perfectly so. I thank you for your kind enquiry after my health, which at present is very well, excepting lameness in my feet; my last fit was very slight. I was very glad to hear that you was so well recovered from your long confinement; it was indeed by your account a very severe fit, but your fits don't leave you so lame and weak as mine do.

¹ From Green's "History of the English People," p. 785.

“Your account of my Sons gave me great pleasure ; indeed I believe they are very good Boys, and attend to their business, and I think them much improved, but I fear their chance for King’s is very small, which is rather distressing after so much trouble and expense. I have kept them a few days beyond their usual time of returning to School, as I was not well enough to enjoy their company when they first came down, but I have written to Dr. G. H. [Heath], to desire he will excuse them.

“I spent the Month of February and a few days in March at Ringwood with the Vicar, and found much benefit by the diet, air, and exercise, but on my return home I soon caught cold from the inclemency of the March winds, which gave me a slight fit, and confined me near 3 weeks, but am now quite recovered, and am drinking the Bath waters, which agree very well.

“We are in anxious expectation of hearing the event of Mr. Hammond’s Mission. It is generally believed here that the Austrians have had lately great success in Italy or the Tyrol ; if so, the French may relax in their Terms, and we may be included in the peace with the Emperor. Since the matter has not been concluded with the Seamen at Portsmouth, one would have thought all the Navy would have been satisfied, but I find there is the same Mutinous Spirit at Plymouth. Mrs. H. joins me in kind love to you and your’s.—I am, dear Edward, your’s very sincerely, STEPH. HAWTREY.”

CHAPTER XVII

LETTERS FROM MY GRANDFATHER, STEPHEN HAWTREY, TO HIS SONS

THE next letter is again from my grandfather, but this time it is addressed to the younger of his two sons, my father, who had now left Eton to join his regiment.

Several letters to him from his father are without date, the reason being that the date formed part of a cheque made out on the upper portion of the letter, to be cut off and cashed.

I have endeavoured to give the letters in right order. The first would probably have been written about a year after the last, namely in May 1798.

I find in my father's desk, with various other papers and his Letter of Orders in the Church of England, the parchment bearing his commission from His Majesty King George III., "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland," to be a cornet in the Fourth or Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons, on the 14th day of March 1798.

Supposed to have been written about May 1798:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Above is a drat. for £18, 10s. to pay Mr. Anderson for all the Articles you purchased of him. I write it on the same sheet to save Postage. You have nothing to do but to tear it off carefully and give it to him, and take his receipt for it.

"I received your's of the 6th, and am glad to find you like your situation so well. I hope the Colonel continues to behave kindly to you, and that you will do everything to merit his favour. I am sorry you have been so much troubled with the toothache, but hope you are now quite free from pain. I do not wish you to leave the Mess, notwithstanding it is so expensive, as I think it would be very dull and uncomfortable for you to dine always by yourself, and besides it might not be approved by the Colonel and the other officers. All that I desire is that you would be as frugal as you can, at the same time not shabby. I mean to allow you forty pounds this year, clear of all the monies I have or shall advance for fitting you and rigging you out, so that I do not include any of your cloaths or London Bills, nor Mr. Anderson's bill, all which I have already paid, and shall likewise pay for your horse when you get one, and the several other articles you mentioned in your letter; and then, on the 24th of next month, I shall send you a Drat. for £10, and shall do the same every quarter, so that now you know your income and what you have to depend upon, and I hope you will be able to do very well with it, and which I should think you might if you are careful and keep an exact account in your pocket-book. I am very glad to hear

your explanation with regard to your correspondence with Charles, and I sincerely hope he will lay aside all thoughts of the Army or any other Romantick Scheme. I never meant to let his uncle know anything of the subject, nor ever shall, provided he is discreet. I must now conclude, tho' I have much to say to you, or I shall be too late for the Post.—
Your's most affectly., STEPH. HAWTREY.

“P.S.—Answer this by the *return* of the Post, and acknowledge the receipt of the Draft, direct to Bath.”

Second letter from my grandfather to my father :—

“MY DEAR JOHN,—Above is a drat. for 40 Gs. to pay for your horse. I hope you can depend upon the Horse-dealer, that he will send you a good one for your money, and that he will not keep your money without sending you a horse. We are very glad to hear you are well and happy. Your dear Mother, from her great anxiety for your welfare, was apprehensive from some part of your last letter that you was not so, tho' I assured her she had no reason, which your letter has convinced her of.

“How do you come on in riding? You do not mention, but I conclude you improve every day, and are able to mount and dismount *à la Militaire*. Do you go out with the Regt. on Field Days? Send me particulars. What acquaintance have you formed among the officers? Do you like Caulfield on further acquaintance as well as you did at first? As to your being promoted to a lieutenancy, I can say nothing. After you have been in the Regt. longer, and an opportunity should offer, I will do what I can for your advancement. In the meantime, I would have you improve yourself as much as possible in the duties of your profession, by close attention to it. As it may very likely happen that you may change your quarters, I think it best that you should not purchase furniture for your rooms in the barracks, but continue to hire it, tho' I think you are charged very high at 7s. a week. Edwd. Harris tells me that he pays Carter, the Upholsterer, only 5s.

a week for his Furniture, and may have as much as he likes for that money. He says it is a bad scheme to buy Furniture, unless you were sure of staying a year or two, which will hardly be the case with your Regiment. I hardly think you will be encamped this year, but be kept near the Coast. I am glad to hear that there is so much œconomy amongst the Officers, and I hope you will profit by it.

“As I said in a former letter, I shall allow you £40 for this year, and shall send you £10 on the 24th of June, which is Mid Summer’s day, over and above your other sums that you have paid for Journeys, price of your Commission, and other Matters, all which you will send me a particular account of. As you will have a great deal of leisure time, I hope you will employ it to advantage in reading not only Classical and Military Authors, Geography, &c., but also your bible and other religious books, and in studying and making yourself acquainted with the duties and principles of the Christian religion, and I hope you constantly go to Church every Sunday and behave while you are there with becoming seriousness and devotion. I am sorry you had not an opportunity of being confirmed before you went into the Army. If there should be a Confirmation while you are at Ipswich (which is not unlikely), I would have you be confirmed, and after that you will be qualified to attend and be partaker of the Holy Communion, which is absolutely necessary for every one that calls himself a Christian. I forgot to tell you that I know Mr. Coffin (late Mr. Pyne). His son married Miss Harriet Kitson of Shiphay in this County. Major Heron I do not recollect, but I am glad he takes notice of you. He is mistaken with regard to Lord Cornwallis. He made a very handsome reply to what I said to him, but he had such a cold and was so hoarse that it was with some difficulty I heard him, tho’ I was not two yards from him, therefore I don’t wonder at the Major’s not hearing him.

“Mr. Lloyd used to live at Bylaugh near Norwich. Whether he is still there, I know not. How far are you from East Bergholt, commonly called Barfield? Dr. Rhudde lives there, and I daresay will be very glad to see you when

you have an opportunity and can get leave to go. He is generally there in the month of June, and I think lives about 6 or 7 miles from Ipswich."

The next few lines seem to be from my grandmother:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Your letter relieved me from much anxiety and uneasiness. I am glad you are happy in your profession. Sally was left at Mrs. Marshall's when we went to Bath, to save expenses. I hope not to go to Bath *this* winter, but to be in Exeter House, that is at present unlet. We like this cottage prodigiously now, but believe we shou'd not in winter. If we have an opportunity, you shall have the Flute, but unluckily it is packed up with the Books, and is in custody with Orchard at Bath. No news. Adieu. Sally shall write next."

In the following letter from my grandfather he tells his son John that "Stephen is to speak at Election." It was probably therefore written in July 1798. There were formerly "Speeches" on Election Saturday at the end of July; in fact, the day of old was very much a repetition of the 4th of June.

"DEAR JOHN,—I received your long-expected letter this morning, and answer immediately, as you desire. Above I have sent you a drat. on Hoare for £30, which I hope will answer all your demands and set you quite clear in the world, and that in future you will be able to go on very well on your pay and what I allow you. You must be sensible what great expenses I am at on your's and your Brother's account, and how very frugal I am obliged to live; therefore I hope you will endeavour to live as frugally as you can, and be sure you keep an exact account of everything you spend, and then, upon a survey of it, you will perceive where you have expended your money unnecessarily, and in what articles you may retrench.

"I hope by this time you are settled in a Horse. I wish

you had bought a Horse when you first went to London. It would have been a saving of 10 Gs. at least and much anxiety and trouble on that account. Let me know in your next how much your expenses amount to every week and the several articles they consist of, and then I shall be able to form some Judgement of what you can live upon. Do you receive your pay every month, and what does it amount to?

“I am very glad you have left off the Flute, and hope you *never* will think of taking it up again. If there is any one in Ipswich that teaches the Violin, I think you had better learn upon that. It is the most useful Instrument I know, and, when played well upon, a most delightful one. By steady practise you will soon get over the difficult part. Mr. Heingelman told me he did not begin to learn the Fiddle till he was 28, and yet he plays very agreeably. We hope to see Stephen next Friday Fortnight. He is to speak at Election. I don’t despair of his getting King’s, tho’ I by no means think his success certain, any more than his getting Montem. I heartily wish he may grow steady, and make the best of his time while he stays at Eton. I was glad to find that the Collegers had nothing to do with the bustle at Eton. I hope nothing will tempt them to swerve from their Duty, which must end in their ruin. Dr. Heath is much blamed for his conduct upon this occasion, tho’ he gave 52 of them a round dozen each, and which I think they richly deserved.

“I very much approve of your employing your leisure time (of which you have so much) in reading and improving yourself. Guthrie’s Grammar is a very good book for that purpose. I am glad to hear likewise that you read religious books, and that you wish to be instructed in the end and design of the Lord’s Supper, in order that you may be qualified to attend that holy Ordinance, which you will see by your catechism (which I recommend you diligently to examine) was ordained for the *continual* remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Death of Christ and of the benefits we receive thereby. By looking into the Gospels you will see that our Saviour instituted this the night in which He was betrayed at His last Supper, and gave the Bread and Wine to his disciples to

represent to them the great sacrifice he was about to make of himself for the sins of the *whole world* by his crucifixion, in which his body was broken and his blood shed upon the Cross. Accordingly he *broke* the bread and *poured* out the wine, as a representation of his cruel death, and then gave to his Disciples to eat and drink, as a perpetual remembrance of his precious blood-shedding, and commanded them to do this continually in remembrance of him, and thereby to show forth his death till his coming again to judge the world.

“I hope you will read your uncle’s Sermons, of which there are two upon this subject. They will explain this matter more fully to you. If you have Secker’s Lectures, I would advise you to read his observations upon it, and also buy Bishop Wilson’s ‘Short and plain instructions for the better understanding the Lord’s Supper.’ I daresay any Bookseller in Ipswich has it; if not, bid him send for it. It is published at Rivington’s, in St. Paul’s Churchyard. He was a most excellent man, and *Bishop of Sodor and Man* for more than 50 years. If the Bookseller offers you any other instead of this, don’t take it, but bid him send for the Bishop of Sodor and Man’s Instruction, &c. Every Officer in the Army is by an Act of Parliament obliged to receive the Sacrament within 6 Calendar Months after he has his Commission; therefore, when you are qualified to receive the Sacrament, you must inform the Clerk of the Parish of your intentions, and he will take care and provide a Certificate for you and be witness of your receiving it, together with the Sexton, and the Minister will sign it, and then at the next quarter Sessions of the peace for Ipswich you must go into Court with your witnesses and Certificate and take the necessary oaths prescribed by act of Parliament, for which you pay two shillings, and this is called *qualifying* for your Commission. Many persons neglect this, notwithstanding the heavy Penalty, but they shelter themselves under a bill of indemnity, which passes every Sessions of Parliament to indemnify those who have neglected to qualify, and allow them 6 months more to do it.

“Your poor Mother has suffered much lately by the toothache, but this morning she has been with Mr. Gater,

who has extracted it, and she is now very easy. She sends her kind love to you, and so does your Sister. We shall take an opportunity of sending you a box with books, and a watch.
—Your's sincerely, S. H."

From the same to the same—a letter addressed to

"Cornet Hawtreys,
4th Dragoons, Barracks, Ipswich."

"HEAVITREE, 20 *Augt.* 1798.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I received your letter of the 8th, and since that Stephen has had your's in answer to his. I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your horse, but as you did not mention him in your letter to Stephen, I conclude he is now almost if not quite recovered by this time, and that he will prove a good, serviceable horse. I find by your letter to your Brother that you have left the Mess, which you say is a saving of a guinea a week, but I am sorry to hear you talk of *rejoining* it when you get into new quarters. I must, therefore, request that you will not think of doing it, as it is what you cannot afford. It is reckoned one of the *most* expensive Messes in the whole Army. The 1st Dragoons are now in Barracks at Exeter, and Colonel Kinsey says he never heard of such an enormous expense as 2 gs. a week for the Mess. He says that in their Regiment the Mess does not cost *half* so much. As that is the case, I think you have a very fair excuse for leaving your Mess, and, having once done it, I would never think of rejoining it, for it will save your pocket, and, what is of more consequence, your constitution, for such constant luxurious eating and drinking must be very prejudicial to your health; besides, when you reflect what shifts your poor Mother is obliged to make to live within our income, to keep a *very* frugal Table, and to debar herself of a Glass of wine, I think you will not scruple to retrench your expenses as much as possible. I have done as much as lays in my power, and I am very well satisfied you may do very well, now I have paid for all the necessary expenses—provided you keep out of the

Mess, and are particularly attentive to all your money matters. I hope, therefore, you will tell me in your next that you will not think of rejoining the Mess, especially as you have another Officer to join with you, so that it cannot be so unpleasant as it might be if you were quite alone.

"I hope you have intirely left off playing on the Flute, for I am satisfied it would be very prejudicial to you; nothing is so likely to affect the lungs and bring on a consumption.

"I mention this again merely from my anxiety on your account; therefore, I beg you will let nothing induce you to take it up again. If you wish to learn music, I would recommend the Violin in preference to any other instrument.

"Colonel Kinsey has promised to teach your sister to ride when she comes to Exeter, at which she is under some apprehensions, as she thinks she is to be mounted upon a charger, which is immediately to set off with her at full gallop. The Regt. is ordered up to Weymouth for a month, to be reviewed by the King.

"Our Exeter House is vacant, and fit for our reception. We mean to inhabit it on the 1st of September. We shall then have been at Heavitree 5 months, which I think is sufficient. Pray, will it be any saving to you if your Mother sends you 2 pair of sheets? I suppose you pay for the hire of them, or have you bought them? Let us hear in your next. I observe when you write *on a Saturday* you say the Post is waiting or going out. Now you ought to know there is *no Post* ever goes from Ipswich to London on a *Saturday*, because no mail ever arrives in London or goes out of London on a Sunday; therefore, you will always have time enough to write on a Saturday, and to put your letter in the Post on the *Sunday*.

"I remember very well Lord Howard reviewing the 4th Dragoons at Exeter the time you mention. If your skates can be found, they shall be sent to you before the frost sets in. All our kind loves attend you.—Believe me, yours most affectly.,

S. H.

"All agree that Stephen made a capital figure at the Speeches."

DESCRIPTION OF JOHN HAWTREY, YOUNGER SON OF
STEPHEN, RECORDER OF EXETER

I have no letter to give in reply to all these loving and fatherly ones, but this may be the opportunity for introducing a word or two about the son to whom they were addressed.

His brother and he, as well as their sister Sarah, were tall, and, to old age, slight.

Here is a copy of an old "Passeporte," which may give to my father's descendants some idea of what he was like when he was young.

"Le Ministre Plénipotentiaire de la Republique Française près Sa Majesté Britannique, prie tous ceux qui sont à prier, de laisser passer librement et en toute sureté, Monsieur John HawtreY, Capitaine au Service de S. M. Britannique, né à Exeter, agé de 21, aux cheveux et sourcils blonds yeux bleus, front moyen, nez aquilin, menton rond, visage oval, allant à Bruxelles. . . .

"Donné à Londres le 4 Brumaire, au onze de la Republique Française, une et indivisible.

"Signature du porteur John HawtreY Capt. 5th Regt. Infry.	{	In my father's writing the old paper is labelled "Passport, 1802."
--	---	---

"Vu à la Prefecture de Police, bon pour retourner en Angleterre par Calais, sans pouvoir s'écarter de la Route ordinaire, Paris le 29 Germinal an onze, &c.

"Vu à Calais le 4 floreal, an 11."

My father's height is not mentioned in the description—six feet, in his stockings.

A miniature of my father in his uniform shows an oval face of delicate tint, brown hair, and blue eyes.

The granddaughter of his father's sister, whose early life had been passed amongst those who in their youth had known him, writes:—

"My Aunt . . . has told me of her early days of fun



JOHN HAWTREY

CAPTAIN IN H.M. 25TH REGIMENT—AFTERWARDS IN HOLY ORDERS

XII

and frolic with the clever and most original cousin, John Hawtrey. Your grandfather, you know, was Recorder of Exeter, and he lived next door to his Sister and Brother-in-law, my grandfather and grandmother. My Aunt Furse was older than either your Uncle Stephen or your Father. She was chosen by your Father as his Confidante in some of his numerous love passages, and, I believe, she was a faithful monitress and friend.

"Once he fell violently in love with a young lady wearing a blue veil; he spoke of her rapturously. She was tall and walked well; he had never seen her face. What would he not give to see her face! He was sure that she was very lovely. At last his wish was gratified. Alas! He rushed to his faithful friend.

"*'Eliza'* (clasping his hands), *'a film has fallen from my eyes.'*

"*'Ah,'* said my Aunt, *'a veil, I suppose you mean?'*

"*'Don't laugh, Eliza; I feel it deeply,'* answered your Father.

"He was the life and soul of every entertainment. When *'John'* came home from Eton, everybody was prepared for fun and amusement. He was so handsome, so clever, and amusing."

The rest of this interesting letter will come in more appropriately later on.

The next letter, from my grandfather to my father, was written towards the close of the Eton summer holidays, about the middle of September 1798:—

"DEAR JOHN,—Above is a draft for 10 gs. agreeably to your request, which you know is not due to you till Michaelmas, therefore you must be particularly careful of your money, because you can have no more from me till Christmas. I thought the last £30 I sent you would have answered very well, and have enabled you to support yourself upon that and your pay till Michaelmas, but I find I was mistaken. I fear your's is an expensive Regiment, for I find

by Col. Kinsey it is very different in his. You ought to consider that you are at present very young, and quite a subaltern in the Army, and, therefore, it is not expected that you should launch out into expences as if you was older and higher in the Army, and intitled to a great fortune. What you are to study principally is economy, and which Col. Kinsey says every young man in the Army should make it a point to practise.

“What I have agreed to allow you I shall abide by and pay you punctually, but more than that is not in my power. You have had great advantages lately, in having saved the expense of keeping a horse and paying for a servant for upwards of four months; therefore, I fear you have not been careful of your money. However, if that has been the case, take care that it be so no more, but live as frugally as you can, and *be sure to have no bills, but pay for everything as you have it, and keep an account.*

“We are now settled in our house in the Circus” (at Exeter), “having left Heavitree last Friday, and, tho’ the weather is warm, we find it very comfortable. Stephen leaves us on Tuesday, goes to Salisbury, and there takes up the 2 Ekins in a post-chaise to Eton. These Holidays have appeared very short. I hope he has a tolerable chance of succeeding at King’s, as they talk of three resignations before next Easter. Your Aunts have been here for a fortnight at Mrs. Marshall’s” (the sister of the writer), “and are returned to Eton. . . . Be sure to answer this by *return of the post*, that I may know the bill arrived safe. You may write to your Mother; it will be the same.

“I must now conclude, with your Mother’s, Steph., and Sarah’s love, Dr. John.—Your’s most affectly.,

“STEPH. HAWTREY.”

The next letter, from the same to the same, is directed to

“Cornet Hawtre,
4th Dragoons, Lynn, Norfolk,”

and is written in the winter of 1798.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—Above you receive a drt. for £15, for which you will acknowledge the receipt by *return of post*.

"The contents of your last letter surprised me much, as no one here, or anywhere else, ever supposed that any regiment of Cavalry would be sent to the Continent before the Spring, if then.

"I observe your being so sanguine arises merely from report and from the opinion of the Commanding Officer at Lynn, who can know no more of the matter than yourself. Depend upon it, you will receive your orders from Col. Hugonir, who will give you *timely* notice of it as soon as *he* has received his orders from the War Office, and when that arrives you will be allowed at least a month for providing yourself with necessarys, and then it will be time enough to be sending to me for money. Till you have positive orders for your expedition it wd. be madness to be laying out £150 for Horses, &c., none of which might be wanting. Government would hardly think of ordering Cavalry to go abroad at a week's notice, when it wd. be impossible for them to provide themselves with the necessary articles. Nor can it be supposed that they would send *Cavalry* abroad at such an inclement season as the present. When you are actually ordered to go, I will, as far as it is in my power, endeavour to raise the money, heavy as it is, for the purpose. You'll let me know in your next whether Government does not allow some part towards the expenses of fitting out for foreign service; I am told that it does, but this you will inquire. I have consulted Major Hamilton, who is a very experienced officer and has seen a great deal of service, and he intirely agrees with me in every particular, and thinks you will have full time allowed for providing yourself. At the same time I say this, I think you did very right in acquainting me as soon as possible with the report, in order that I might in the mean time endeavour to be prepared with the money, tho' it will distress me not a little, but that I shall not regard for your advantage. With regard to the purchase of a lieutenancy, I shall have no objection to assist you in case you have the offer of it, provided I may be able to raise the money for it, which, you may depend

upon it, I will if I can. At present money is so scarce there is no borrowing a shilling. Let me know what is the *additional* pay of a lieutenant. I observe you say your pay as Cornet is only 8s. a day. In the Army List it is *there* said to " (lost under the seal). "What is the reason of the deficiency? You remember at — you pointed out to me to be 8s. 6d. This you'll explain in your next. In the account you sent your Mother of your expenses, you reckon 5s. every day for your dinner only, which was 4s. 6d. at Ipswich. Pray, when you dine out, are you obliged to pay for your Dinner at the Mess? I should hope not. By your account your Dinner at the Mess must cost you £91 a year, at £1, 15s. 0d. a week, which is a most enormous sum for a dinner only.

"I hope you have reced. the Box safe with the contents. Pray take care where you skait, for fear of accidents.

"Stephen is with us, and I think looks very well. He has a good chance of Montem and King's. My hand begins to be tired, so I must conclude.—With kind love of your Mother, Sister, and Brother, I am, Dr. John, yours most affectly.,

"S. H."

The handwriting, which, even in some of these latter letters, is as shapely and clear as ever, is greatly changed at the end of this one.

The next, from the same to the same, is superscribed in my father's writing:—

"The Last Letter my beloved Father ever wrote me. He died Janry. following."

"DAWLISH, 29 Novr. 1798.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I received your kind letter at the bottom of your Mother's. I cannot say I enjoy so good a state of health as I could wish, but at my time of life, and considering my great weakness, I must expect frequent returns of my gouty complaints. The weather has been uncommonly unfavourable and has affected me very much, but I thank God I am now pretty well recovered, and mean to return to Exeter next Monday, 3rd Dec., where we shall stay till we can let our house.

“We like Dawlish so well that I should have no objection to reside there chiefly if we could meet with a comfortable House, for the air is reckoned exceedingly pure and salubrious.

“I am sure, if I am not better and stronger by next May, I shall not think of attending the Montem, even if Stephen should get it, which he thinks there is some chance of, but this I shall know more from him when he comes home, which, I fancy, will be on the 8th Dec. You now perceive the necessity of using all your diligence and application to cultivate and improve your understanding, which, naturally, I believe to be very good, but much neglected while at Eton. I am not, therefore, surprised that you are mortified in not being able to join in Conversation when History is mentioned. Goldsmith’s ‘Grecian, Roman History’ you ought to have made yourself acquainted with when at School, as, tho’ they are not the best histories, but rather superficial, yet would have given you a general insight into these matters, and you would not have been at a loss on historical topics.

“You were reading latterly while at Eton Hume’s ‘History of England’; why not apply yourself to that, or at least to those parts which you ought principally to be acquainted with? For instance, you might begin with reign of Henry 7th and down to Revolution in 1688. This period would take in the Reformation—that is, the Establishment of the reformed or protestant religion in opposition to the errors of popery—and wd. take in afterwards the reign of Cha. 1st and the history of the great Rebellion, which ended in the murder of that King, after a mock trial, by his own subjects, and the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, which lasted till the Restoration of C. 2 in 1660, when the Monarchy was restored; but in 1688, J. 2 wishing to introduce Popery again and arbitrary power, the nation as one man revolted against him, and called in Wm., Prince of Orange, from Holland, who landed at Torbay with an army, soon after which K. Jas., being deserted by his army and navy and all his Friends, abdicated the throne, which by consent of Parlt. was settled on the Prince of Orange and his wife, who was James 2 daūr., and they became King and Queen by the title of W. 3 and Qu. Mary, and so was established the

great æra of the revolution in 1688. Hume's 'History' closes here. Smollett, I believe, continues it to the end of G. 2 reign. When you have read thus far you will be furnished with some useful topicks of the English History, and afterwards you may extend your reading as much as you please. With regard to other books for your reading and improvement, that must be the subject of another letter. In the meantime I would have you apply yourself very closely and diligently in *learning* French, and improving yourself in that language. I suppose you can be at no loss for masters to assist you, and upon very reasonable terms, as there are plenty of French Emigrant Clergy in every town of any note in England, and consequently in Lynn.

"If you should be sent abroad in the Spring to the Netherlands, it will be very necessary that you should be able to talk French. You say if you go" (illegible) "to the Continent the Order will come very shortly, but that cannot be, for Government never send Troops over in the winter—April, therefore, or May is the soonest, if at all; and in the meantime much may be done in the way of useful improvement, especially as you have so much leisure time. We shall go to Exeter on Monday, and then I will make up a Box with some few books, your watch and skaits, which will come, I hope, before you can use them, as I should be sorry the winter should set in before Xtnas. I find you still keep up an Epistolary correspondence with your Cousin C. Hawtrey at Oxford, tho' you told me in one of your letters you had drop't it.

"Your Uncle John informed me of this, and that you had informed Charles you were at Lynn and wished much to be sent abroad. Now I would have no objection to your writing sometimes to Charles, only I was afraid your correspondence might not lead to any use or improvement, if I may judge from the curious letter he wrote to you just after you left Exmouth. . . ."

(In what follows there are passages difficult to decipher, or perhaps lost under the seal. I will supply what seems wanting as far as I can, placing my additions between brackets.)

"I hope, however, that was a thoughtless and giddy performance, and not meant for publick inspection, and, of course, I took no notice of it to his uncle or any other person, and I am very glad to hear from your uncle John that he goes on so well, and beh[aves so] at the university as to establish a good character, and to . . . the Provost of Oriel, who means to be a real friend to him. Th[is I hope], that you have cured him of all his wild and romantick [ideas about the Army], and have and will encourage him to persevere steadily in the line he is placed in, and by that means make himself a good and virtuous young man, and, what he wishes so earnestly, an independent one.

"Since writing the above, I have had a letter from Stephen, with a very good account of his prospects. He will be 2nd Boy at Christmas, and he tells me there must be a resignation at Easter, which will carry off Godby and leave him Captain at Montem, unless another resignation shd. come to carry him off before May. I must now conclude, to leave room, for your dear Mother wishes to write a few lines.—Your's most affectly.,
S. H."

The above is followed by a few lines from my grandmother, some of which are lost, the paper being actually gone.

"DEAR JOHN/ This scrap only gives me opportunity to thank you for your last, and to say I *hope* to send your . . . I have been confined 10 days with an Erisypelated sore throat, but in no danger. I am now almost as well as before, and have been out once. Sally caught it by kissing me, for you have no Idea how fond she is of me, and always calls me/ *My Dear Mama*. We leave our Lodging for a better next Monday morning, a most comfortable House indeed, on the Strand. Here is an *excellent* Apothecary, which I Esteem a blessing."

There is no signature to these lines from my grandmother. The handwriting is good, and not altogether unlike her husband's in his stronger days—the letters well formed and delicate in shape, the general look somewhat bolder and more

running than his beautiful, neat, careful writing. This, like the last letter, is directed to Lynn.

LAST LETTER FROM MY GRANDFATHER

My grandfather was at this time sixty years old, my grandmother forty-six, Stephen nineteen, my father eighteen, "Sally" sixteen.

I have a little packet wrapped up in brown paper, and labelled in my Uncle Stephen's writing, thus:—

"Last Letter from my Father, Decr. 1798, and from Payne, requiring me at King's College, 1799, and manuscript of Xmas Task, with work on Confirmation by the Bishop of Cork, 1788."

The letter from his father is addressed:—

"Mr. Stephen Hawtre,
At Mrs. Rageneau's, Eton College,"

and is dated two days later than the last.

"DAWLISH, 1st Dec. 1798.

"MY DEAR STEPHEN,—I have this instant received your letter, the contents of which gave us no small pleasure, to think your prospect of King's and Montem is so good. I trust, if you succeed, you will make a proper use of both; but what I lay a stress upon principally is your getting *King's*, as that is attended with a lasting benefit—the other is merely temporary.

"You have my full consent to give Ekins a book, which I know is a usual thing on the going away of a deserving boy, as he is. I am very sorry to find that Dr. H. continues so partial to Oppidans; it shows a very mean disposition, and is very discouraging to the Collegers. However, this will not deter you from going [on] with your studies and close application, from which you will in the end derive such benefit.

"Depend upon it, you will never have such an opportunity of laying in a Fund of Knowledge and learning as at your present time of life, and which will be a lasting resource of

entertainment to you for the rest of your life. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I hope to be able to point out to you a method for reading and improving yourself at all leisure opportunities. I consider you now as drawing near to Man's Estate, and consequently you ought to take every opportunity of enlarging and exercising your understanding. I am glad you come down in a Post Chaise with the Yonges. Your dear Mother will be at the Exeter House to receive you, and will bring you out here the next day in a Chaise. We mean to continue here some time longer, till I have recovered my strength and got rid of my cold. We have got a very good and comfortable home here, and can accommodate you very well, and I think you will like the place much, in case we should have a little dry weather.

"Why did you not declaim your own performance? It must have been infinitely superior to Leycester's. I am quite vexed you should have to speak such trash (but this *inter nos*). I have no doubt of your improvement since the last holydays, and the thoughts of it give me much pleasure, and I sincerely hope, as I have often told you, that you will be a good man as well as a good scholar. You certainly have established a good character at Eton, and I have no doubt but that you will do nothing to forfeit it by your future behaviour. I am now growing old and very infirm, and God knows how long I may continue in this mortal life. Whatever may happen, it will be a real comfort to me to think I leave a Son who will be a Guardian and Protector to His Dear Mother and Sister. I must now conclude as the post waits, and believe me, my Dr. Stephen, your very affectionate Father,

"STEPH. HAWTREY."

The tender concern for his son's welfare which these letters to my father show; the cautions about carefulness with regard to money, letting him plainly see that great frugality had to be practised at home, and yet the readiness, notwithstanding all, to give; the caution to him about not skating in dangerous places; the dignity and the abounding love combined, all make a very touching picture.

The letter to Stephen also is no doubt very characteristic; the joy in his eldest son's success and in the prospect of so soon seeing him is most pleasant to observe. One rejoices to think that those last few weeks of his life were brightened by the arrival from Eton of that dear young son "now drawing near to man's estate," and his presence during the Christmas holidays. I hope he may have been indeed a great comfort to his father. Whether he was with him to the last I cannot say. I only know that my grandfather died on the 26th of January 1799, and that he was buried at Exeter on the 2nd of February, at St. Stephen's Church.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY GRANDFATHER'S ELDEST SON STEPHEN

AMONG the treasures and reminiscences of his own early days preserved by my uncle Stephen, in the little packet containing the original of his father's last letter, is a note addressed to "The Captain of Eton College."

"KING'S COLL., CAM., *Febry. 8th* 1799.

"SIR,—You are required to present here within twenty-one days from the date hereof.—Your humble Sert.,

"E. R. PAYNE."

Just a week after the funeral of the kind father who would have rejoiced at it came this formal note, and, formal as it is, no doubt it came as balm to the son's heart, who kept it all his long life through.

When he had finished his course at King's he got the Living of Broadchalk in Wiltshire, married, and lived there. And in his older age, when no longer able to undertake the duty himself, he placed a curate there, and lived with his wife, who was long an invalid, for some years at Bristol, and later at Clevedon, where his wife died. He then came to Windsor,

and spent with us at Church House, under the roof of his nephew Stephen, the last months of his life.

He was, like my father, about six feet tall, and, like him, refined in aspect, but more delicate and frail than he. He was extremely gentle and kind in his intercourse with us. The way of life of my busy clergyman and schoolmaster brothers was very different from what his had been, and I am afraid the old-fashioned plan of polite conversation on the topics of the day at meals did not altogether prevail at all times amongst us. So he said one day as we sat at the tea table together:—

“Now, let me be no hindrance to you. I know you discuss business matters at tea!”

And he had anecdotes of days gone by to tell, and amusing remarks to make, as he sat in his little sitting-room upstairs, or took one of us out for a drive.

“It does me good to provoke a smile,” he said, one day when he had set me laughing.

I remember his telling me an anecdote of Lady Derby, who had been Miss Stevens the actress. She had set her face against the sort of card-playing which was carried on in her husband's house, but without success, for coming into the drawing-room one day, and finding it in full force there, she with great dignity came up to the table, took the dice and dice-boxes in her hands, walked over to the fire, and threw them in. And I believe there was no more card-playing there after that.

At one time in the life of his sister, Mrs. Bird, she had thought that she ought not to allow herself to wear gay colours, and, having a red shawl, she conscientiously sent it to a dyer's to be dyed brown.

“And when it came back, my dear,” said my uncle, “you may imagine what a horrible thing it looked!”

My uncle Stephen was childless, and so was Mrs. Bird, his sister. My father was the only one of that family who left descendants.

CHAPTER XIX

LETTERS FROM JOHN HAWTREY, VICAR OF RINGWOOD,
TO HIS NEPHEW, MY FATHER

Two letters follow from my great-uncle, John, the Vicar of Ringwood, to my father.

They were written when the latter had been in the army five years. He had apparently written to his uncle—now that his father was no more—to ask if he could help him to get into the Military College at High Wycombe, my father being, at the time that he wrote to his uncle, in Gibraltar.

The first of the two letters is addressed to

“Captain John Hawtreys,
1st Batt., 5th Regiment,
Gibraltar.”

“MY DEAR JOHN,—The favour of your kind letter bearing date the 12th of last month did not come to my hands sooner than yesterday. It will be therefore necessary, as letters are so tedious in their passage from Gibraltar, to lose no time in thanking you for it. With regard to the principal Subject of it, relating to the Military College at High Wycombe, I am concerned to say that it really is not in my power to give you any assistance. I am an obscure Country Parson retired from the World, unconnected with the Duke of York or his Secretary, and with all Military Men. Friends I have none—I mean men of Interest and Influence—and, as a decisive proof of it, I must remind you that I have been Vicar of Ringwood almost 4 and twenty years, and have received nothing in addition to it excepting a very small living, belonging to Eton College, given to me by my *Brother Edward*.

“The College I had heard of before you mentioned it, but the plan of living and expense and other Particulars I am quite unacquainted with, and there is no one in this Country that I know of that can supply me with any Information

concerning it. Yr. desire of distinguishing yrself in yr. Profession is truly laudable, and what occurs to me is that, as one of the Royal Dukes is made Governor of Gibraltar and is said to be going to take possession of His Government, you shld. endeavour after his arrival to get yrself recommended to him; if that can be accomplished, and yr. Character stands fair in the Garrison where you are now confined, the business will be done.

“This appears to me to be within reach, and I earnestly recommend it to you to turn it over in your mind, and form your plans before the arrival of your Governor. I think, if I mistake not, the Royal Duke is the Duke of Kent. I am sorry to find by your letter that you have been so very ill since your residence at Gibraltar. However, there is one advantage, and an important one it is, to be derived from sickness near unto death—that it tends to make men serious, and, as the Scripture says, to consider their latter end. I am glad to hear your health is re-established.

“Young Hales, who on the death of his Father is now Sir John Hales, informed me that He saw you at Gibraltar on his return from Ægypt, and that you look’d very well, and was escorting some Officers’ Wives to a Ball. Hales brought a bad complaint with Him from Ægypt—violent breakings out in his legs, which prevented his Walking for many Weeks. He is now pretty well recovered. He and His Sisters (for they have now lost both Father and Mother) leave this Country in a Week or two, and settle in the Vicinage of London. He does not like the Army, and wishes to leave it, but his circumstances at present do not admit of it. The priliminaries of Peace are ratified by France and England. The Paper of yesterday said that a Messenger arrived with them yesterday from Paris. The French have Cut out a good deal of Work, or at least Tous-Saint, the Black General, has done it for them, at St. Domingo. They have already lost, it is said, a great number of Men, and are going to send out much greater numbers. The particular accounts are concealed by the Chief Consul, but it is whispered that they are very disastrous. We rejoice in England much at Peace, for two

thirds of the Inhabitants were only not ruined by the devouring taxes, and the Heavy expenses of all articles of Living.

"Your good Mother, I hear from Charles, is at Bath; intends soon to go to London, and from thence to the Dumplin Country; and, if Norwich proves agreeable, means to sojourn there the remainder of her life; if not, to return to Bath and Clifton.

"Your Brother is Fellow of King's, and was lately with a Friend in London. He wishes to be in the didactic line, but Tutorships, at least those that are sterling, are not in the reach of Every Body. Charles is a Private Tutor to the *only son* of a Mr. Day, who lives within a few miles of Bath. He likes his situation, but his pay is not what it should be, and I fear it will not lead to much, but the Family are very agreeable to Him. He is frequently with His Friends at Bath—Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Hodges—who are very fond of Him. Henry I received a letter from a few weeks ago. He is very well, tho' he *has* been ill. He was then a Cornet of Horse, but I believe He is now a lieutenant. He says His expenses run high, as it is the custom of the country to keep a good many servants. He is obliged to have in pay nine Blockheads—one to clean his buckles, another his shoes, another his slippers, another his coat, another his Horse, another to dress his hair; but he says that my George wld. do more work and with greater ease than his nine numskulls united. He says he is obliged to be very economical in order to make both ends meet. If He is now a Lieutenant things will be better. The confinement and Heat of Gibraltar must, I can easily conceive, be irksome, but there is an advantage to be derived from continuing there—you are familiarised to the Climate and manner of life, and it becomes by use less offensive.

"I wish you health and happiness, and that you may succeed with yr. new Governor,—I am, my Dear John, your's very sincerely and affectionately,
JOHN HAWTREY."

This letter is dated "Ringwood, Friday, 23rd April 1802." My father was now twenty-two, and already a captain—indeed I think I have heard that he was a captain at nineteen. His

uncle John was sixty-six years old at this time. The Charles mentioned in the letter was first cousin to my father. Henry was brother to Charles. They were both the sons of Charles Hawtreys, the Vicar of Bampton, eldest son to the Sub-Dean of Exeter.

Another letter from the same to the same, written rather more than a year later, and directed :—

“ John Hawtreys, Esqre.,
 Captain in the 25th Regt.,
 No. 15 Old Burlington Street, London,”

is as follows :—

“ RINGWOOD, *Thursday 16 June 1803.*

“ MY DEAR JOHN,—As you talk of not stirring till 3 or 4 days hence, this will probably catch you before you leave London. I give you joy on your promotion ; you will have very soon your wish, namely, an opportunity of fighting against the enemies of your country. Good success and happiness attend you. The prospect for Old England is at present very unpromising—enormous taxes and a powerful, Inveterate foe. My Trust is in Providence. He did wonderful things for us in the late war, and I am willing to hope His mercies will still be extended to us, though we are dreadfully wicked. However, there are a great number of very good Persons amongst us of whom one hears nothing ; one hears only of the Vicious and Profligate.

“ If you can spare time to come to me from the Isle of Wight I shall be very glad to see you, but I must tell you how I am circumstanced. Lord and Lady De Dunsterville, their 2 Sisters and Daughter, have appointed to spend two or three days at my House on their way into Cornwall. His Lordship, in his last letter, said it wld. be probably the beginning of July, or perhaps the end of June. Therefore, if you can come, you must contrive not to clash with them, for my House will be brimfull, and I shall be all hurry and bustle. Charles left me about a Fortnight ago, and will soon be settled upon his Curacy. I heard from Him this day. He appears to be pleased with his preferment, which will be from 80 to a

hundred a year. I thank you for your Congratulations on my preferment. 'Tis a desireable promotion,¹ but its value I do not yet know. I have at present no house, and when I go to reside, which will be in July probably, and August, I shall be in a Lodging. When I get a house it will be more comfortable, but, as it must be furnished, it will call for a large sum of money in addition to what I have already spent on taking it. However, if it please God I live 2 or 3 years, and the french do not swallow us up alive, I shall be indemnified.

“The death of your Uncle Edward is a grievous misfortune to his Family, and also to Charles, who, if it had pleased God He shld. have lived a few years, wld. most probably have got a good Living from Him. As it is, a Living of about a hundred a year will be held for Him, which the Person will not be permitted to resign to Him, because the next turn is in the Church of Llandaffe alternately. Mrs. Edward Hawtreys and her four [?] young Children are left in very narrow circumstances. They have not, I believe, more than £120 a year. Of course, Her Brother and the Hawtreys Family must contribute to their assistance. 'Tis a melancholy business, but God's will be done. Give my love to yr. Brother. I shall be glad to see Him with you, if you can come when my House is empty.—I remain, my Dear John, your's very affectionately,

JOHN HAWTREY.”

CHAPTER XX

MY FATHER'S VISIT TO IRELAND, AND NOTICES OF MY MOTHER'S FAMILY

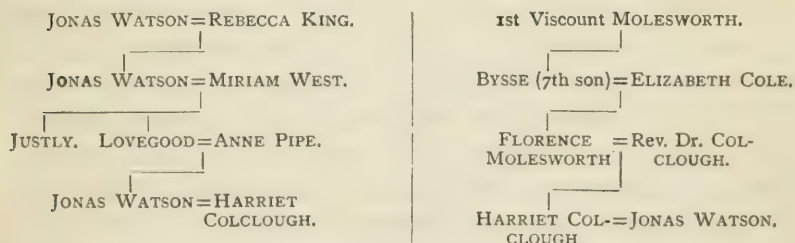
It could not have been many months after the date of this letter (June 1803) that my father was asked by a brother officer to take for him some recruiting service in Ireland. He acceded to this request, and went with, I think, two other officers, in command of a small recruiting party, to Wexford.

And here I must break off in the history of my father's

¹ Prebendary of Winchester.

family to give some account of events in Ireland, and of those who had been affected by them. It must have been at least twenty years previous to the year I have now reached in this history that an English officer, Captain Watson, was staying in an Irish country house, where he met, amongst other friends, a young lady, by name Harriet Colclough. This lady became his wife. He was of a good family, and his forefathers had mostly been military men.

I have a photograph from an oil painting representing one of them—a fine-looking man in a steel hauberk and wearing a flowing wig. An inscription tells that this was Lieut.-Col. Jonas Watson, the son of another Jonas; that he was baptized on the very same day on which his father was buried at Great Stamford in Essex; was appointed chief bombardier of England by the Duke of Marlborough, 31st August 1709; was made Lieut.-Col. of Royal Artillery on the formation of the regiment, 1st November 1727; married Miriam West; and was killed at the siege of Carthagen, in the West Indies, March 1741, in his 78th year, leaving two sons: Justly, Director of Engineers, and Lovegood, Captain in the 65th Regiment. This Lovegood married Anne Pipe, and their eldest son was the Jonas Watson who married Harriet Colclough. Of him and his wife I give the following short pedigrees:—



From a memoir written by one of my uncles I take the following lines: "Captain Lovegood Watson married Anne Pipe. This lady is descended from an ancient and respectable family in Staffordshire, an ancestor of which, being present at the Battle of Crecy, was rewarded for his bravery by the Black Prince by being permitted to wear his crest."¹ The eldest

¹ See monument to Jonas Watson in Castle Bridge Church, Wexford—three ostrich feathers out of a mural crown.

daughter of Jonas Watson and his wife Harriet was my mother. She was born in 1785 or 1786 in Canada, where her father was for some years stationed. He was a truly good and upright man, and was much trusted and respected by the Duke of Kent, whose A.D.C. he was. I have letters addressed by him to his wife. They being both in Canada, he was apparently separated from her for a short time, she being left with her infant daughter (my mother) while he made some journey, probably on duty, which would have been too rough and difficult for his wife and child.

The first letter was written during this absence, in 1787 or 1788.

The next, dated six years later, is from the Island of Barbadoes, a station very dangerous at that time on account of yellow fever; it is a letter addressed to his wife and children, in case he should himself be cut off from that illness.

“CEDARS, *five o'clock, Wednesday eveng.,*
13th June [*probably 1787 or 1788*].

“My Dearest Harriet will see by the date of my letter that I have comply'd with her desire that I shou'd write by the first opportunity—indeed, had you not desired it, I shou'd have considered the pleasure of talking with you the most agreeable method of filling up the two or three hours of daylight that remain. It is but twenty-five hours since I left you, and I assure you I have not been idle since. I rode but slowly from Montreal, for my horse did not seem in much better spirits than myself, which, with stopping for some time at Point Clair, made it quite dark before I got to our deserted room. As I hope my dearest love has in some measure recovered her spirits, I will not damp them by dwelling on the effect that the solitary appearance of everything in it (after I had shut the door) had on mine, notwithstanding which, fatigue both of body and mind threw me into a sleep that lasted till five in the morning.

“I got up, and wou'd have given a dollar or two that all my packing cou'd have been done for me, but, as it cou'd not, I set myself to work, which, however, by frequent interruptions

from people who must, they said, speak with me, lasted till pretty near half-past eleven. One or two of my interruptions was by the Captain of Militia, and you may believe I did not take quite so much pleasure in his long speeches as you used to think I sometimes did. Just at twelve o'clock I sent off the Batteaux, but had you seen how they were loaded with baggage, and crowded with men, women, and children, you wou'd have thought the poor souls had much better have '*packed up their tatters to run from the drum*' instead of to follow it. Indeed, my Harriet, I do not know what I shou'd have done to make a tolerable accommodation for you unless I had taken the precaution to get another Batteau; for my present baggage, without your's, loads, or rather encumbers, one Batteau and half another, so that, excepting the absence from my Family, I have every reason, for your sake, to congratulate you on escaping inconveniences that I am already sure wou'd have been double what I even expected. The Musquitoes, your Declared Enemies, seem determined to revenge themselves on me for robbing them of so much more dainty fare, as they wou'd have found from you and our dear little Ann. I am now slapping the backs of first one hand and then the other, and they seem to promise me a serenade of humming when I go to bed. Thanks to you, they are pretty well shut out from my face and neck when I have my Hatt on and veil let down. Everybody tells me that about the middle of August they will be greatly diminished, particularly on the banks of the River, where now they swarm.

"One of the reasons that induced me to ride here rather than go with the Batteaux was to get time enough before them to provide the necessary carts to bring the luggage up the rapids, and also to get a good night's rest. Another, to procure a guide to take our horses up. And I promise you I am very glad I had these reasons to come on, for I think I never saw a more beautiful prospect or pleasanter road than from Mr. De Lothbiniere's to this place. I shall advise you by all means, whether I have the happiness of attending you or not, to come in a Caleche the same road. But what do I

say? I forgot that you will then, I hope, have two little travellers, who cou'd not both perhaps attend you, and neither of whom, I am sure, you wou'd like to leave in the Batteau; however, whether by Land or water, I am sure you will think the views delightful. I already begin to imagine that we may find our time pass very tolerably for a year or two, shou'd I be fortunate enough to have a command that will entitle me to the conveniences of a good house, garden, &c., and once get my little family about me. I am, you know, a great builder of Castles, and I do and shall probably continue to shorten the distance of space and time that divide us by amusing my imagination in that way, but, if you do not find any of my Castles standing when you come to me, I hope at least that you will meet a good comfortable dwelling prepared for you, for I promise you that it will be one of my most pleasing employments to cultivate my garden and arrange my house for Madame la Commandante—this title of yours reminds me of our friends at St. Anne's. I do assure you I believe they wou'd do you any service in their power, for their pleasure seemed very sincere on hearing that you and their little *chère petite* were so well. I very cordially gave and took a hearty kiss on each side from old Madame Berthe, whose eyes seemed quite full. Every inhabitant declared the greatest regret in parting with their Soldiers, and even Mrs. Gregory came (wou'd you believe it?) to the Mess-room, into which, on hearing my voice, she ventured to put her head and say a great many civil things, and this morning took a most cordial leave of *all* the gentlemen. Young Berthe has promised to forward this to you as soon as possible, and wishes much to have the *honor* of delivering it himself. He will also bring the key for the bedstead. I have not given him your pin, for I think one enough at a time to stick in the paper of your room—pardon me, my Harriet; I keep it to wear now and then, and I think I may promise you that you shall find it safe when we meet. Mrs. Beech, the person who lived with Mrs. Dickens, stays behind. She will call on you, and I told her that I would desire you to recommend her if you cou'd to any good place. She seems much more humble than she was,

and will, I daresay, be very thankful to you for such a service. I believe she is both honest and sober. The poor woman who is so dreadfully ill is in a batteau, determined to proceed. Oliver's good heart will do everything for her comfort, but I think she will hardly reach the end of the Voyage. Yet nothing cou'd prevail on her to stay behind, tho' I offered to send an express over to Mr. Besson, the priest of St. Genevieve, who, I am almost sure, on my application wou'd have got her into the hospital of the Hotel-Dieu—but you females sometimes take a great deal of persuading to do what is for your good, and sometimes won't be persuaded at last. You must not, I believe, read this to Mrs. Powell, or perhaps she will help you to pay off our sex by some more severe and probably more just satire. I have just filled my sheet of paper, wore out my dear, and seen the Sun to bed, and as I intend to rise soon after him to-morrow, I do not intend to sit up long after him to-night. Kiss my darling little Ann a thousand times for me. I know you won't let her forget to call sometimes on *Pappa*. Be as careful of yourself, and as ready to provide yourself every necessary comfort as I wish you to do, and you will then want for nothing that my sincere affection cou'd procure you, nor shall I have any other wish to make than for a happy time to my Dearest Harriet, and as happy a meeting with her tenderly affectionate husband, JS. WATSON.

“Say everything for me expressive of kindness and thankfulness to (I may now say *our* friend) Mrs. Powell, also to Mr. Clarke, and make as many compliments for me as you think necessary. God bless you!”

“BARBADOES, *August 23rd 1793.*

“MY DEAREST HARRIET,—How shall I begin a letter that for both our sakes I must hope you will not receive, and which would often revive and perhaps add keenness to the affliction that it is meant to soften? To you I am sure the best reason I can give for it is to say that every attention I can discharge towards you and our darling children while in possession of health and understanding gives me an ease of heart

and calmness of mind that may greatly tend to avert the stroke of disease, or to disarm it of much of its inveteracy should it fall on me.

“In making my Will, the uncertain state of my affairs unavoidably throws upon you the distribution of what may come from your’s or my family in such manner as the merits or necessities of our dear Children may hereafter point out to you. May God of his great mercies spare you to them till able to act for themselves! I have no fear of their suffering injustice in the hands of a tender and conscientious Mother. I have addressed a letter to Prince Edward¹—not a production of art, but I think my case so strong and peculiar that it may interest his feelings, and, if made known to the King, may procure you some equivalent for my Commission. I will write to my Sister in a manner that may convince her I never wished to step between her and any part of my Father’s property, at the same time that it must point out to her the natural and strong claim my children should have to a proportion of it after her life, in case she should have no children of her own.

“Oh! my Harriet, my heart bleeds for you in the idea of what you will suffer should you ever receive this letter; yet, when time may have in some measure restored you to calmness, when the strong and sincere applications that I am sure you will address to that Gracious Being who best can soothe the pangs of affliction or soften the strokes of adversity shall have procured you the firmness necessary to support you in the duties of a Mother, I think this anxious production of a faithful husband and fond father may have a desirable effect on the happiness and welfare of the dear objects to whom it is addressed. You have heard me acknowledge (and may it please God to give the same feelings to our dear Children throughout their lives) that the warmest gratitude due from me to my truly respectable parents was for their careful and unremitting attention to fix in my mind while young a firm belief in the doctrines of our pure religion, and an humble submission to and strong reliance on the dispensations of Providence.

¹ H.R.H. the Duke of Kent.

I was thrown much too early into life, and in a profession where I had a thousand examples of imprudence, and as many temptations to follow them as great spirits and a love of pleasure could give. Should any of our dear boys be so circumstanced, let them hear and believe the Solemn assurances of their Father, who at this moment calls to mind some periods of his life when nothing could have saved him from ruin in his circumstances and destruction to his peace of mind but the voice of that conscience that, by the tender care of an excellent Mother, had been taught so early to call for repentance of such acts of folly or intemperance as were destructive to the duties of a Christian, and a reliance at all times on the goodness of Providence to assist and support him in his best endeavours to return to those duties—duties that, however neglected, he never in his life thought of but with reverence, and which he earnestly conjures his dear children (as soon as their reasons are strong enough to enable them) to examine with the most careful attention, when they will find not one that is not calculated for their welfare in this life, as much as for their happiness in the next. In every misfortune that their own imprudence or the lot of humanity may bring on them, let them be assured that an humble submission to the will of Providence and a fervent supplication to the Almighty for His forgiveness and support under it are the best means of making such a situation bearable, or of averting that despair or indifference to their fate which has been the ruin of thousands in this life, and thrown a dreadful uncertainty, at least, on their state in another. In whatsoever stations in life they are cast, may my dear sons always consider Truth and Integrity as the only solid foundation of Honor. May they never be ashamed to repent of or atone for an error, nor ever let them suppose it possible for a *guilty* man to wash out the stains of his character in the blood of his accuser. Lastly, my dear Boys, should it be the will of God to spare you to an age of reason to comprehend and feel the full force of this address, let me conjure you, in whatsoever pursuits you engage in, never to lose sight of that prudent application to it that

may the sooner enable you to pay off part of the debt of gratitude you will owe to your dearest Mother, or those proofs of affection and support that your dear Sister will have so strong a claim to. Should the warmth of youth or ill example tempt you to a dissipation that might be destructive of these views, let the memory of an affectionate Father check you, who declares to you that his last moments will be soothed in the hopes that your duty and goodness may enable you to make that provision for the dear objects of his care which his situation prevented him from doing. So may God Almighty bless and prosper you in all your undertakings. I cannot doubt the tender and strong affection that my dear little Anne will ever feel towards such a Mother as her's, but I would anxiously warn her young heart of a danger that I have often known destructive of the welfare and happiness of young women who have fallen into it. Never then, my dearest child, withhold from that best, that most sure and disinterested friend, a fond Mother, your fullest Confidence, or suppose it possible that any person of either sex who desires you to conceal from her a wish, thought, or action of your life, can mean good to you. Have no intimate friend of your own sex that she does not know and approve; nor ever receive, much less encourage, any information that you are desired not to communicate to her. Her disinterested love must always assure you that she will be the first to assist you in everything that can contribute to your happiness, while her greater experience may enable her to detect and point out to you any schemes or views that may be destructive to it. God bless my sweet girl with an innocent and cheerful heart, and long preserve to her the protection of a Mother and Brothers loving and beloved by her. Consider your dear Sister as embarked with the Family for the voyage of life, unless a more eligible situation or protection offers to her. I therefore hope our Children will love, and I desire them always to respect, her." (This sister was my grandmother, Mrs. Watson's sister, Florence Colclough.)

"God bless and preserve you, my dearest love. May His goodness save you the shock I have been preparing to support



ANNE WATSON

AFTERWARDS THE WIFE OF JOHN HAWTREY

XIII

P. 205

you under, and grant us a happy meeting again ; but, if the contrary is His Divine Will, may His all-powerful protection watch over you, and pour into your heart ‘ that peace which the world cannot give.’ This will be the last wish of your Faithful and ever affectionate Husband, “JONAS WATSON.”

CHAPTER XXI

IRISH REBELLION

THE year 1795 was that of the return of my grandparents from Canada, and I will now add a few pages—unfortunately only a few—which my sister Harriet wrote years ago, partly at my mother’s dictation, giving an account of what followed :—

“In the year 1795 my Father came home from Canada. He sold his commission, and retired from the Service. He then purchased a beautiful house, surrounded by cultivated grounds, which, from the circumstance of the house being built on a rising hill, was named Mount Anna” (I believe Mount Anna was four or five miles from Wexford). “There he settled himself with every prospect of spending many happy years, devoted to the improvement of his tenantry and to the education of his family, the eldest of whom—myself—was now about ten, and the youngest a young babe.

“Three happy years were spent at Mount Anna, during which I was sent to a school at Wexford, where my Father used frequently to visit me. How shall I ever forget the joy I used to feel when I was called down from time to time to see my beloved Father !

“Every Saturday I came home to stay until Monday. The last Saturday I well remember. My Father and Mother were dining at Fairy Hill, Major Cavenagh’s place, which was about two miles from Mount Anna. Accordingly I was sent there, instead of home.

“On our return that night, some of us walking, others driving, we came to a place called the Crosses, or Cross-a-beg, from whence many roads proceeded, this being the origin of the name. Near this spot was an Inn, from which loud, harsh, rebellious sounds proceeded. My Father, giving me into the care of one of his friends, immediately entered the public-house, and after firmly but gently speaking to a very large mob whom he found there collected, he desired them immediately to disperse. In silence he was obeyed. Every man returned immediately to his own home.

“The next morning, as I was walking from room to room with that light and joyous feeling which children can scarcely fail to possess who, under like circumstances with myself, are feeling the sweets of liberty and freedom of home after the restraints of six days spent at school—as I was thus walking about and looking out of the windows, my attention was suddenly attracted by the sight of two horsemen galloping up the Avenue at the full speed of their horses. I flew down to tell my Father and Mother, and very shortly after they reached the door. My Father went out to speak to them, and, presently returning, said to my Mother:—

“‘My Dearest Harriet, the whole country is up in arms, and I am sent for to head the Troops. All I have to say to you is—Go as quick as you can to Wexford with the children.’ Almost immediately after, my Father was gone.

“What a change had now taken place in my feelings! The calm joy I had felt a few moments before was now exchanged for horror, alarm, as if some calamity would befall us before night—bustle, hurry, confusion.

“With the greatest haste our clothes and other necessities were packed up, with some hams and other salt meat, and two Jaunting Cars were laden with them. We then set forth—my Mother, my Aunt Florence Colclough, my six brothers and Sister, and a faithful nurse named Ally Parrel. At that time I remember her a tall, commanding-looking person; her love for my Mother and her children was only equalled by her zeal for the Roman Catholic Religion. She was with my Mother when I was born, and from that hour to that of her death she

never left our family. Faithful Ally! I look back with wonder, and think, how could we have lived the next few weeks if she had forsaken us?

"But to continue. Thus, with our two jaunting cars laden with ourselves and packages of all kinds, we proceeded to Wexford as fast as our horses could convey us, fearing at every turn of the road that we should be stopped by the rebels. It was awful, as we went on, to observe, far and near, houses, farms, and churches burning and blazing up to the sky! At last we reached Wexford, and were soon safely lodged in the house of my Mother's Aunt, Lady Colclough. The Town was in a state of the utmost confusion. Persons were hastily passing one another with fear and anxiety on their countenances, soldiers were seen in small parties talking to one another, but not one Rebel, at least not one declared Rebel, was to be seen, though the back streets was filled with them, only waiting for the appearance of their leaders to join them in the Field.

"Such was the state of Wexford during the whole of Sunday.

"In the evening my Father returned home; he had been endeavouring to keep back the Rebels from Wexford, but was rather hindered in his attempts than otherwise by the thoughtless, rash conduct of one of his officers, who insisted on taking his Regiment down into a valley, and of course the rebels, being on the opposite hill, had a very decided advantage over him. My beloved Father was rather low-spirited, but my Mother prevailed on him to eat something, which he did. After this we were sent to bed, and I remember well the extreme reluctance I had to leave my Father. Again and again I returned from the door to throw my arms round him and to bid him good-night. Surely I must have had some presentiment of a coming evil!

"Early the next morning my Mother was awoke by a voice near her bedside. She listened. It was the voice of my Father, who was earnestly praying. My Mother drew aside the curtains, and saw that the tears were running down the noble, manly face of her brave husband. She anxiously

enquired the cause of his tears, and whether he was unhappy. He said, 'No, Dear Harriet, not at all unhappy, but lie down again and sleep, for it is too early for you to be awake.' He then most tenderly kissed her, and said :—

“ ‘Don't make yourself unhappy, my love. I trust, if it please God, we shall meet again very soon.’ He then left the room. Some hours after, my Mother arose, and awaited with the greatest apprehension and fears for my Father's return. At last she took me out with her, and we walked up and down the streets, waiting for some one who could give us some information about my Father. At last we saw a soldier riding quickly up the street, and as he advanced my Mother cried out :—

“ ‘What news of Colonel Watson ?’

“ ‘Shot in the heart,’ was the reply, and the man flew by.

“My Mother stirred not, spoke not, but her look was more terrible to me than if she had given way to a frenzy of grief. At that moment Colonel Le Hunt, who had seen the whole, came up to us, and took my Mother into his house, but no effort of her friends could restore her to any state of feeling beyond the morbid insensibility into which she had fallen. After doing many things for her, she was taken back to Lady Colclough's and was set in a chair. . . .”

Here my sister Harriet's manuscript ends.

Some facts subsequent to what she tells I have known from childhood, and will presently add ; but first I wish to copy a passage taken from M'Greggor's "History of the French Revolution" :—

“The death of Colonel Watson at this critical juncture was a most unfortunate event for the cause of the Loyalists in the County of Wexford, as his long experience, bravery, and military talents would have proved a valuable acquisition to the subsequent operations. He had served for thirty-six years in the 65th and 13th Regiments of Foot, and displayed so much skill and intrepidity at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, and various other engagements in America and the West Indies, that he was appointed Governor of the important Fort of Niagara. A short time previous to the melancholy

period of which we are treating he settled with his Family near Wexford, and as soon as the insurrection broke out he joined the King's Troops as a Volunteer. The advice which he gave was upon every occasion attended to with that respect due to his talents and long experience; while the judicious disposition which he made of the Troops, together with the various works erected for the defence of the Town, again revived that confidence which had been shaken by the recent disastrous events. On the melancholy occasion by which the Country was deprived of the services of this gallant Officer, Colonel Watson nobly upheld his former character; for, when his Cavalry were compelled to retreat by the destructive fire of the enemy, he—like Colonel Gardiner at Preston Pans—continued to advance at the head of his small party of Infantry till a musket ball brought him from his horse, and the fall of their gallant leader occasioned the rout of the detachment."

And now I must try to give some account of what happened to my grandmother and her children at that melancholy time. She was as if turned to stone, and in all the alarm and confusion of that terrible day nothing had power to rouse her till at last Ally, the faithful nurse, said to her:—

"Mrs. Watson! do you wish to see the children butchered before your eyes?"

Thus urged, the poor bereaved mother allowed herself to be conveyed with her children to a small sailing vessel bound for Wales.

I suppose here they believed themselves to be in comparative safety. However, it seems that the captain was on the side of the rebels, for, when their forces took possession of the town, he, having not yet sailed, would not put to sea, but insisted upon landing his unfortunate passengers upon the quay of the now rebel town. "Who are these?" was asked in no gentle voices, as under the guidance of Ally they endeavoured to make their way back through the rebel crowds to the house that had sheltered them hitherto.

"Colonel Watson's widow and children," firmly answered their intrepid guardian, and they were not only allowed to

pass on unmolested, but I think they were favoured in their return, and that a rebel sentry was placed for their protection before the house, so much was the name of my grandfather respected.

There was most inveterate ill-will shown, however, in the case of a Protestant steward of Lady Colclough's. This man was searched for by the rebels with such bloodthirsty determination that a mattress was pierced by their pikes in case he had hidden himself in it. He escaped by hiding in a little theatre that there was in the top of the house. A cousin of my grandmother was one of the band of young patriots—as they supposed themselves—who had thought to benefit Ireland by preaching about freedom—young men who had caught their ideas from France. This gentleman, one of the Colcloughs, said to my grandmother: "Ah, Harriet! I did not know when this began how it would end!" He lost his life as one of the ringleaders of the rebellion.

During the period that Wexford remained in the hands of the rebels a sort of rude order was maintained, and provisions were served out, trade in the ordinary way being suspended. Ally used to go to the place where meat was to be had, to get what she could for the family, and would come home with the joint, or whatever it might be, and with the indignant exclamation:—

"I could have thrown it at his head! I believe it was a bit of one of Colonel Watson's own sheep."

And the faithful woman in that time of distress used to undo the quiltings of her petticoat, and take from that safe receptacle the guineas she had received as wages in time past from her kind master, and devote them now to the service of his widow and children. I believe order was restored after a few weeks, but my grandmother and her family continued to live in Wexford. A sad visit was paid once to Mount Anna, where all that had made it so sweet and charming a home was gone—laid in the grave of the dear father and master, or wrecked or made away with.

I may here add that an account of the Irish rebellion and a memoir of Colonel Watson were written long ago by his

eldest son, from which I can here only give extracts. He tells us that his father had been A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and continues:—

“Soon after my Father’s marriage, his Regt., the 65th, was ordered to Quebec, where he was nominated to the personal staff of the Governor, Lord Dorchester. He also, at this period, had the honour to acquire the personal friendship of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, then Prince Edward, which he retained to the day of his death, and which, after that, was extended to his wife and children.

“His appointment at Quebec was honourable and lucrative, but this did not prevent him from throwing it up in the purpose of accompanying his Regt. on active service to the West Indies. During the progress of this service, which was very severe, he had the opportunity of distinguishing himself in the Command of a Brigade, which, on one occasion, he led on with such irresistible spirit and gallantry as to accomplish an important object, and to raise himself still higher in the regard of Prince Edward, who witnessed the achievement, and to whose personal attentions he was indebted a short time afterwards, when he nearly fell a sacrifice to an attack of yellow fever.”

(From a note made by my aunt, the wife of the writer of the memoir, is the following:—

“These attentions” (from the Duke of Kent) “were chiefly shown on board the ship which conveyed H.R.H. and Colonel Watson back to Quebec, when the sufferer was often cheered, even in the dead of night, by the kind voice of his Royal Friend enquiring: ‘Watson, do you want anything?’” &c.)

“His Royal Highness also, as a mark of his regard, procured his nomination as Lieut.-Col. of the 13th Infantry, with permission to sell out. At this period my Father, though a very strong and healthy man, was well advanced in life. He had been 36 years in the Army, the greater part of which had been spent on foreign stations. His Family had now increased to seven children, and, as he had realised a moderate independency, he determined to retire, and to spend the

evening of his days in the tranquility of his domestic circle and in personally superintending the education of his sons. He accordingly quitted the Army and settled at Mount Anna, a pleasant spot near Wexford, in the year 1795."

My uncle concludes the memoir by some account of the Colcloughs, his mother's relations, and a somewhat remarkable account of an Irish funeral of 1624 :—

"My maternal grandfather, Thomas Colclough, was descended from an ancient and honourable family, as will be seen from the following inscription in the Chapel of Tintern Abbey, in the County of Wexford, which is still the residence of Cæsar Colclough, the present representative of the Family.

"TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN EPITAPH

"Here lyeth the body of Sir Anthony Colclough, Knt., eldest son of Richard Colclough of Walstanton in Staffordshire, who came first into this land the 31st year of Henry VIII., and then was Captain of Pensioners, in which place, and others of great charge, he continued a most faithful servitor during the life of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, and until the xxvi. year of our most noble Queen Elizabeth; then died, Dec. 1584.'

"He left, by his wife Clair Agare, Daūr. of Thomas Agare, seven sons and five Daughters. Thomas, 4th son of Anthony, married Martha, Daūr. of Thomas Loftus, Arch Bishop of Dublin and Lrd. Chancellor of Ireland, by whom he had 8 children. Sir Thomas married, secondly, Eleanor, Daūr. of Dudley Bagonel, Knt., sometime Marshal of the Army of Ireland, by whom he had issue, Dudley and Mabel. He died Aug. 23, and was interred Sep. 28, 1624.

"An old record in the hands of Mr. Lyons, seal-cutter, in Essex Street, Dublin, gives the order of the Funeral of Sir Thomas Colclough :—

"Two Footmen
 The Poor
 Edward Goats, with the Standard
 Nicholas Loftus' men
 Patrick Sarsfield's men
 Captain Butler's men
 John Pigott's men
 Sir Thomas Loftus' men
 Sir Adam Loftus' men
 The Lord Bishop of — men
 The Guides, by John Griffin
 Servants of Mr. Colclough
 Servants of the Lady Colclough
 Servants of the Demts
 John Panscrit. Anthony Colclough
 Walter Roch. John Allen, the son
 John Allen, the Father. Patrick Sarsfield
 John Pigott. Captain Butler
 Dudley Colclough. Anthony Colclough's children
 Mr. Matthew Lee, the Benchler
 Thomas Ramme, Lord Bishop of Fernes
 Crest, by John Colclough
 Target, by Nicholas Loftus
 'Albin Leveret Athlone, with the Coat'
 Dan Molineux, Ulster K. at Arms
 Sir Adam Loftus of Rathsenham, Knt., and one of the Privy Council
 Sir Thomas Loftus and Sir Robert Pigott
 Sir Nicholas Welsh and Mr. Adam Colclough, Heir to the defunct
 Roberts Tunstate and Hugh Danse, with staves."

I have a few more notes, copies of which I will add here, referring to my grandfather, Colonel Watson, or to the family into which he married:—

(1) "H.R.H. The Duke of Kent thus describes this event" (my grandfather's death) "in a letter written in 1817: 'One of my oldest military friends, the late Lt.-Col. of the 13th Infantry, who, after retiring from the Service, was killed at the Battle of Wexford, gloriously setting an example to the Yeomanry of the County.'"

(2) "His Brother Officers of the 13th erected a Monument to his Memory in Castlebridge Church, the Parish Church. And his eldest son, Lt.-Col. Thomas Colclough Watson"

(writer of the above memoir of his father), "on his return from India, after an absence of many years, finding his grave unmarked, placed over the honoured remains of his beloved Father a slab with a suitable Inscription."

This spot was visited by my cousin, Jonas Watson, in 1887, who writes to me as follows in June 1897:—

"The Tombstone over our Grandfather's grave at Carrig had been maliciously broken, and an attempt made to erase the word 'rebel.' I fear none of it remains now."

The inscription in Castlebridge Church is as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of Lieut.-Col. JONAS WATSON
Formerly of His Majesty's 65th and 13th Regiments of Infantry
And late an Officer in the Shelmalier Yeomanry Cavalry
Who after Thirty-five years of Gallant Service
in America and the West Indies, fell fighting in Defence of his
King and Country at the Three Rocks near Wexford
on the 30th day of May 1798.
As a tribute to his Gallantry as a Soldier and his
Virtues as a man
This Monument is erected by his Affectionate
Friends and Brother Officers.

A few more notes on the subject of the families of Vesey and Colclough will be found in the Appendix, note C.

CHAPTER XXII

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD WATSON

I COPY here the recollections of another of my uncles—Edward, one of my mother's younger brothers. He says:—

"I was the fourth son of the late Colonel Jonas Watson, and was born in Quebec on the 9th of January 1792. At that time my Father was on the Staff of H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent, then in Canada, and high in favour with that estimable Prince, who condescendingly became my Sponsor at the Baptismal Font, being present on the occasion, and after him I was named Edward.

"When about two years old, I was brought to Ireland, and my family settled at Mount Anna, within three miles of Wexford. . . .

"Nothing worthy of being here noted occurred until the breaking out of the rebellion in 1798, when my family removed into Wexford, and occupied a House in George Street belonging to the late Lady Colclough, who kindly presented it to us. My recollection of the dreadful scenes that occurred at that period is somewhat confused, but I remember seeing from a high window the massacre carried on at the Bridge, and, above all, on the day that my Father led out the troops to meet the rebels at the three Rocks, his horse returning without a rider.

"Shortly after, a man came running down the street calling out: 'The King's troops are beaten, and Colonel Watson is killed!' I never shall forget the agony of mind in which I said: 'O Mamma! is Papa dead?'

"When peace and order were somewhat restored in the Country, my Mother took her young family back to Mount Anna, where she continued to reside for a few years, during which I was sent as a boarder to a School in Wexford, with my Brothers Tom, Henry, and George. My Mother's next move was into Wexford, having disposed of her interest in Mount Anna. While here my Brother Henry, through the interest of Sir James Saumarez, a former friend of my Father, was entered as a Midshipman on board a British Man of War then at Cork.

"About the same time Tom got a Cadetship, and went out to India to serve under his Uncle, General Watson. The Duke of Kent, not long after my Father's death, wrote a most feeling and kind letter of condolence to my Mother, and promised to take me under his Patronage, and, when of sufficient age, to place me at the Royal Military College, then at Great Marlow.

"General Man, also a former friend of my Father, presented my Brother George with a Cadetship in the Military Academy at Woolwich, on which he was to enter when he completed his 14th year.

"The next occurrence of importance in the Family was

the Marriage of my Sister Anne to Captain Hawtreys of the 25th Regt., a part of which was then quartered in Wexford.

"Soon after, my Mother removed to Dublin, where George, William, and I went to a School in St. Stephens Green.

"George's time approaching to enter the Academy, it was deemed advisable to send him to a preparatory school in Wexford, and my Mother brought her three remaining children, William, Harriet, and myself, to Limerick, where Mrs. Hawtreys then was.

"The time having now nearly arrived for me to enter, and it being thought necessary that I should have the advantage of some months' preparation at an English School, I took my departure from Limerick and proceeded to Dublin. From thence I took Ship on board a Packet for Holyhead, and went on to London. I brought with me two letters of recommendation—one from my Mother to General Matthews, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, one of my Father's Military Friends, and one from Captain Hawtreys to his friend Mr. Gregg of the Temple. With the latter I remained some days. While here, the Revd. Stephen Hawtreys, Brother to Captain Hawtreys, called on me, and showed me much kindness. I was soon joined by my Brother George, and he took an opportunity of waiting on General Matthews, who said he had been commissioned by my Mother to place us at a good Preparatory Military School.

"On consulting with Mr. Frazer, Army Agent, it was decided that we should proceed to Woolwich and place ourselves at a School kept by Mr. Bligh. There we remained, studying the entrance course, until I completed my thirteenth year, when I left it for Great Marlow, and there passed my examination with credit.

"My first year at the College was spent in comparative idleness, but, getting a little more wisdom, I determined to prosecute my Studies with diligence, and I then found things in every respect to go on better. I should have mentioned that my dear Mother brought us up with strict principles of Morality, which preserved us from much of the wickedness so much practised at a public seminary.

“The College was often visited by members of the Royal Family and Ministers of the Crown; frequently by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who, on each occasion of coming, had me sent for, took me by the hand, called me his Godson, and observed to the Commandant that I was the Son of a friend whose memory was exceedingly dear to him.

“At the end of three years I was pronounced fit to stand my examination for a commission in the Army, and, the important day having arrived, I was marched with several others to the Examination Hall, where were present, to terrify us in witnessing our examination, His late Majesty William the fourth, then Duke of Clarence, the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, the Earl Harcourt, with a number of other general and Field Officers. I received a gracious and encouraging recognition from the Duke of Kent, plucked up my courage, and got through my examination far more successfully than I expected. Suffice it to say that I was immediately nominated for a commission. After my examination the Duke of Kent wrote a congratulatory letter to my Mother, stating that I had passed to his satisfaction and that I should shortly be Gazetted. At the same time he condescendingly invited George and me to pay him a visit at Kensington Palace. On our way home the coming vacation we accordingly did call, but His Royal Highness was not at home. We left our cards, which produced another letter to my Mother, regretting his absence, as ‘it would have afforded him much pleasure to have taken the little fellows by the hand.’

“The Vacation soon following, I went home to Wexford, whither my Mother had returned on the removal of Captain Hawtrey’s Regiment from Limerick. I had not been there many weeks when my name appeared in the *Gazette*, and shortly after I received a communication from the Horse Guards to report myself there as soon as possible, that I might receive instructions with respect to joining my regiment, then on its way to Portugal, to join Sir Arthur Wellesley.

“In London I met three other young Officers with a small detachment of Privates, also on their way to join the same Regiment. We proceeded to Deal, and were sent on board a

fine ship, in which was also embarked the right wing of the 43rd Regt., destined for Corunna, and forming a portion of the Force commanded by Sir David Baird. Soon after, we got under way for Falmouth, and arrived there next day. Walking in the streets of Falmouth, I met an old school-fellow and townsman, John Elgee, son of the Arch-Deacon of Wexford. He had come thither to seek his fortune as a Volunteer. His present object was to get to Corunna, and he asked me if I could assist its accomplishment. I made application at the proper quarter, and succeeded beyond my expectation, for he was immediately appointed to go out in the Transport with us, which he did, and soon after obtained a commission.

“The Fleet arrived at Corunna in four days. Immediately the vessels were surrounded by Spanish Bumboats containing fruit, eggs, poultry, and vegetables for sale. The men had ribbons on their hats, on which was written in Spanish, ‘Long live Ferdinand the Seventh and George the Third!’

“We were now appointed to do duty with the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, and, the necessary arrangements being made, the army received an order to advance to Lugo; from thence we continued our march to Astorga, at which place we remained for some weeks. While here, we learned that the French were making rapid advances, and had lately beaten the Spanish General, Palafox, so that we expected very shortly to meet them ourselves.

“It was now deemed necessary to send a portion of the treasure brought over by Sir David Baird, to the Army under Sir John Moore; there was, therefore, a treasure guard formed of the several detachments belonging to regiments of Sir John Moore’s Army that had come out with Sir David Baird. Of course, our little detachment formed a part. The whole of this Force was placed under the command of Colonel Peacock of the 71st Regt.

“Having received instructions to proceed by the most direct route across the country to form a junction with Sir John Moore, in the promptest manner we took our departure, and shaped our course for Braganza, on the confines of Portugal.

“After several days’ fatiguing march we found ourselves approaching the city, and were met outside it by a number of the most respectable citizens, who welcomed us most cordially as the first British Troops that had passed through that city. There was no occasion to issue Billets, the inhabitants vying with each other to get possession of the Officers and men as guests. A most respectable-looking person came up to me, took me by the arm, and said I should make his house my home while we remained. I soon discovered that he was a noble of Portugal, and held the rank of Marquis. He brought me to a splendid house, at the door of which was a Portuguese Sentinel, who presented arms as we passed. I was conducted upstairs to a magnificent room, and was immediately waited on by servants carrying silver salvers containing sweetmeats, wines, and preserves of every kind. After having partaken of a capital supper, and being a good deal fatigued, my host asked me if I would like to retire to bed, which kind proposal I gladly accepted, and was shown into a room fit for a Prince. The bed was covered with a rich satin quilt, embroidered with gold ; the sheets were Cambric, bordered with broad Brussels lace ; and all the service was of silver.

“The next day it was my turn to mount guard over the Treasure, which consisted of thirty mules’ burden of dollars and doubloons. I accordingly took leave of my kind host, expecting to know no more of his hospitality until the following day, but was surprised about dinner time by the arrival of several servants with covered dishes containing an abundant and excellent repast ; the same was repeated at supper.

“When relieved the next morning, I repaired to the house of my kind friend, which being large, and I knowing little of its geography, made a wrong turn, lost my way, when, hearing voices, I went on, knocked at a door, and on its being opened, found myself in the presence of the ladies of the House, the Mother and several daughters. I apologized as well as I could, and was about to retire, when they asked me to be seated, and we had some conversation. They spoke highly of the British, whom they regarded as deliverers from

the usurpation of Napoleon. Often, during the privations that I was afterwards called on to endure, I thought of the contrast at Braganza, and cherished warm feelings of gratitude towards my host and his estimable family.

"The next day we resumed our march in the direction of Miranda, and suffered much from exposure to wet weather and muddy ways. We remained a day at Miranda to recruit. Here two of my brother officers, Robinson and Dallas, and I, formed a plan to mess and lodge together during the remainder of the march, each taking his daily turn to provide in the best way circumstances would allow, having the aid and direction of our three servants and a lad of our Band, whom we kept on our establishment to amuse us in the evening with music. We found this arrangement of material advantage throughout our subsequent movements. We took our departure on the second day on the route to Lamego, a city of considerable note.

"It was again my turn to mount guard, but as arrangements had been made to lodge our treasure for security in the Bishop's Palace during our stay, and as no soldiers were allowed to keep guard there, I alone occupied the room in which it was stored, having all under my lock and key. By the Bishop's instruction I attended the Refectory at meal times, where I was always well provided for, and was pleased to find plain food without the mixture of garlic.

"Having made a halt of a few days at Lamego, we continued our march to Almeida, a place afterwards rendered famous by a severe conflict which occurred on the plains before it between the French and English. Learning that Sir John Moore's army had got to the north of us, we received a hasty order to march in his direction, but had not proceeded far when we received information that a portion of the French army had come between us and the British. Colonel Peacock was nevertheless for continuing to advance in that direction, though our Force was totally inadequate to defend the treasure should we be attacked, it consisting of but eighty or ninety men, while there were thousands of French. The officers of the detachment, therefore, waited on Captain

Drew of the 45th, the second in command, requesting that he would call a council to deliberate as to the propriety of advancing under such circumstances. It was unanimously agreed that we should, in a body, remonstrate with Colonel Peacock, which was accordingly done; but he remained immovable, and we had no alternative to preserve the treasure and our liberty but to risk the consequences of disobedience in that instance. Accordingly, when Colonel Peacock gave the word to march, Captain Drew stepped forward and said, 'Halt.' He then faced us in the opposite direction and gave the word to advance. Captain Drew was afterwards brought to a Court-martial for this and cashiered, having thrown himself on the mercy of the Court instead of calling on his brother officers to justify him in the step he had taken, which really was the means of preserving the treasure and the lives of the escort.

"Our retreat now became exceedingly rapid, in the hope of reaching Vigo, where we knew there were British Transports, before we shd. be interfered with by the French. We only escaped a large body of their cavalry by crossing a mountain covered with snow, over which was no path or road; and we had to send men forward to harden a narrow path, where but one could walk. Up this we had to drag the treasure; and, as the same attention could not be paid to the baggage mules and donkeys, several of them lost their footing, rolled over the side of the hill, and were seen no more. This was the fate of my mule and baggage, consisting of a large leather trunk well packed, and several smaller articles, leaving me possessed of nothing but the almost worn-out clothing on me. Dallas also lost his luggage. This may well be believed to have proved one of the greatest privations we could have endured under such circumstances. The soles of my boots were completely worn off, and I might be said to have walked barefoot, though, for appearance sake, I wore the upper parts. A poor state in which to contend with the season and the snow. . . .

"On Christmas day, after a wearisome march, we arrived, covered with mud, at a little Village. After devoting a little

time to cleansing, I began to prepare our Christmas dinner. Raisins were not to be had in the Village, so I substituted grapes, which I rolled up in a cake made of flour and water. A turkey I had killed (and paid for) on the way, we roasted, and regaled sumptuously on our simple fare.

“The next day we continued our march, and I recollect nothing worth recording until we came to a Village where the manners of the Spaniards were greatly changed towards us. From kindness of manner and a wish to contribute to our wants, they now became churlish, and in many cases quite hostile, refusing provisions even for money. It appeared that they only made civil advances as long as the expectation lasted that we could maintain their country for them, but now that they saw it about to be abandoned by the British, they gave expression to bad feeling, a proof of which I was soon called on to experience.

“It being my day to cater, I remained at home, while Robinson and Dallas went out to look about the Village, and took with them the three servants, leaving me only the Band boy. Of the inhabitants of the house I saw none but an old woman, whom I asked if she had anything eatable, for which I would amply pay her. She said she had nothing, and seemed much annoyed at our presence. I told her if anything could be had we must not starve; and, approaching the door of a room which appeared to be a kind of store, I saw, through a small aperture, several hams. I asked her to sell me one, but she refused, on which, impelled by hunger, and the desire to procure a good dinner for my companions and self, which so seldom fell to our lot, I kicked open the door, and in a few minutes, with the aid of the Band boy, had the ham in an earthen vessel over a charcoal fire. The old woman exclaimed, and went out of the house, for which I was not sorry. I must here observe that the fires in the houses of the Spanish peasantry are in a sunken place of a square form in the centre of the room, with steps leading down to it on each side; the fire consists of charcoal in a metal or iron pan. I sat on the side with my back to the stairs, while the band boy occupied the opposite seat. We were enjoying the prospect

of our mess, when we heard the street door opened with some violence, and several voices in angry tone, followed by the clatter of many footsteps on the stairs. The band boy, who faced the stairs, cried out, 'Get up, sir, or we'll be murdered!' I drew my sword, and sprang to a corner of the room, awaiting their approach. There were ten or twelve savage-looking Spaniards, armed with long knives and clubs. The band boy made his escape, and hid in the store-room. They came on with fury in their looks, talking rapidly and loudly. I feared I should have to use my weapon in defence; at the same time I used my utmost endeavours to pacify them, keeping them at sufficient distance to enable me to use my sword. I tried to make them understand, as well as I could, that we had no wish to take anything without giving the full value; that we had left our own country to endure privation and suffering in fighting for them, while they refused us the necessities of life.

"The Spaniards, no doubt thinking I was ready to run through the first that advanced, kept at bay, though the fellows in the rear tried to push the foremost on. Never did 'Sister Ann' in 'Blue Beard' long more ardently for the sight of her brothers than I to hear the stentorian voice of Robinson!

"I continued to occupy my unenviable position for some time, appearances each moment growing worse. At length I heard the street door opened, and Robinson roaring out, 'Who have we got here?' 'Be quick, Robinson!' I exclaimed; 'here are fellows come to murder me!'

"Robinson was a Scotchman, able-bodied, and six feet five inches tall; he always carried a brace of pistols loaded. In two strides he was at the top of the stairs, roaring like a bull, which struck terror into the hearts of the Spaniards, who however gave Dallas a blow over the balustrade as he ascended. Our work now was easy. The Spaniards' motto appeared to be 'Sauve qui peut.' We soon had them in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, and we saw and heard no more of them during our stay.

"Much sameness characterised the remainder of our retreat

to Vigo, in which we experienced great privation and exposure to wet and cold. At Vigo we delivered up the treasure, which was safely lodged on board a man-of-war lying in the Bay, our detachment being shipped on board a transport bound for Portsmouth.

“ On the Voyage home we were three times on the verge of shipwreck. When orders were given for the Fleet to sail, our’s, being the innermost vessel, was the last to move ; and, though the wind was fair in the morning, it changed and came on to blow before we could weather a dangerous reef of rocks at the entrance of the bay on the north side, and on which the wreck of a fifty-gun ship was lying at that time. We were obliged to make a tack to accomplish our purpose, but the ship missed stays, and was running direct on the reef. I was standing by the Captain on the quarter-deck ; seeing our dangerous position (for we were within two or three yards of the rocks), he dropped on his knees and cried, ‘ God be merciful to us ! we are gone ! ’ The Lord was graciously merciful to us, for in a moment the sails were taken aback from the opposite point, and the Vessel thrown off so as to clear the dreaded object of destruction. The wind was increasing to a storm ; we ran back into the bay, and came to anchor in shelter, which also proved a merciful providence, for the vessels that had gone out all experienced loss, more or less. One foundered, with the loss of the crew and passengers ; others returned next morning much disabled. On the weather improving, we again sailed, but had not crossed the Bay of Biscay when another dreadful storm came on. I was awakened by a sea breaking on deck and half filling the Cabin. On looking out, the scene was terrific, and one circumstance was truly awful. Several feet of water were in the hold, the pumps choked, and the Captain, saying there was no chance of weathering the storm, went down into his state room and drank a quantity of ardent spirits, depriving himself of consciousness and almost of life—a fearful state in which to be called into the presence of his Judge. The mate, an active seaman, took command of the Vessel. We got men into the hold with buckets, and worked hard to clear the ship, hoping the storm might soon subside.

The vessel was laid to, under bare poles, and we awaited the event. I lay down that night with little hope of seeing the day, but He in whose hands are our times rebuked the storm and delivered us, contrary to our expectations. How hard is the heart of man by nature ! Neither judgements nor mercies make impression until it is softened by grace. The danger over, all were as merry as before. The Captain, ashamed of the part he had played, came to entreat that we would not report his conduct to the Board, which we ought to have done, but we did it not.

“We soon got within sight of the white cliffs of Britain, which was cheering after our many trials. But another awaited us before we landed.

“We had hardly passed the Needles when another storm came on, more furious, if possible, than the former, and blew right out of the harbour. We had no alternative but to come to an anchor in a most perilous situation. A dangerous sand-bank lay to leeward of us, our anchors would not hold, and we were gradually approaching the fatal spot, and thought it hard, after all we had gone through, to be lost in a British harbour. The constant cry was for more service to protect the chafing cables, the sea making a clean breach over us from stem to stern. No pilot or lifeboat could approach us, and we were given up for lost by those on shore. But man’s extremity is often God’s opportunity. When human help failed, He appeared on our behalf—again hushed the storm when we were within a few yards of the destructive bank.

“This occurred about midnight. I had lain down quietly to await my expected end, and had actually fallen asleep. On awaking in the morning I heard strange voices on deck, and soon learned that pilots had come to take the vessel to Portsmouth. I went on deck, and was greeted with a most delightful prospect, the morning sun shining on the green fields of England.

“We soon reached Portsmouth and disembarked, most pitiable-looking objects, our regimentals torn and discoloured, nearly barefoot, and altogether worthy of commiseration ; but we found ourselves amongst those who could sympathise with

our sufferings, and we did, indeed, experience much kindness, and were soon enabled to refit. Then for the first time we learned the account of the Battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore.

“After a few days’ rest at Portsmouth, on the return of the Regiment from Corunna, we received the order to march for Canterbury; and after a sufficient time had elapsed for discipline, orders came to hold ourselves in readiness to join the expedition being formed under Lord Chatham for the invasion of Flushing . . . the storming and capture of which being accomplished, we returned to England; the whole proceeding possessing little of renown.

“When we had taken possession of our old Quarters at Canterbury we were distressed to find that the Walcheren fever had greatly reduced our Regiment.

“I had, of course, embraced every opportunity that offered while away of writing home. I now learned that my Brother-in-law, Captain Hawtreys, had left the Army, and settled with his family at Sidbury Cottage, about three miles from Wexford, and that his views of religion had become much more strict, which at that time I thought quite needless.”

Leave having been offered, he continues:—

“I thankfully embraced the offer, and lost little time in proceeding to Wexford. . . . So far as affection went, I found no change. . . . Before retiring to rest a few hymns were sung, after which Captain Hawtreys read a chapter and prayed extemporaneously, a thing new to me and at which I wondered, but as he recited in his prayer some of the providences by which I was preserved and brought home in safety, feelingly returning thanks for them, I felt greatly affected.

“It being Assize time, a public ball was announced, and my dear mother promised to accompany me on that occasion, for she could not get over the wish she had to see me figure in regimentals at least once in the town of my School-boy days.

“On the day of the ball I met Captain Hawtreys on the stairs. He asked me to step into his room for a few minutes, and, though annoyed at the interruption, I did so. On being seated, he began in a simple but engaging way to speak to me

of religion, briefly stating the very elements of divine truth. . . . He pointed out God's love in providing a Saviour able to save to the uttermost, being God and Man in One Christ, who undertook to answer for man's transgressions and paid the penalty by dying, the Just for the unjust. The word came with power and produced so great an impression upon my mind that I should have gone to prison rather than to the ball. He said nothing about such amusements being wrong, but the subjects on which he set me thinking made them distasteful and unsuited to my frame of mind.

"My Brother George had been appointed to a lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers, and obtained leave to visit his family while I remained, so that we had the pleasure of being all together for a short and happy season."

After this, the writer was ordered out with his regiment to Lisbon, and his brother George to Gibraltar.

He writes: "And we enjoyed the pleasure of frequent correspondence, in which we endeavoured to strengthen each other in running the Christian race. I also received encouraging letters from home to the same effect, particularly from Captain Hawtrey."

They had not been long at Lisbon when orders came to march and form a junction with Lord Wellington's army.

"Nothing remarkable occurred until we joined the army at Thomar, where my Regiment was quartered in a large Monastery on a hill above the town, and I occupied a cell which had been the dormitory of a monk; its furniture consisted of an old table, a chair, and a few boards intended for a bed. In this abode I enjoyed many seasons of refreshing from the Lord; I felt greatly impressed with a sense of the awful darkness that surrounded me.

"There were no Chaplains to the Regiments, no religious observances whatever, and circumstanced as we were, life being peculiarly uncertain, none needed religious instruction more than the Soldiers. I was therefore led to make enquiries if there were any amongst the men of the Brigade who cared for their souls. The result was that I was enabled to induce a few to attend at my cell to receive such few hints as I could

communicate. The Lord was pleased to bless the attempt, and in a very short time my apartment could not contain the numbers that attended, and they frequently thronged around the door. I was thus led on from step to step, receiving aid from on high that proved a subject of astonishment to me. The soldiers attended each evening, and I read and expounded the Scriptures to them, and the Lord so blessed the feeble effort that many were brought to repentance.

“The matter now began to obtain publicity and to rouse hostile feeling. Some of the Officers, excited partly by curiosity, came to witness what was going forward, and to make a mock at what they considered so extraordinary and uncalled for. However, they were restrained on witnessing the orderly manner of our meeting. I now experienced some dreadful assaults from the enemy of souls respecting some of the doctrines of Scripture. . . . I acutely felt the want of an experienced christian counsellor, but the Lord was at hand, though I saw Him not, because of the horror of the great darkness that came over my mind. I lost all manifest intercourse with God in prayer, but spent hours at a time on my knees. At the time I thought God had forsaken me, but was afterwards taught to know that in these things was the life of my Spirit.

“I must now mention a circumstance that appeared graciously overruled. It was my turn to mount guard as a subaltern under a captain, and the hour for doing so was ten o'clock. That morning, being much distressed in mind, I rose at four o'clock and walked to a lonely ruin, taking my Bible in my pocket; reading which, and attempting to pray, so engaged my mind that the hour for mounting guard arrived without my perceiving the lapse of time. I felt horrified on discovering this, for it occurred to me that a charge would justly be brought against me, which would be attributed to the cause of religion. I hurried back to my quarters and dressed for guard, and with a trembling heart proceeded to the station, expecting a very severe reprimand, if not an arrest. I went to the Captain, who received my apology with great good humour, and in a jocose manner said: ‘I suppose you were praying, and I hope you remembered me!’

“Dysentery now broke out in the army, and I took the disorder, which brought me to the very verge of the grave.

“My illness in a measure disturbed our evening meetings, but the desire of the soldiers to attend them was so strong that no occasion was lost when I could sit up; and it was cheering to hear the poor fellows, in their simple way, pray for themselves and for me.

“Sudden tidings of the approach of the French produced a hasty order to march to meet them. I was too ill to accompany the Regiment, and was sent with a number of sick men and officers back to Lisbon, on horseback to the Tagus, and down the river in boats. I now began to gather strength rapidly, and by the time we arrived I was restored, and lost no time in rejoining my Regiment. Since I had left them they had fallen in with the French, and fought the Battle of Busaco. I met them when on their retreat to occupy the lines of Torres Vedras.

“While we remained there we recommenced our meetings for Scripture reading, and took possession of a deserted house for the purpose. The number of attendants daily increased, and men from different Regiments were anxious to attend, which was a great cause for thankfulness and encouragement. And a faithful companion from among my brother Officers was given me. Lieutenant Whitley had several times reasoned with me, and always listened to me in a patient and gentlemanlike way. He observed to me one day: ‘I wish to know the truth, and must confess that frequently, while I opposed you in words, I felt that my objections were more caused by prejudice than by reason.’ This was an honest confession, and showed a mind open to conviction. I told him: ‘The treasure you desire is the pearl of great price, to be found in the field of the Scriptures, and when the Lord by His Spirit teaches us to value His truth, we may well regard all else as dross.’ He said: ‘I fear I have been living in error; but what is truth? I care not for the consequences or the cost, provided that I could find a foundation to rest my confidence on, which would not be shaken.’

“Lieutenant Whitley was a man of refined and scientific

mind, and was always in the habit of tracing effects to their causes; and though such minds, when not influenced by sacred truth, are too often employed in the evil service of scepticism, yet when brought under the influence of grace they prove helpful in the cause of God. 'Whitley,' I said, 'The Scriptures possess a powerful internal evidence of a Divine author, and the way of salvation therein presented is of a character so peculiar, and suitable to the lost condition of man, as to prove beyond all question that they never could have been the production of human ingenuity. . . . God has shown how Justice and Truth have met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.'

"From this time we were as much together as possible, searching the Scriptures. His object now was not to object, but to seek for information. I endeavoured to explain to him, as they had been explained to me, the doctrines of the fall of man, and his recovery by means of the manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh to fulfil all righteousness, and suffer the penalty due to unrighteousness, as Substitute and Representative of His people. At the same time I said these truths can only come in power to the mind by the operation of the Holy Spirit. His constant enquiry was: 'How am I to get the Spirit?' while to me it seemed manifest that that blessed instruction, as a still, small voice, was influencing him while he spoke.

"Our evening meetings began to cause much noise and commotion, and became a common topic of conversation and abuse. On my way to the place I had frequently to encounter the sneers of my brother officers from their windows. Amongst other things they called me 'Coachie,' saying I drove the mail coach to Heaven, and crying out: 'Any room for passengers inside or outside to-night?' I mention this to show that it required some firmness on the part of poor Whitley to take a step which I proposed to him. He was well aware of the jests practised on me, and had not as yet attended a meeting.

"One day, on his repeating the question, 'How am I to get the Spirit?' I replied: 'The Lord said, "Ask and ye shall

receive.” He said : ‘ I hope I have asked, though feebly.’ I remarked : ‘ Jesus said again, “ If a man will be My disciple, he must deny himself and take up his Cross and follow Me.” ’ ‘ What did He mean by that ? ’ he said. I told him : ‘ You can now have a practical proof. You know we have a public meeting ; will you take up your Cross and come to-night ? ’ ‘ Anything but that,’ he said. ‘ But you must remember the word of Jesus,’ I told him, ‘ “ Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and My doctrine in this sinful generation, of him will I be ashamed when I come in My Glory.” ’ ‘ Oh,’ he exclaimed, ‘ I will go.’ And he went, under very great exercise of mind.

“ Not one of the opposers that night made their appearance. When he had arrived at the place he said : ‘ Men, I am come to tell you that I am come to seek the truth, and hope I am willing to suffer anything in order to find it.’ An exclamation of joy and thankfulness broke from the poor soldiers.

“ Whitley was not a little surprised at the simple and feeling manner in which one or two of them made him a subject of their prayers. At the conclusion of the meeting he again made a remark expressive of his desire to find the truth, but evidently under strong excitement of feeling. On coming out, not taking heed to his steps, he stumbled, and fell over a stone that was beside the doorway. I hoped he had not hurt himself. He told me the agony of his mind was such that he could feel no pain of body. We walked unobserved to his Quarters, when, on reaching them, he cried out : ‘ Oh, Watson, I am lost.’ I told him, if the Lord had given him to feel his lost state as a sinner, it was only to fit him for the Lord Jesus, who had come to seek and to save the lost. We knelt down, and I prayed with him for a short time, when he stopped me and said : ‘ Watson, I think I can pray.’ He then began most earnestly to call upon the Lord, and the Lord hearkened, and soon filled him with joy and peace in believing. He now became valiant for the truth, and ceased not to speak of Jesus.

“ This, as may be supposed, produced a still louder outcry from the opponents, who determined if possible not to allow such things to continue or spread.

“In spite of this opposition, the house in which we met proved quite too small to contain the numbers that attended, and, as the inhabitants had for the most part left the Town, we quietly took possession of a Roman Catholic Church, there being none to oppose us, and, though capable of containing some hundreds, it was frequently well filled.

“The first Battalion of the 9th, with which I was, had been for some months under command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford, Colonel Cameron being in England on sick leave. The former was a brave man, and one who seemed to have his whole mind occupied with military concerns, taking little interest in anything else. The young officers, being now determined to arrest if possible our proceedings, went in a body to the Colonel and represented to him that such extraordinary doings in the Regiment would subject him to be called in question for permitting them, and would bring a reproach on the corps throughout the Army. He, not discovering the fallacy or the design of such views, said that he would take measures to stop what they complained of. And he sent for me, and asked: ‘What is this I hear of you? I understand you are in the habit of assembling the soldiers in a Roman Catholic Church, and there preaching to them.’

“I said: ‘The charge is true; but if there were chaplains with the army to instruct the soldiers, I should be happy to take the place of a hearer and not a teacher, to which office I have only been led by feeling the necessity of the case. Soldiers hold their lives, as far as we can see, on a more uncertain tenure than other men, and there is none to speak to them or to care for their spiritual welfare. And as the Lord has been pleased to impress my mind with a sense of the importance of eternal things, how could I refrain from speaking? Truly my efforts are feeble, but I believe the Lord has been pleased to acknowledge them in a measure, for many who formerly were very profane are now steady and obedient soldiers, fearing God as well as honouring the King. I have brought with me a list of their names, and, if you will take the trouble to enquire of the Officers or non-commissioned Officers with

respect to their conduct, you can fully satisfy yourself as to the truth of my statement, &c.'

"On that occasion the Colonel said he could not bring himself to give me an order to discontinue the meetings, but said he had no alternative but to report the whole matter to the General commanding the Brigade.

"This he did, and an official communication required Whitley and me to appear at the General's quarters, whither, at the appointed hour, we repaired, and found several officers with the General, among whom was Colonel Crawford, who made his statement in our presence, and the General observed that it was the most extraordinary thing he had ever heard.

"We simply stated our motives and the importance of the subject that influenced our conduct.

"'If Soldiers were accountable only to human authority, then, indeed, they might be left to perish like the beasts of the field; but, as we must all appear before the Judgement Seat of our Maker, we have conceived that in attempting to explain the important truths of the Scriptures we were not guilty of a breach of the Articles of War, which rather supported than condemned such proceedings.' He replied 'That it was out of character for officers to turn preachers, and tended to lower the profession.' We begged humbly to reply 'That such was not the opinion of Colonel Gardiner and many other officers high in command.' The General said it was not to discuss points of religion, but to put an end to such wild and un-officer-like practices, that he had sent for us.

"We replied 'that all military commands, not contrary to conscientious convictions, we are taught in the Scriptures to obey; but, when the authority of the creature opposes that of the Creator, we must obey God rather than man.' The General said: 'What right have you to think you are doing the will of God?'

"Whitley meekly answered: 'The tree is known by his fruits,' alluding to the happy effects produced on the minds of the soldiers.

"The General then turned to Colonel Crawford and said:

‘In my opinion they are fit subjects for a lunatic asylum, and should be placed in strait waistcoats; but, to shorten the matter, let them be reported at Head Quarters, and, in the meantime, place them under arrest; for, during thirty-seven years’ service, I never yet met with a more flagrant instance of open and rebellious mutiny.’

“The Colonel good-naturedly said: ‘General, with your leave, I will not arrest them, but make the report as you direct.’

“We then retired and sought strength, direction, and consolation from the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. We were constantly expecting an order to discontinue our meetings, but none came; and we learned, to the honour of the illustrious Duke of Wellington, that, on receiving the Colonel’s report, he remarked: ‘If officers and soldiers perform their military duties, I shall never interfere with their religious opinions or acts.’

“Before the expiration of many months, both General Hay and Colonel Crawford were called to their last account, being shot in battle. Their opposition to our attempts to benefit the soldiers was no doubt the result of a mistaken sense of duty.

“Our next move was into an encampment in the lines, stretching from Villa Franca to Mafra. Tourists and readers of books of travel are familiar with descriptions of Mafra, with its convent and palace; of Cintra, with its rugged heights and shady cork-groves; and of the mountain peaks crowned with the convents of Señora da Penha and the old moorish castle. All these were within the lines of Torres Vedras, about twenty miles from Lisbon. But we had little time or care then for what was historical or picturesque. We were close to, and opposite to, the French Army under Massena, in daily expectation of a general engagement.

“The duty here was severe, the whole army being turned out every morning at three o’clock to stand under arms until broad day; reconnoitring parties and picquets were constantly on the move.

“It was said that when Marshal Massena came upon the

British Army in the lines of Torres Vedras, as prepared by the foresight, sagacity, and skill of Wellington, he surveyed the position for three consecutive days in mute astonishment, though no doubt with annoyance which exceeded his astonishment.

"The French army, having consumed all the provisions they could obtain in the country (and even having slaughtered their own horses for food), must of necessity make a move, in advance or in retreat. The strength of the British lines, of which they were well aware, deterred them from the former, and left them no alternative but a rapid and most disastrous retreat. They broke up their encampment in the night, leaving fires lighted to induce the belief that they still occupied their position, but daylight discovered their departure, and produced immediate orders for pursuit.

"On former occasions I had experienced a good deal of privation and distress, but the suffering, mental and bodily, endured in that pursuit much exceeded anything before known by me.

"The French laid waste the country through which they passed, burned the houses, tore up the vineyards, and slaughtered the inhabitants in the most barbarous and wanton manner. The way was strewn with broken lumber, and the bodies of horses, mules, and men. Many of the French died of starvation, or, unable to proceed, fell into the hands of straggling Portuguese parties, who retaliated most fearfully, lighting fires and dragging the unfortunate wretches into them. Many in the last agonies of life called upon us as we passed, for pity's sake, to knock out their brains and end their sufferings.

"In testimony to the humane feelings of the British soldiers, I may say I never knew them to omit an opportunity of ministering, as far as was in their power, to the miseries and wants of their fallen enemies, and sharing their last morsel of bread, or cup of water, with the dying victims of war. It must be borne in mind that supplies for the Army were deposited in Lisbon, and were forwarded to the lines as required.

"Our advance had been so unexpected and so rapid that no time was afforded for commissary arrangements, and we were daily widening the distance between us and our provision stores. . . .

"We had now, therefore, to endure with other privations the pangs of hunger, and I was driven to the extremity of eating miserable horseflesh, or sustaining life with a small cup of rice for four days at a time. This state of things was remedied as soon as proper arrangements and active exertions could bring it about. . . .

"We now came to a considerable stream, over which the French had passed in the morning, taking up a position on the other side, but, in consequence of torrents of rain which had fallen during the day, it had swollen to a rapid river, on the margin of which we were drawn up, waiting orders simultaneously to ford the river and attack the French. The signal was to be a gun fired on the right, which we were awaiting with breathless expectation. However, it occurred to the General commanding that, previous to entering the River, it would be well to ascertain its depth. A dragoon was therefore ordered to the office. He plunged in with his horse and found the river quite unfordable. So the design of crossing it that night was abandoned, and we bivouacked on the adjacent ground.

"Being soiled with mud (and our baggage a day's march in the rear—always the case when close up with the enemy), to cleanse myself I went into the water to wash off the stains, and in my wet clothes lay down and fell asleep.

"I felt numbed all over when I awoke, nor did proper circulation return until we were far advanced on our march next day.

"The French had destroyed everything in the way of fuel, so that we seldom enjoyed the comfort of a good fire. It was a running fight each day between the rear of the French and the advance of the British; from sunrise to sunset there was little cessation of firing. One day the country in our front opened into an extended plain, and the French drew up in it to give battle.

"As our troops came up they deployed and formed line,

but previously had to close their Columns. In this situation my Regiment was obliged to stand some minutes waiting for room to advance. I was standing near some young officers, who had often made me a subject of ridicule. I thought it a good opportunity to speak a word which might prove in season, and said: 'You have often called me a fool and a madman, but a few moments may decide with whom is madness and folly, in the presence of Him who dispenses life and death!' A solemn awe seemed to impress them for a moment, and I went on to speak of Him who had taken away the sting of death, by receiving it in His own body on the cross. They begged and entreated of me to stop, and said at such a time it was cruel to torture their minds with such things.

.

"Contrary to our expectations, the stand made by the French was of short duration. A close contact with British steel led them precipitately to continue their flight, leaving a number of prisoners in our hands. We lay all night on the spot where the battle was fought, many of the dead lying around us. The loss of the British in killed and wounded was considerable, and it became necessary to send the latter to a Hospital. The nearest was at Coimbra, and I was chosen to take charge of the melancholy party on their way thither.

"It may be supposed that Whitley and I had lost no occasion of Christian intercourse, as we felt we were united by the strongest ties that can bind man to man in this world of sorrow. Separation from him constituted no small portion of my regret. We parted sorrowfully, committing each other to the special care of the Sinner's Friend, and from that hour I saw his face no more, nor could I ever gain any well-authenticated accounts concerning him, but I feel persuaded that He who began a good work in him will perfect it unto life Eternal.

"Waggons drawn by oxen were the only vehicles that could be obtained for the conveyance of the wounded—a miserable mode. It was heartrending to see them thrown into the waggons like sacks of corn, and the groans and cries extorted

by the jolts in passing over rough roads were too much for any one not callous to the sufferings of humanity. Several died on the way; others expressed a longing desire for a similar release. I spoke to them of the Saviour, and some listened with attention.

“Our daily progress was slow indeed, but at length we reached the end of our wearisome journey, and at Coimbra we lodged the sick and wounded in a hospital where they met with every attention that their state required.

“The French in their retreat had not passed thro’ this town, consequently it escaped their ravages and constituted the depôt of the sick and wounded of the British army. . . . Small detachments from different Regiments were also stationed here, forming the garrison of the place. Having obtained a comfortable billet, I walked out to see the town, and, passing a church, was attracted by singing to go in, and found that the burial service of a person of distinction was being performed, which chiefly consisted in genuflexions, bowing, crossing, sprinkling with water, and burning incense, while the performers seemed much amused and laughed several times.

“To me it appeared as if they were ashamed of their mummeries being seen by the British officers who were present.

“My next visit was to a monastery, where the monks received me very courteously and showed me the house and chapel, on the walls of which were frightful pictures, representing men and women tormented in purgatory, some of the many devices by which the priesthood of that Church frighten money from their benighted dupes!

“The gardens of the monastery were splendid—there were trees loaded with oranges, cooling arbours, ponds of water, fountains. Here they told me I was welcome to walk and partake of the fruit whenever I liked. But through friends in England a small packet of extracts from the Scriptures in Portuguese was sent to me. I presented some to the members of the monastery, and so forfeited their favour. . . .

“One Sunday, on witnessing scenes of traffic and vice, through which three Priests were passing, I could not refrain

from stopping them and saying, perhaps too abruptly: 'Do you call yourselves Christians?' They looked at me with amazement and said: 'Si, Señor.'

"'Look,' I said to the people who crowded round—'Look at the state of your country at this moment; consider the awful desolation and misery that surround you; and why does the Most High send His Judgements on the earth? is it not to punish the guilty inhabitants thereof, who reject the word of truth for the traditions of men? His Day with you is made, of all others, the day of traffic, amusement, and license!'

"Turning to the Priests, I said: 'Is it not so?' They replied: 'It is the custom in Portugal.' 'Then out of your own mouth you stand convicted in the presence of the people.'

"It was well for me that I wore the King of England's uniform and that a British force occupied the Town; as it was, the priests went away foaming with rage. I continued to say a few words to the people, to which they gave patient heed, and exclaimed several times: 'You say well, sir.'

"One day I went into a large chapel and saw a number of women on their knees with small baskets of eggs and fruit before them, which they offered for sale while in that position. It reminded me of our Saviour's words, when He overthrew the tables of the money-changers in the Temple. A Priest came and offered to show me round. There was a small round box on an altar. He opened it and showed me what he called the consecrated wafers, remarking: 'This is not what it appears to you, for, being consecrated, each wafer has become the Body, Soul, and Divinity of the Saviour.' I looked in his face with much earnestness, and said: 'Do you believe that?' The manner of his reply, which was a burst of laughter, conveyed to my mind more than many words could express. . . .

"A dreadful fever now broke out among the inhabitants and the soldiers, so malignant as to prove fatal in a few hours.

"In the neighbourhood of Coimbra is a retired and romantic spot called the Fountain of Tears, so named from

a tragical event said to have occurred there. The coolness of the place attracted me to it often for reading and meditation.

“In the course of my military duties I was nominated to sit on a garrison Court Martial; a number of officers of different ranks and regiments were present, and, before proceedings began, some of them made loose and sceptical observations. Alas! thought I, here are many not ashamed to speak openly for their master, and shall I hold my peace when the honour and cause of Him who has had mercy on me are called in question? I looked for wisdom and help from on high, and I was enabled to speak for quarter of an hour in a way that astonished my hearers and myself, and not another improper word was spoken during my stay in that room.

“The next service I had to perform was to take charge of French prisoners, and conduct them to Leira on their way to Lisbon, there to be embarked for Lisbon. The prisoners were a Brigadier-General, his Aide-de-Camp, and a very beautiful young girl (a relation of the Aide-de-Camp), dressed as a hussar, with about thirty Soldiers.

“The Guard under my command comprised a Serjeant, two Corporals, and thirty rank and file. Our chief service consisted in protecting the prisoners from the fury of the Portuguese, who sometimes made a rush with a view to hurt them, and could only be prevented by our soldiers using, rather roughly, the ends of their muskets against them. The General was a polished gentleman, polite and very affable, and we were soon friends. The Aide-de-Camp and his ‘petite hussare,’ as he called her, were facetious and friendly, more given to levity than their chief. At the end of our first day’s march the General requested me to allow him always to occupy the room with me, saying that he had unlimited confidence in the honour and integrity of a British officer, but could place no trust in the natives of the Country. He handed me his purse, saying: ‘With you it will be safe.’ I gave the General one of my blankets. We each one rolled himself up in a blanket, and, with a soldier’s knapsack for a pillow, lay on the floor.

"I had many opportunities for speaking to him and his companions on the subject of religion. And though politeness and good humour always governed his replies and remarks, it was but too evident that it was a subject which little occupied his thoughts.

"We soon got into the road pursued by the French in their retreat, and found the air dreadfully infected through the unburied dead. The thought often passed through my mind—There lies the body, but where is the Soul?

"On our march one day we were overtaken by a thunder-storm and rain such as I never before witnessed—in a few minutes the road was ankle-deep. The sensation I felt was like what is experienced in plunging into water—a kind of catching of the breath. Few evils on a march are worse than a thorough drenching, as there is no alternative for the Soldiers but to let their clothes dry where they got wet, many disorders being thus contracted.

"On arriving at Leira I met an officer and party who relieved me of my charge. It was with much concern that I parted from the kind-hearted General; his last words as he held my hand were: 'If the fortune of war were to alter our circumstances by placing me at liberty and you a prisoner on the Shores of France, rest assured of my friendship and hospitality.'

"I also took a friendly leave of the Aide-de-Camp and 'la petite hussare.' My attention was arrested one morning on the way back to Coimbra by the melancholy howling of a faithful dog, which, I suppose, had been keeping watch for weeks by the remains of his master, over which he stood, himself little better than a skeleton. Nothing could induce him to leave the spot, and doubtless his bones soon lay with his master's, to whiten on the plain.

"Colonel Cameron had now returned from England, and on his way to join his regiment he made a short stay at Coimbra. He had always been kind to me, and therefore inclination as well as duty led me early to wait on him.

"He said a most extraordinary report had been sent to General Brownrigg, to whom the regiment belonged, of my

proceedings, which appeared to be of so novel and unofficerlike a character that they could not be allowed. Colonel Cameron then kindly let me speak for myself, and listened attentively for half an hour, while I related the Lord's gracious dealings with me in opening my eyes to see the destruction that would end the way I had been going, and in revealing to me the narrow way of life, which must produce a strong desire that others should escape the danger and obtain the blessing. . . . He shook my hand most cordially, and bade me farewell, and I never saw him more.

"Not very long after his departure I received a letter from Captain Hawtreys, telling me of the death of my brother George in Gibraltar, from an attack of inflammation, and that his end was peace. This was in 1811. The same communication expressed a decided wish, almost amounting to a command, on the part of my mother, that I should leave the army, and concurring circumstances seemed to intimate that the time was come for my doing so. Deeply did I feel the loss of my dear brother; the nearness of our age and similarity of our pursuits had brought us nearer together than the rest of my brothers and sisters. . . . The words of the Doctor who had attended him were: 'I left him, astonished at the power of religion evidenced in his case.'

"After consideration and prayer, I wrote to Colonel Cameron . . . and tendered my resignation. A few days brought me the intimation that it was accepted. I made my communication to the officer commanding the garrison, who said he was sending a small party, which I could take charge of, to Lisbon. We were favoured with fine weather and a fair wind, and soon cast anchor off the Castle of Belem, where we landed, and I gave up my charge.

"While I remained at Belem I took many walks through Lisbon and its environs, and was particularly struck with the magnitude of the Aquaduct of Alcantara, erected between two mountains, for the supply of that city with water. When standing under the centre arch I could compare the expanse to nothing but a rainbow; it is a magnificent work of art, and may well be ranked among the wonders of the world. The

most interesting object in Belem is the Convent and the Church associated with the memory of the great navigator, Vasco de Gama.

“Hearing one day that a small vessel had taken in a cargo of salt, and lay in the Tagus, bound for Waterford, I made an agreement with the Captain for my passage home.”

Their voyage was so long that their stock of provisions ran low. An American vessel helped them very generously, and at length they cast anchor in Ballyhack, where Edward landed. On arriving at Wexford he found that the family were at a place called Tethard, for bathing, where, he says, “I was warmly received by my dearest Mother and brother William, Captain and Mrs. Hawtrey, and Harriet. After a few days I was obliged to go to London to settle matters connected with my late Profession. I brought with me to London a letter of introduction to Mr. Butterworth, late M.P. for Coventry. He was a man greatly under the influence of religion, and he took much interest in me and my concerns. He was intimate with William Wilberforce, and spoke to him of me, which produced an invitation to spend a day with him at Kensington. We went, and Mr. Wilberforce requested me to give him a short account of my military career, with which he seemed greatly interested, and remarked that it was a monstrous thing, when officers in the Army were brought to think rightly on the subject of religion and to be influenced by it, that they should be discountenanced and almost compelled to leave the Profession. He said that if I would return to the Army he would make it his business to communicate with Mr. Perceval (then Prime Minister) with a view to check, as far as possible, anything calculated to turn the most important of all subjects into ridicule. ‘For,’ said he, ‘how can England expect a blessing on her arms if the weapons of rebellion are raised against the Majesty of Heaven?’ I told him I would not form a hasty decision, but would consult my friends; and as H.R.H. the Duke of Kent had been pleased to patronize me on first entering the service, it was thought right to make a full statement to him of what had taken place. This accordingly I did, and received a long and most gracious answer,

filling three sheets of paper, in which, amongst other things, he observed : ' From the change that has taken place in your mind—and far be it from me to say it has been for the worse—I do not think you could be happy in the Army. I would, therefore, advise your turning your mind to a more congenial profession ; and if hereafter I can be of service, do not be backward in letting me know.' Some considerable time after, on application to His Royal Highness, he wrote strongly to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, then Lord Whitworth, in my favour, from whom I received a communication that, in consequence of a letter from the Duke of Kent, he had placed my name in his book for the first suitable situation that might offer. However, before that could occur there was a change in the Ministry, and a new Lord-Lieutenant, so I heard no more of the matter."¹

CHAPTER XXIII

EARLY LIFE OF ANNE WATSON

MY mother was about twelve or thirteen years old when she lost her father, in 1798. I believe, as the years passed by, some cheerfulness was restored, and her sweet, happy nature reasserted itself. No doubt the effort to cheer her mother was of the greatest benefit to herself ; and six years after her father's death, when my father, a tall young captain of twenty-three, came with the recruiting party to Wexford, she was acknowledged to be the fairest of all the fair ones there. I believe the society was very friendly, and that social life was carried on with great simplicity amongst families who were all well acquainted and on a social equality, being of good family but of no great wealth. There were balls, to which the young ladies used to go, perfectly happy and contented, in white cambric muslin frocks, made (probably at home, perhaps by themselves) very scanty and with the short waists of the pretty old miniatures.

No doubt, it was a great event and incursion into these

¹ Appendix F.

simple assemblies when the stranger English officers appeared, and I believe my dear grandmother was a little proud when she found that her sweet Anne was the partner of Captain Hawtrey.

I know that, after that first ball, a party was given in Wexford by a lady, and to this party my mother and her friend, Jenny Tench, decided they would not go. They did not believe it would be a party they would care for, and a little loftily held aloof.

However, they quite agreed to watch the other people going, and sat at a window in one or other of their homes which commanded the hall door of the house where the party was to be.

As they sat there, no doubt making their little criticisms, and perhaps pitying the whole concern, how their feelings changed when, among other entering guests, they descried the forms of the English officers, who they felt quite sure would not be there!

I believe the innocent girls slapped each other to give vent to the boundless mortification that each was sensible of, as they bewailed the mistake they had fallen into in despising the party!

It was only a few weeks after she first met Captain Hawtrey that Anne Watson received from him a note, which he slipped into her hand as they were returning from a party or a walk. I believe she gave it to her mother unopened, and I have it now—a little note, yellow with age, carefully written, in which he earnestly pleaded his cause. I have also my grandmother's reply, for it was she who answered it. The end was that they became engaged, although my father's mother saw difficulties and held out for a time against the engagement in a way which drew forth most eloquent letters from her son, addressed to his beloved one.

Their wedding day was the 21st of March 1804, when he was nearly twenty-four and she eighteen. They were married in Castlebridge Church, in the county of Wexford, just under the shadow of the monument to her beloved father, to which the young bride's eyes again and again were raised. And after the marriage the young pair, with one of her little

brothers seated bodkin between them, started for Duffry Hall—one of the fine old places belonging to my mother's cousins, the Colcloughs. Later on, their home was for the time with my grandmother, Mrs. Watson, or with the regiment (the 25th or Sussex Regiment of Foot), which was quartered, after leaving Wexford, at Limerick, where our eldest brother, Montague, was born, and at Cork, where our eldest sister, Anna, was born. After this, the regiment was sent to the West Indies.

My father, having promised Mrs. Watson, in obedience to the desire of her husband, that he would read the Bible, began, upon his marriage, regularly to do so. He and my mother read it daily together as the Church directs, and my father began to lead a more careful, religious life than he, as first an Eton boy, and then a gay young officer in the army, had yet done. He became interested in religious matters, and in his very early married years composed and wrote a prayer, which shows a great desire to conform to what he believed to be right; a few words from which I add:—

“ . . . Give us Thy grace. Clothe us with Thy armour, that we may confidently resist sin and wickedness. Teach us to master all our evil habits and inclinations; make in us a continual desire after Thee, that we may ever have before us Thy lovingkindness, Thy mercy to good Christians, and Thy hatred and vengeance to wicked men. . . .”

EARLY MARRIED LIFE OF JOHN AND ANNE HAWTREY

The following must have been written less than three months after the marriage of my parents, say June 1804. My father, born in 1780, was now twenty-four; my mother, nineteen. It is written in a large old MS. book in which various other entries are made in my father's writing:—

“ A General Survey as to the œconomy and mode of expending the portion of time allotted us, while we are destined to move in this Sphere, with a view to our bodily and mental advantages, and as a source or spring to that improvement of

our understandings which will Constitute our Support, our solace, and our Happiness in the Evening of our Days. Every morning in summer, which is to be considered as commencing on the 1st of May to 1st of September, while we are stationed in this Empire, to rise precisely at 7 o'clock, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour allowed for dressing, do. for walking before Breakfast, and $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour for Breakfast, which is to be finished precisely at 9 o'clock. Prayers are then to be read, from which time to 12 is to be devoted to reading, as follows: from 9 to 11, History, or otherwise as it may be; from 11 to 12, Dundas, and Studying my Profession, which hour will be employed by Mrs. Hawtrey in regulating her family affairs. From 12 to 1 I consider myself occupied with Regimental Duty, as to the inspections of my rooms in the Barracks, looking over the accompts of my Company, or otherwise as it may be; from one to two I devote to any business I may have in the Town, or any visits my Ann or myself may have to pay; from two to three is appropriated solely to the study of my flute, which Ann is to devote to her drawing; from that to 4 I instruct her in French, and read it myself; from 4 to 5 we walk; at 5 we dine and sit till 7; from 7 to half-past 8 walk; Return to tea, which must be finished by 9; from 9 to 11, The Elegant Authors, Poems Sublime or Pastoral, The Belles Lettres, Addison, Thompson, Sterne, and Religious Works; at 11 every night, retire.

"This is to be considered practised and allotted to those days the Regiment may be on guard, and that there is no Duty Regimentally.

"Done at Cork the 9th May 1804; to be strictly observed by us, as witness our hands.

"(Signed) JOHN HAWTREY.
ANN HAWTREY."

I find a will of my father's of very early date:—

"LIMERICK, Jan. 31, 1805.

"I, John Hawtrey, do by these documents make over, devise, give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Ann every-

thing I am possess'd of in the world, everything that was settled on me by my own Mother or by Mrs. Watson, all my personal property, and in fact everything that I have upon earth, and I do intreat, if it please God that I should fall in action, that it may be submitted to H.R.H the Duke of York, requesting and praying Him that, as I purchased my 3 commissions, He would be graciously pleased to allow the same to be disposed of for the benefit of my beloved wife Ann, and oh my God ! prosper her and my darling child in this world, guide their steps, lead them in safety through this valley of sin to Thine everlasting Kingdom, and oh unite us at the last, in Thy blessed Mansions for ever and ever.

“Signed, done, and executed in the presence of
 HENRY WATSON. JOHN HAWTREY, Testator,
 HARRIET WATSON. Capt. 25th Regt.”

This must have been written eight days after the birth of his eldest child, Montague.

The large MS. book from which I have copied the foregoing contains various entries. One is a scheme for the laying out of the income of my parents in their early married life. The amount appears to have been £340 per annum.

“Second year.

“Being an account of the Twelve Heads of Expenditure, not on any account to be exceeded.

“From Dec. 25th 1805 to Dec. 24th 1806.

First head, being the Expenses of House Keeping	£100	0	0
Second, being Expenses of Lodgings, if not in Barracks	50	0	0
3rd and 4th, Allowance of £25 to Ann and Myself	50	0	0
5th, Allowance of £5 for Montague	5	0	0
6th, Allowance for Postage and Stationery	10	0	0
7th, Allowance for Amusements	8	0	0
8th, Allowance for Travelling	15	0	0
9th, Allowance for Wages	21	0	0
10th, Allowance for Wm.'s Livery	5	0	0
11th, Allowance for Charity	10	0	0
12th, Allowance for Casualty	6	3	1
	<hr/>		
	£280	3	1
An overplus to the Good	60	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£340	3	1

With regard to the plans so rigidly set down for the employment of every hour in the day, there were some modifications made to suit my father's regimental duties on certain days; and when one remembers the advent of one little beloved child after another, and the preparations for them, and care of them, and the total change that came over my father's views in life only a few years after these rules were "done at Cork," we can well understand that they soon had to be relaxed and laid down.

With regard to the plans for the expenditure of money, they were no doubt adhered to as far as possible. As years went on, and the family increased, the family means were certainly small. But my parents were helped, and though I believe hunger was barely held at bay at times, for all the family, yet education was striven for, and the just payment of debts, and not unsuccessfully accomplished. Both my parents had relations from whom something was inherited. My father also at times took pupils. My dear brother Stephen, who really was the Joseph of the family, helped, and my parents, as time went on, found themselves in easy circumstances.

CHAPTER XXIV

MY FATHER'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE WESLEYANS

HAD my father lived in later days, he would have found all he needed in the teaching of our Church, which at that time, although he was acquainted with some truly good clergymen, did not seem to supply what was wanting to him, and which through the following circumstance he found in the teaching of a follower of John Wesley.

One day in Ireland, not very long after the marriage of my parents, the corporal of my father's company, a religious man, lingered in the room after the transaction of some regimental business, and, observing this, my father asked if there was anything that he could do for him.

The man then told him that a sermon was to be preached that evening by one of the followers of John Wesley, and he asked respectfully if my father would go and hear him.

At first he was not altogether inclined to hear what a teacher outside of the Church of England had to say, but finding that my mother shared in this feeling to the full, his own veered a little in the contrary direction, and finally they went together, and heard a simple, earnest sermon from a good man, who gave his discourse in a little room over a tinker's shop. To my father, who had a great deal of enthusiasm in his character, that little upper chamber was as the Gate of Heaven. He had understood before what it was to try to be good and to do right; now he heard, as he had not heard before, that he was saved by the death of Christ, and that all right doing was to be the result of love and thankfulness for this inestimable benefit.

From that time his inner and outer life was changed. In 1807 his regiment was ordered to Madeira, which was to be captured by a British force, and held for the exiled Royal Family of Portugal. From the *Polly* (the ship in which he sailed) my father wrote to my mother, by the pilot. He says that through a telescope he can see her and his little boy watching from a window, and then commends them in the tenderest, most devout manner to the care of their Heavenly Father.

"O my God, bless my wife and dearest children. I commit them into Thy Hand. I give Thee my wife and Babes."

He adds: "This I wrote on my knees, and the Lord will bless this Prayer, and preserve us."

He wrote on board the *Polly*, on December 16, 1807, a letter addressed to his brother officers, requesting that, in the event of his falling, his desk, papers, journals, &c., should be sent to his wife. Later, he says: "My sash, my flute, chess-board and men, and any small article which in the hurry of writing I may have overlooked," and specially mentions his Bible. But his "cloaths" are to be sold, and after his accounts are settled with the paymaster, the balance is to be given to her. He hopes his commissions, as he

purchased them all, may be sold for the benefit of his family.

“There is a letter I have written within, which with this will, I request may be sent to my dear wife, as well as with an account of anything that may have befallen me. I commit Her and my dear Children, with all I am and have, into the merciful protection and care of my Heavenly Father.”

He expresses warmest gratitude to those who will interest themselves for him, “for which they will find a recompense in their own Bosoms.”

CHAPTER XXV

MY FATHER'S LETTER FROM SEA AND FROM MADEIRA

DURING the voyage and after his arrival at Madeira, he wrote the following journal-letter to his wife:—

“AT SEA, *Dec.* 15, 1807.

Lat. 35, 26 N., Long. 17 West.

“At length I am enabled to resume my pen. I shall give you a regular detail of everything that has happened hitherto, prefacing, however, that the reason of my not having taken up my pen sooner has proceeded from the violent sickness which has oppressed me so much that I have been utterly unable to do anything, though my thoughts have been ever with you. . . .

“The last letter I sent on Shore was Sunday, 6th, the day we finally sailed from Cove. The wind was not quite favorable; nevertheless, we stood our course, and with a fine breeze all of us left the Harbour, our Fleet in all consisting of four Line of Battle Ships, four Frigates, and seventeen Transports. We stood out to the westward, and in the afternoon made the old head of Kinsale, bearing 6 leagues to the north-west. I need not attempt to describe my feelings both on seeing this Land and the opposite Point which formed the Bay, and

where you and I and all we loved had walked together. Evening soon drew a veil over these scenes, and we retired to our Berths. The watches which we kept called me up at a very early hour, and this was the only unpleasant circumstance attendant on my new situation, for I began to be exceedingly sick and little able to attend to anything. In this situation my Duty required me to get up in the middle of the night, and sit four hours on the Deck in sleet and snow, the cold cutting me. However, I experienced much attention in this instance; the Major himself took 24 hours for me, and Nixon assisted me. The cold was so exquisite that after I went into my bed from sitting on the Deck I did not recover any warmth in my feet for two hours. The wind in the meantime blew a gale in our favour—such a breeze was never known; it lasted us for 700 miles. It blew directly aft, and for the first three days a perfect gale, so that we made 2 Degrees and $\frac{1}{2}$ Latitude every 24 hours. During this the moon happily gave us her company, and lighted us delightfully on our way. . . . Nothing occurred any way material during these first few days otherwise than the exceeding rolling of the Ship, knocking everything to pieces. Oh, how did I return my thanks to God for His goodness in directing me to leave you behind! It gave me such complacence and peace, for I do assure you so exceedingly ill was I that I should not have been able to have afforded you any assistance whatever; and then the dear children—oh, my Ann, it was a blessing we acted as we did. . . . Poor Mrs. Williams has been ill ever since, and would have given worlds she had staid behind. But to continue. The third day I perceived a change in the climate by day, but still the nights were cold. I could not but attribute this most remarkable passage for the first six days as a direct answer to our mutual prayers, and I trust with some gratitude I received it as an assurance of my Redeemer's Providence and care of me. The officers who had been at sea before and the Master of the Ship acknowledged they had never known such an instance before. Not only was the wind perfectly fair, but it continued blowing directly behind us, so that nothing could be better. I got better about Thursday, but the Duty took

up much of my time, as four hours out of 12 I was obliged to sit up on Deck.

"Various were our surmises as to where we were going, but it was so apparent from the course we were steering that we were going to Madeira that we could not doubt it, but we did not imagine this could be the ultimate end, because our Force was much too large for so small an attack.

"On Saturday the only novel circumstance occurred (if I except our seeing four or five small birds at different times, and one starling absolutely rested his weary wings by sitting on one of the ropes of the *Polly* at a time when we were 300 miles from the nearest land)—on Saturday a two-decker hailed us, and bid us lie to. Presently a man-of-war's boat came alongside with a large chest of Haversacks, canteens, and straps. I pitied from my heart poor Mrs. Williams when they came upon deck, for she looked upon them as the certain emblem of immediate war.

"There accompanied this a general order to the following effect, dated Headquarters, *Centaur*, 11 Decr.: that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint General Beresford to command the troops and to assume the rank of Major-General, and that the following *Staff* (oh, Ann!) were appointed, viz.: Deputy Adjutant-General, a blank; Deputy Quartermaster-General, Lieut.-Col. Darling; Deputy Paymaster-General, — Crawford, Esqre.; *Military Secretary*, a blank; B. Major, Capt. Murphy, 88 Regt., &c., and then followed the Medical Staff. . . . I confess to you I was considerably agitated when I read this order. You know the letters I received from Mr. Cooke,¹ and that I once was named to fill this situation. I thank my God I soon recovered perfect peace and serenity from the conviction that if it was good for me to gain this employment no man on earth could prevent my having it, and that if the Lord saw that my having it would be attended with consequences inimical to my eternal happiness it surely was not to be wished for. . . .

"We now became certain, both from the course we were

¹ Edward Cooke, Under Secretary of State for Ireland, first cousin to my father's father, his mother, Catherine Sleech, having been sister to Ann Sleech, wife of the Sub-Dean of Exeter.

steering, which was altered to a more southerly direction by signal from the Commodore, and our receiving these canteens at so early a period, that it could be nothing but Fonchale, in Madeira, to which we were first going; and yesterday we were hailed by Major Scott, telling us that Major Farquarson was to have the command of the light Infantry, and that Col. Blount, of the Buffs, was on board the *Centaur* arranging it. Thus I have pretty accurately given you an outline of the events which have occurred since we sailed. The circumstance which has most surprised me is that we have not been made sensible of the warmth as forcibly as I was when I went to Gibraltar. Now, indeed, it is surprisingly fine, and about the heat of the latter end of June. I can hardly think it possible that I am now to the Southward of Gibraltar, that a few days have brought us to such a distance in a manner imperceptible to us, and had the wind continued as it was at first we should at this time have been at Madeira, from which we are now about 180 miles off, but we fairly ran out of the breeze into a warm latitude where the northerly winds no longer prevail; and when I reflect on the tender mercies of God in thus befriending me, by giving me this prosperous weather, I feel it as an earnest and assurance of further favours and benefits, and that he will be my Shield and safeguard in the hour of Battle, and, though thousands shall fall on my right hand or left, yet will not a hair of my head be hurt. I am certain this letter I am now writing I shall myself finish after a victory over the enemies of my King and Country, and I feel assured I shall have courage and fortitude in that day to behave as a Christian Soldier, fearless of what man can do, when God is ever nigh to protect and save His own. . . .

“*Wednesday Morning, 18th.*—I continue my letter this morning, the day in which we complete the 13th day on board, under a Sun as warm to-day as Summer. We keep no fire, and have left all our Great coats off. The wind blows a gentle breeze, and to-morrow morning we expect to see the Island of Madeira, a most full description of which expect from me. The water is beautifully smooth, though the vessel rolls a little, to-day. I thank God I am free from sickness entirely. We

have seen several Dolphins swimming alongside the ship, which we have been endeavouring to catch. Such a passage, at such a season of the year, no one perhaps in this Fleet ever knew. What do we not owe to Him Who is ever more ready to give than we to ask! . . .

“We have every reason to expect that in 48 hours we shall be in the midst of Battle. We are to take three days’ provisions with us, and a canteen of water. I was thinking of wearing a flannel shirt, but it will be so hot I do not think I should be able to bear it; nevertheless I shall be as careful of myself as if you were immediately by me, considering it a duty I owe you, myself, and dear children. Oh, my Love, what comfort I feel at the remembrance of the ten happy weeks we passed at Cove, and the goodness of the Lord in so tenderly separating us, if I may so express myself, by a preparation of so great a length of time. And how did you get to Wexford? I expect a long account of all that befell you. I trust all our dear friends are well, and that you find yourself as comfortable and happy as you could wish to be, away from your fond Husband. . . .

“One Regiment must remain in Madeira, and if it should please God it is our’s, I shall look forward to the happy prospect of my Ann and darling Babes coming out to this delightful climate. I hear charming accounts of the country there—grapes, oranges, and all kinds of fruits in abundance, but of these I shall be cautious. I have not been able to read or meditate much hitherto, for the Duty has engaged me a good deal, . . . but what I have read has been chiefly of the Bible and the Commentary, and this has given me most heavenly composure and serenity. . . .

“At this moment they are practising firing with Musketry in some of the Transports. Well, fear not. I fear not, for I am determined to rely on God’s providence for support. I have just this moment written a will, directing my writing Desk, Papers, and Letters might all be preserved in safety for you, if it was God’s will I should fall, and I do assure you I feel that I show a greater mark of assurance that nothing would happen to me, in having thus acted, than if I had

timidly avoided it, and consequently left everything unarranged.

“*Thursday, 17th.*— . . . Yesterday we came alongside the Head Quarters Ship, and were informed that the orders relative to our debarcation had been given, and that Major Farquhar was appointed to command the four Light Companies of the Troops. On our saying we had received no intimation of this, they sent the orders over to us in a Bottle. We followed in the wake of the Ship, and caught hold of the rope, and so brought the Bottle on board ; its contents were eagerly examined, and found to contain the following orders :—

“‘HEAD QUARTERS SHIP *Centaur*, 11th Dec. 1807.

“‘That the Troops may be ready to act as circumstances may require, and at the shortest possible notice, the Major-General commanding requests the particular attention of Officers commanding Corps, and all others, to the following preparatory arrangements. The Light Companies of the 4th Regiment will be assembled in one Battalion, and Major Farquharson of the 25th Regiment is appointed to command it. As, in case of having to land hostilely, the nature of the service will require the troops to be as light as possible, nothing more will be taken on shore than arms, ammunition, and days’ provisions, with a canteen of water. The Commanding Officers of Regts. will be careful that the soldiers’ knapsacks, &c., left on board are so placed and taken charge of that nothing may be lost or pillaged from them. The troops will be required to land the moment the Fleet makes for the shore, and sufficiently near for the boats to push off. Each corps will have a distinguishing Flag, which has already been given ; it will be placed in the centre boats of each corps, and the boats of that corps will take their place to the right and left, as they stand in Battalion. This Flag will, on the Boats touching the Land, immediately be put on shore for the Troops to form by, and proceed to the attack of . Steadiness in the boats, in getting in and out of them, is indispensably required from the men to insure their safety. All officers are called on to enjoin the strictest

silence, as that will be most instrumental to the usual steadiness of the Regiment, and ensure the distinct delivery of orders. Ensign Lynch is appointed to Capt. Hawtrey's Company.'

"Thus I have given you the orders sent on board, by which we learn that we may expect a determined resistance, but that nothing is to withstand the bravery of our Troops, who are to take by Storming and assault whatever post they are directed to. The Honor conferred upon the 25th Regt., as composing part of the 1st Division, is not to be overlooked. We are morally certain our destination is Madeira, and from the show of resistance they made to General Whitelock, when with a large Fleet he stopped there only to take in water, we may expect a hostile opposition.

"But, praises to God, we shall humble our enemies, and remove the tarnish unhappily received in S. America.

"These orders I read to the men, and, on my making a short address to them, you cannot conceive the energy, resolution, and undaunted determination they manifested. Indeed, I believe the 25th Regt. will most signally distinguish itself. For my own part, I rely for courage, coolness, and safety on the tender mercies of my Redeemer; having nothing of my own, I need to be supplied with everything by Him, who never left any that relied on Him for protection and support to themselves. And oh! I feel it is not too much to say I shall in a future page of this letter write: 'Victory; Madeira is ours.' The comfort I have enjoyed in communion and reading in my little Cabin has been indeed great, and a blessed preparation thereby made to the discharge of any Duty it may please the Lord to lay on us. I have lifted up my Soul for you and my dear, dear babes; and I know the Lord will keep and bless you. The Major is exceedingly delighted at his Command, and will play the Hero no doubt. By this time we expected to have seen Madeira, as we were yesterday at noon only one hundred miles from it, but the wind shifted last night, and we are obliged to tack about to-day without gaining any ground. Thus, you see, God is willing to give us all a little time before we enter into the contest. Some among us,

no doubt, will fall; oh! may we use the present moment, and flee to Christ for Salvation while yet there is a moment left us, while yet the door of Mercy is not shut against us. That your tender prayers have been earnestly and continually put up to the Throne of Grace for your faithful Husband I well know, and the Lord will bless them I feel assured. We should attain such a glorious faith as to know we are no nearer danger even in the lions' den or fiery furnace than in a secure house far from all disturbance or appearance of danger.

"We saw a turtle yesterday, and some of the Officers saw flying fishes, but I was at the time below. It is blowing. . . . If this wind continues we shall hardly see or reach Madeira before Sunday, and on a Sabbath Day to land ought to confirm a Christian's faith.

"*Friday, 18th.*—After I left off writing yesterday it came on to blow very strong from the S.-west, and we were obliged to stand on our course to the N.-E. It calmed, however, about 11 at night. . . . This day is beautiful. We are still two degrees nearly from Madeira, and may expect the attack will begin on Sunday. . . . We are now in a most heavenly climate: serene breeze, blue sky, warm sun, and smooth and tranquil sea. But the *Polly* rolls a good deal. . . . I shall encumber myself as little as possible, that I may be able to scale the battery as well as my neighbours.

"Oh! if it may please God ever to give us a 'Fairy Hill,' a sweet retirement where, in peaceful tranquillity, we can live together, bringing up our darling children, how exquisitely happy do I think we should be, for indeed I do not feel a relish for these scenes, although, engaged in them, it is my duty to continue steadfast in the discharge of it, which I trust I shall ever faithfully perform. I have not played at chess once, and only one tune upon the flute; for really I have not been quite well enough . . . to do anything, but am to-day quite well. Our stock lasts admirably, and we have scarcely ever tasted salt provisions. I drink my wine every day, and many a toast is given to wives and sweethearts, though all in moderation. My lemons and apples are in perfection, and I know not what I should have done without my Biscuits, for

they are the only thing I can eat at Breakfast. . . . If I write so much at sea, where I have nothing materially to vary the scene, how will it be when we get on shore? Thus, lest I should not have paper enough to write all I have to say, and you not *patience* enough to read it, I think I may as well for to-day conclude myself ever . . . —J. H.

“*Saturday, 19th.*—After I finished writing yesterday, nothing material occurred. Our men were employed in cleaning their accoutrements; as to my arms, they are in very capital order, and about half-past two I paraded my men just in the order in which they are to land. It was truly gratifying to me to see how they all crowded into the front rank, and left my rear rank quite deserted. However, I was obliged to make some of them unwillingly occupy the rear. I placed them very much to my satisfaction, and felt as confident of the support of the Almighty when the hour comes as I ever was of anything. This morning, which broke with rain, soon cleared up, and the sun in its brilliancy greeted us with one of those delightful summer mornings so acceptable in the depth of winter. A signal was made at Breakfast time to tack—the Fleet looked beautiful—and just now another signal has been made, and all the ships are crowding round the Commodore, who, it is conjectured, this day intends to make known the object of our destination, which, nevertheless, there can be no doubt of. . . . The Fleet at this moment are all collected together, and form a most elegant group. Everything goes on happily, but particularly the benefit I receive from being able frequently to retire to myself is beyond what I can sufficiently express or be thankful for. . . .

“*Monday, 21st.*— . . . On Saturday a boat came to us from the *Success* Frigate with orders for Major Farquharson and the master of the Transport. Major Farquharson's orders were merely an official copy of those given by the head ship; the master's orders, accompanied by a code of signals from Sir S. Hood, implied how the troops were to be landed, and in what order. We are to land in men-of-wars' Boats, immediately after the Light Infantry. We have all of us particular signals—each ship, and for each superior officer.

Everything appeared to be arranged with much order and precision. . . .

“A Lieutenant from the Frigate has just come on board and brought us our scaling ladders. From him we learn our destination to be Madeira; and, moreover, that Sir Samuel Hood believes it to be in possession of the French. If so, we may expect a most obstinate resistance; but nothing must shake a Christian’s faith or fortitude. We will play the men, and the Lord will, I trust, bless His Majesty’s arms, and bring his servant in safety out of the Battle. We are not more than 60 or 70 miles from Madeira, and now I have nothing more to say at this most interesting period than to commend you and my dear children into the Hands of our Heavenly Father. Remember what Christ has purchased for you. Oh! refuse not your Birthright.

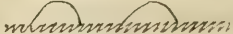
“I doubt not but to-morrow we may see land. . . . The same lieutenant immediately returned with a Barrel of ball cartridges, and from him we learn that the plan of attack is to be as follows:—

“There are four Forts at Fonchiale, and a Line of Battle ship is to engage each Fort, while the Frigates will cover the landing of the Troops, who then by a *coup de main* will take the Island. He describes the entrance to Fonchiale as one of the most magnificent things that can be imagined. The Houses are very lofty, and all of white stone. Fruit abounds there, but the grape in profusion. From Madeira, he says, we are going to the West Indies to attack Martinique, where your poor Father was several years ago. All this I am much pleased to hear, for Martinique is the most beautiful Island that can be seen. We shall get a reinforcement at the West Indies for the attack of Martinique. How providential a circumstance it is that you are safely landed in your Mother’s house I cannot say. How thankful I am to the Almighty for His Goodness. Now I can do my Duty with double alacrity, under the impression that you are safe and happy with my darling Babes at Home. There must certainly be some troops left at Madeira, but I do not think we shall be the one, because we are a favourite with General Beresford,

who, of course, would wish to take us with him. The Marines of the Fleet, about one thousand, and all the Sailors who can be spared are to land with us in case of resistance, which, if the French are not there, will be little or none; if they are, will be obstinate. Mrs. Williams is constantly sick, poor thing! I wish she was safe at home.

“*Tuesday, 22nd.*— . . . The winds are very light, and we have made very little progress these three days. Nothing has happened since I wrote yesterday. We have had some Sea Gulls flying about the Ship, which are an indication that we are not far from land. I live, Praises to God, most happily. I feel at this moment, which perhaps may be the day preceding as severe a Battle as ever was fought, as happy, as peaceable, as resigned, as certain of God’s protection and support, as that I am now writing this letter. Oh this Cabin, that I hired cheap had I given a year’s pay for it! I have been blessed with such seasons of prayer and communion that I never can be sufficiently thankful for the Lord’s mercies. Oh! may you be going on in the Blessed, Glorious, but little trodden way that leads to Life Eternal. . . . If it is to cost you a sneer, a contemptuous look, or the hatred of the world, marvel not. The world and God must ever be at enmity. . . . It is the *privilege* of God’s children and the followers of our Blessed Master to expect and meet with persecutions, those which are accounted by the Holy Apostles as blessings, that by purifying you in their chastening they may make you the more fit for the Kingdom of Heaven, and in the 10th Chapter, 30th verse, of Mark our Lord considers them as chiefest blessings that can be given on Earth, and so promises them. Oh! be thou my faithful Christiana, and let us go hand in hand in the Blessed Way, each supporting other, each comforting the other, and leading hand in hand our darling children to the Gates of God’s Celestial City. For to-day, farewell.

“*Six o’clock in the Evening, 22nd.*—I have been to the main top, and seen the land of Porto Santo, looking like two sugar loaves, about 9 leagues’ distance. An Officer from the *York*, 74 Guns, came on board a little before 5 o’clock and told us

we were to keep close to her, as she was to land our men in the morning. From him we learned Land was seen, on which I went up the rigging (two of the sailors running after me to lash me to the rigging, for which I was obliged to pay my footing), and there saw the land thus  so, if there is any wind to-night, we shall by this time to-morrow be in possession, by God's blessing, of Madeira. . . . We are, I also learn from him, not to go to Martinique, but onward to the Cape de Verd Islands, which is far more probable. Oh Ann! . . . the Lord will protect your husband. He has been and is better to us than we merit; to His protection I commit both you, my children, and myself. The Lord God bless and protect us! Amen.

"*Wednesday, 23rd.*—This morning at an early hour I was awoke in a new manner. I was sleeping sound after the mid-watch, when at once, just at my very door, a Drum and Fife commenced a gallant March, 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God Save the King.' I cannot say what at the moment I felt. It appeared as if the Boat was alongside ready to receive us. However, up I rose, and found we were still at some distance from the Land. . . . It was the same Island, Porto Santo, we had lain to during the night, . . . but the breeze was moderately fresh, and we expected to make the other Island soon. In this, however, we were disappointed, for the wind died away, and we were becalmed about 12. . . . Our men have been very busy to-day in brushing themselves up, and we are completely ready now. The Portuguese will be astonished to see Troops land as clean as for a Parade after having been fourteen days on board. Just now the Signal was made from the Admiral for all Commanding Officers to go on board, and Major Farquharson is gone therefore. . . .

"*6 o'clock in the Evening.*—The Major returned just before Dinner, bringing us in the first instance the information that the Prince Regent of Portugal with all the noblesse had, in four Line of Battle Ships (British) and his own Fleet, left Lisbon and gone to the Brazils, that a French Governor was in Madeira, and that a resistance was certain. He gave us the orders, accompanied by a Plan of the place we were to attack.

In this everything is laid down. If the surf is too great to admit our landing at Funchal and storming the Forts, we are to land at a point about three miles from the Town, and there gain the heights, but the general idea is Funchal. Every corps has, as you will see in the orders, its instructions, pointing out the particular object which is to occupy their attention. The Line of Battle Ships are to attack the Forts, while we storm the curtain. My particular Duty is to support the Left Company (Wolsely's) and take a Battery of three Guns. Having stormed this, we are to wait until further orders. We are not to load until we are landed. The Boats will be exposed to the cannon as they pull to the shore, but *nothing is to or can withstand* the Bravery of the Troops, who, under God's blessing, will by this time to-morrow be in possession of Madeira, after which we are immediately to proceed to the attack of, it is thought, Teneriffe. We are to take three days' provisions with us. Standing on now at four knots and a half an hour, we may expect to land at 8 to-morrow morning. Adieu! The Lord God pour His blessing upon you, our beloved children, and all our dear Families and Friends. . . .

"*Thursday Morning, 24th Dec., 7 o'clock.*—We are now off Madeira, and, I expect, shall land in one hour. As the time is therefore short, I will close my letter until after the action, when, by God's blessing, I will resume my pen. I am inwardly supported, and able to look with firmness and fortitude at the approaching hour. But poor Mrs. Williams! Blessed be God for His mercies to us! Amen."

These last lines are written in a firm, bold hand. Then in finer and more careful writing follows:—

"*Fonchiale Bay, 4 o'clock in the Afternoon, Dec. 24.*—Glory be to God my Heavenly Father, Madeira is ours, and not a shot fired in anger.

"Madeira, the Paradise of sweets, is ours, and never will be given up, I believe. I have much to say, and will resume the narrative circumstantially. The orders the Major brought on board yesterday, being extremely perspicuous, acquainted us all with our several duties. And now, continuing from where I left off this morning: The Fleet stood

on in a most majestic style. The land which we were abreast of was very lofty, not unlike Mangerton, if you suppose it most beautifully cultivated with Vineyards, Lemons, Orange Groves, and Houses most delightfully scattered here and there in the most romantic way nearly to the summit; but a point to the Southward yet concealed us from Funchal Bay, on doubling which we were to be seen, and immediately commenced our operations. The way we approached Madeira was between Porto Santo and it, steering to the Eastern side, and between the Island and the Desertas we now were.

“On gaining the point the men-of-war hoisted the British Ensign Blue. I went to the fore of the Ship to look particularly at them, and I do assure you the sentiments I was filled with at the time were so exulting and so proud (for once I must use pride in a good sense) that, though alone, I could not refrain from giving a hearty Hurra! I was not now going *to fight a Duel*, but not only England, but the *Lord*, expected that I would do my Duty, and not (by a mean cowardice) bring a reproach on the Gospel. I could not but believe it would end happily. I felt that not a hair of my head would be touched, and that God would be my present absolute strength. The danger, humanly speaking, was prodigious, for the place is, now that it is garrisoned by British, invulnerable; and had a thousand French been there, as we had reason to believe they were, the slaughter would have been dreadful. We now doubled the point, and came full in view of Funchal, and you may easily guess what the poor quiet Portuguese must have felt at seeing such a Force, such thunder from Britain about to pour their anger on them. The scene now before us was indeed majestic. The Land forms a beautiful Bay of a prodigious height, with many valleys and dips on its summit, not, as I before premised, unlike some parts of Killarney—suppose Glenaa and thereabouts and the Town in the centre built on the sloping Ground of white stone, houses so beautifully white and elegant that our officers said it much resembled Malta. The Buildings ran up to the summit, hanging trees, Lemon groves, and fantastic appearances altogether giving a view perfectly different to anything

in Europe, but rich, bold, and strikingly handsome. I repeat, parts of Killarney can alone convey an idea of it—not that it is comparable in beauty, far from it, but to the eye that had viewed the Ocean for seventeen days it was a truly gratifying scene.

“And now we bore in stately majesty to the Land, our men all ready to land, the flat bottom boats hoisting out to convey us, and the men-of-war nearing the shore; all this while I was in a triumph. To any but you and my real Friends I would not say this, but you know that my strength was from God and not of myself, and will not, therefore, accuse me of vanity.

“We wondered the Batteries did not open, and the formidable strength of the place we now too plainly perceived. The Forts of Algeziras, opposite Gibraltar, nearly destroyed Sir James Saumarez’ Fleet. But that was nothing, absolutely nothing, to this. The whole coast before the Town appeared to be a Line of Batteries commanded by Forts above, and some of the lower ones two, if not three, tier of Guns in elevation. Waiting in anxious suspense for some operations, we discovered—a *Flag of Truce* going on board the Admiral. And now I did implore the Lord to grant that it might end pacifically. The Portuguese were no longer our Foes, and I was disarmed; and as I well knew some souls, in all human probability, would be launched into Eternity in an unprepared state, I prayed and besought Him that, if it were not inconsistent with His Glory and Blessed Will, we might come to an accommodation.

“We waited two hours in a most anxious state of suspense, well knowing that, if the Portuguese were to accede to our terms, it must be to surrender at discretion, and give up every claim to the Islands, which must henceforth be put under the Authority and Government of George Rex. We saw the Boat proceed and return from ship to shore, when at length a gun was fired as a signal to anchor, and in a short time afterwards the 11th Regiment, being the nearest, as they were on board the men-of-war, and no Honour now to be gained, were landed.

“Then I knew that Madeira was ours—and, oh! may I never forget it, for such a Passage and so easy a conquest could, in such a season of the year, only proceed from the hand of our Heavenly Father, and surely it may form the basis of the firmest Faith and most perfect reliance on His mercy, and whenever (like the Disciples in the early state of their calling, who, though they immediately before had been so miraculously fed with the loaves and fishes, thought that the caution of the leaven of the Pharisees alluded to their having brought no bread with them) I feel my faith in Christ or in God’s support wavering, may I immediately say and bring to my mind, *Remember Madeira*.

“*Christmas Day*.—As I guess a Frigate will soon be ordered to England with despatches, I hasten to bring my long letter to a conclusion. Many happy returns of this day! . . . Oh! may you live to enjoy years and years of spiritual happiness here, and be added to the number of the Elect in Glory hereafter. We have not yet come to an anchor, as, in throwing out our anchor yesterday, it did not hold, though 170 fathoms was paid away. We consequently drifted away very far, and then fell in with a man-of-war’s boat and a Launch with a twelve-pound Caronade, which had been over-set, and to right which we endeavoured, but could not do it, therefore we fastened the rope to our ship, and towed the Launch and gun all night, but could not get wind to get in this morning. We cast her off, as we found we could do nothing with her, and have been standing in all day, but have not had wind. This day is as hot as the middle of summer—Officers wishing to bathe, and every superfluous article of dress thrown off. It is truly delightful, and only wants you here to enjoy it. But it is much better as it is, for I believe we shall in a very few days leave this, and some say for the West Indies to a certainty. This will please me very much, as I have so great a desire to see those burning Regions, and as you are not with me and I must go, why, I would rather go there than anywhere.

“We were taking our provisions with us ready for landing yesterday. I had a few slices of ham and some biscuit, with a

lemon and apple, which lasted admirably indeed, my lump of rhubarb, and hymn-book. That was my provision for three days, and which I ate all in one day, for I had a good appetite after the Conquest, and as it was an extra day, and we all had good appetites, I gave them my pickled salmon, which we finished at a meal, and which was still excellent. Major Farquharson was this morning sent for on board the Admiral, and when he returns I shall know what will happen to us. I confess I should be glad to see a little of the Island before we leave it, and before I send you this, which, if possible, I will.

“I have reason to be thankful to my Heavenly Father for His tender mercies in making this Passage so comfortable to me. I have had the blessing of continual prayer in my Cabin, where I always retire, and thus avoid hearing too much of the profane conversation going on. The keeping Watch has agreed capitally with me, and I am in excellent health and spirits. I am much beloved¹ by all on board, and those who at first began to talk, out of a wish perhaps to vex me, now love me, and treat me in the most respectful, attentive manner. Thus God’s finger has been in all this, and I have learnt a lesson I never must forget: to be humble, meek, unassuming, courteous, liberal of everything—in fact, to pursue the blessed precepts in 13 Chap. Hebrews, or Corinthians, I forget which, but the Heavenly Charity there enjoined. I believe, as sure as I am now writing, we shall meet again; *remember Madeira*, and by a close communion with God we shall ever be instructed in His sacred will. Forget not your privileges, and ever know that Religion does not consist in that dry, starved assent to doctrines which never will create in you a change, but that it exists in power, in the experimental knowledge of vital Godliness—I mean by this a knowledge which will enable you to live from morning to night to the Glory of God, and which, as sure as He is in Heaven, you and I may attain. Let us—let us be wise unto Salvation, and we shall then, with an undisturbed eye, meet

¹ Above these words is written in pencil a correction—“seem to be esteemed.”

all events calmly and resignedly ; this will sweeten the absence, and remember this advice proceeds from your BEST friend, one who is now miles away from you, and who loves you better than his own soul.

“ *Monday, 28th.*— . . . We came to an anchor on Friday Evening, Christmas Day, and a more beautiful sight I never beheld. We were close in to the Town . . . in the midst of a numerous Fleet, and within a biscuit’s throw of the *Centaur*, whose Band was playing some sweet airs. Oh that you could have seen it ! . . . Our anxious eyes were devouring the land, longing to be where everything appeared more beautiful, more enchantingly delightful than you ever in your life beheld. Do not imagine I am exaggerating. Every Officer said the same, and as to M’Donnel, the raptures he has been in ever since are indescribable. I promise you a faithful representation of all the scenes we may behold, because it would be an injustice were I to think of deceiving you.

“ The Agent came on board in the evening. . . . From him we learnt nothing but that we were going forthwith to the West Indies. . . . The Major returned about 8 ; told us, the 25th and 63rd, to proceed to Barbadoes without the General, and there be put under the command of the Commander-in-Chief ; that two or three men-of-war would go with us ; that the Admiral would return to England with the Despatches ; that the moment the British Fleet appeared in that majestic manner off the Island the *Astounded* Governor (I must coin a word to give any idea of his feelings) sent a Flag of Truce to say, only do not fire on the Town and he would sign what was dictated. On which I learned the moderate terms were that Madeira should be taken for George III., in trust, to return it to Portugal whenever the House of Braganza returned to Europe and French influence ceased to exist in that Kingdom. This admirable stroke of Policy decided the matter, and has given us Madeira to be our own as long as we could wish.

“ We also learned that some Batteries were very formidable, and would have done much havoc ; others by no means so. Every officer in the Fleet, the Major said, was on shore,

ourselves the only exception—that we were to sail *immediately*. And, much as the General desired to retain us, he could not do it in consequence of the orders from Government, but he had given us the post of honour in landing in order that, should we have suffered, he might under this plea have detained that Regiment as his body-guard which had by escalade made a capture of the Island of Madeira.

“The following morning, about eleven, I left the ship to gratify my longing expectation and desire, and on the land I jumped; the surf in this calm day was prodigious. My first idea was that the British were the most wonderful nation on the globe: to see the greatest part of two Regiments with Artillery, in fatigue dress, landing immense stores of ordnance, and carrying gun-carriages up a steep Hill, under a burning sun, on their shoulders, while the brawny Portuguese looked on with wonder, not devoid of apprehension. I walked up the landing place and saw a few of the natives, who bore so near a resemblance to the residents in Gibraltar that I began to be much at home. Every step I took I could see nothing but clusters of vines, vineyards like potatoe gardens in every direction, and a more intimate acquaintance with the Island enables me to say that each Hut even—nay, each Hovel of the meanest description—has its vineyard, and singular as it may appear it is no less true that hovels no better than the beggars’ cabins in Fermoy Road, if so good, you enter under an arbour or alcove of vines, from which, in the season, clusters of the most delicious grapes must hang. They are arranged upon wooden frames which form an archway.

“I now walked through the camp where the Buffs and 11th were, amid the many bows of the respectful Portuguese, in whom there is truly a most apparent falling off from the British. They are, both men and women, the plainest people I ever saw: they are large, and brawny skin a copper colour, black eyes, black hair. The dress of the peasantry: the men, a white cotton shirt and drawers and tan leather boots, with a large hat and a long staff; as to the women, I cannot describe it, it is so graceless and unseemly.

“I now entered the Town, and could have supposed the

intervening period of five years and a half had been a dream, so forcibly was I brought to Gibraltar by the appearance of everything. As I advanced in the Town it improved; the Streets became wider and the Houses better built. Each decent house has a balcony. I think it very nearly answered in every respect all it promised. Each house has a neat little garden in which oranges, lemons, guavas, chestnuts, walnuts, and grapes grow—the oranges and lemons hanging as thick as apples on every tree. They are now ripe and sell at 20 for sixpence; but this is very dear, and the price passed in consequence of our being here. They are not come to their full growth, though nearly ripe.

“I now entered the Almada or Parade, where I saw several Officers, and among the rest the Colonel, who was very civil. He asked me how I liked going to the West Indies. I told him, of all things, which astonished him. He would give half the value of his Commission to remain here, and it must be allowed it is a delightful place. The heat at this time was so oppressive that it was nearly unbearable. I am already so sunburnt that I am perfectly browned, and this the Natives call cold, sharp weather. Crotty I now met, who told me he had sent in his resignation. I was astonished. He said he could not bear going to the West Indies, and as his prospects were not good in the Army, he had come to the resolution of giving up the Profession, though the Colonel endeavoured to dissuade him from it. Captain Hepson had also resigned, and so had *not* I. I hope you will not love me the less for it, but can anything be more absurd than to give up a Profession when you have fairly embarked in it, and the worst part over? No, no; the Lord will give us many happy days yet, we need not fear. Presently the Genr., Sir S. Hood, and all the Staff passed by, and went to the Government House, where the Capitulation was formally signed. We found the General had turned the Monks out of their Convent, and intended to make a Barrack of it, and this was done by the advice of the deceitful Governor, who is in the French interest, and who, to make us hated by the Inhabitants, recommended us to turn out the poor Monks, observing it had originally been a Barrack.

The result is that I learn the General, having discovered this, intends to give it up to them again. I went into the Building, which is large and spacious, though the rooms above, being only cells, are not larger than the Closets in Fermoy off the Barrack room. But there are so many of them that each Officer will have had several of them. The Mess-Room was to have been the Refectory, and here a Monk was eating a very nice dinner, of which we partook, and drank some delicious Malmsey Madeira.

“ We then went to the Cathedral, which is really handsome, but what authority do we find in the Sacred Scriptures for the miserable Superstition which is everywhere so apparent—wax lights, Crucifixes, tapers, Images? The poor blind person showing us these asked if we were *Christians*. I told him I hoped we were. He was then delighted. So with them to be a Christian is to be a Papist, and otherwise a Heretick. God be merciful to us! Presently Vespers began, and the Bishop with all his Suite entered the Church. They crossed themselves and knelt down—many knelt. I hope I am not uncharitable, but if ever the Pharisees were pointed at, if ever they were alluded to, I think these must be the men. They sang and chaunted prayers and hymns, the Organ played, and, where was Christ, all was mere starved dry formality and outward show. The wandering eye, the inattentive look, the satisfied deportment, *the proud gait*, which was constantly bowing to the Altar, the pomp of their solemn black garbs, all convinced me, if ever I was convinced in my life, that the Glory of God had not descended upon that habitation. They depend on their Temple, their Rites and Ceremonies, as much as ever the Jews did. When I reflect on the power of God, which I have seen and felt in the small and despised Meeting Houses, the assurance I felt then is rendered more positive and confirmed to me now, that the Lord dwells not in Temples made by men’s hands, but in the inward power of vital Godliness, the inner man of the heart. Many remarks I could make here, but it would lengthen my letter, which I must be thinking of concluding, or how will you have patience to read it all?


“From the Cathedral we went to the Castle, where a Col.—I took him to be such—showed us the apartments, and with whom I had an agreeable conversation in French. But the whole of the House I could not see, as it was, or a part was, occupied by the Governor. The apartment I saw is large, and ornamented with portraits, most shockingly done, of the different Governors of Madeira. Leaving this, we saw some of the Portuguese Troops, and it is well for them they made no resistance, for, poor creatures, they would have been destroyed. To see one of them alongside a British light Bob, the comparison cannot hold a moment. And now, proceeding to the Batteries and the Line Walls, we (Crotty and I) took a view of the Fortifications, which, whatever they might be made, are now really and truly formidable to the Portuguese. The guns are eaten up with rust, and the carriages half rotten; not an Artilleryman would venture to fire a Salute with them. A few Brass Guns are the only ones in any repair. The part of the wall we were to scale had been so exactly delineated in the Plan that it could not be mistaken. We should have been exposed to a heavy fire in the Boats (if the Cannon had not burst), and two rounds we might have had before we had scaled the Walls, but the Gates would have been blown to atoms by a six-pounder—nay, Capt. Blundell of the Artillery told me that a 24-pound cartridge alone would have knocked it to pieces. Thus the Town must have been ours had there been any resistance, which I am told the Governor laments he had not made, as he was told by the Officer sent on Shore that we had 10,000 men, and had he had 7 hours’ notice, he could have brought 4000 Militia and 1000 Regulars to the Forts. However, some say the Militia would not have fought against us, others that the Natives are much dissatisfied, and that the General in consequence does not mean to send us away till they are reconciled to the British Flag, which was not hoisted till this day, as the General did not wish to hurt the Governor’s feelings by hoisting it over his head. And now I believe he has entirely abdicated the Castle, and is gone to a private House. However, for my part, I think they are satisfied, for, as we pay the greatest respect to their Religion, and allow them the

full use of all which they may deem their rights and privileges, they must, of course, be in a measure content, but they think there has been deception used, and that they need not so easily have given up their Town. However, this the General does not think, and the French party in the Town is by no means a strong one. But as yet we have received no further order to sail, and the Colonel appeared to think to-day we might stay a little longer, lest anything unpleasant should happen. The Headquarter ship has been changed, and they are gone into the *Cora*. We remain as we were, and are going to get some Ports cut into the side of the Ship. One I hope to have in my little Cabin, for which I have paid five guineas to the grateful mate, and then my retirement will be delightful indeed. Oh! how often I think of you, and of the goodness of God in giving me such a Blessing. Only be the Wife of my Soul; may our sentiments be ever the same in all godly sincerity . . . for a spiritual affection so exceeds the love that (however amiable a Couple may be) they can in any other shape be susceptible of that it permits not a comparison.

“The dearness of everything to be purchased deterred me from laying out any money. A dollar in these countries I have ever found is considered no more than a shilling with you. The price of everything is a dollar. For a small slice of ham and a bottle of porter, Crotty and I paid a dollar. But the Madeira is cheap and excellent; it is £38 a Pipe, and about 2/6 a Bottle good; but the common Madeira, answering to our Porter, is about ten pence a bottle. This, however, is not in my estimation good. One poor fellow died of drinking the day after he landed. I do not find any similitude between this language and the French, though there is much between it and the Spanish, and I can make myself understood in some small things. They have not saved any raisins, as they convert them all into wine, of which an immense quantity is manufactured. Several merchants residing here have very large concerns, and these are chiefly English, Irish, and Scotch. There are a few Portuguese who have stores, and but a few. Some English shops, but, owing to Christmas Holidays, few of them are open. Provisions are dear. A Ham is a guinea; a

Turkey, a dollar or more, and very bad; a Goat, four guineas and a half, which poor Mrs. Williams gave for it, and I am much afraid it will go dry. Meat, of which I have seen scarcely any, is very bad, and 7d. a pound. On the whole, Madeira can boast the finest climate in the world, a most beautiful and delightful scenery, the most romantic cottages, and the most delicious vines, with other fruit, but meat and vegetables they seemed to me to be almost destitute of. Their Bread is excellent, but no butter, except rancid salt butter, four shillings a pound. Tea and Coffee are cheap, but of these we have enough. I have seen no myrtles or geraniums, because every foot of ground is a vineyard.

"Having now sauntered about almost the whole day, I took Crotty on board with me to dine. I was much struck in the morning by seeing so great an assemblage of faces whom I so well knew, transported so suddenly from Cove to Funchal. Even the *Polly*, when I saw her side again, filled me with many a sensation, easier, by a mind like my own, to be imagined than described. General Beresford remains Governor of Madeira, and had the 25th remained there, I might or might not have been his Secretary. But I have ceased to think of these things. I only wish, and I hardly know whether I wish . . . that Mr. Cooke had never written to me at all. 'Tis now, however, at an end. . . .

"Yesterday morning I went on shore intending to take a long stroll somewhere, and soon found my way up the Mountain. The sweetest cottages everywhere presented themselves, creeping as it were step by step up the hill—vineyards, vineyards, vineyards. I was to the gazing natives an object of much curiosity. Many of the men wore a little blue cap somewhat like this  if you can make it out, but I am a poor hand at the pencil. . . . I walked a very long way up the Mountain, until I was very high up, nearly broiled, and much fatigued. I entered a Cottage under an alcove of Vines. Here I was accosted by the worthy Host, who, in the Portuguese language, bid me welcome. I entered his house, which, all of one story, was very neat. He spoke to me, but I could not comprehend him. By signs I told him I was fatigued. I

asked him if he spoke English, French, or Spanish, to all of which he replied : ' No entendo ' (' I do not understand '), and as readily to his observations I said : ' Signor, no entendo. ' At length he very earnestly said : ' *Cop vaine,* ' making the sign of drinking. I instantly : ' Si, Signor, con muchas gratias. ' This is Spanish, and is ' Yes, Sir, with many thanks. ' He comprehended me, and went to his cupboard and took from thence a decanter, and despatched a boy, who soon returned with it filled with common Madeira. Of this I partook. He also gave me some preserves. What they were I could not make out, but they were very good. Having fared in a very comfortable manner, and wishing to make him sensible of my thanks for his civility, I at length thought of writing him a note, and, seeing paper, pen, and ink on the Table, I began to write, smiling at the same time at the singularity of the adventure. It was nearly as follows : ' That an English Officer, having walked up the Mountain, and being much fatigued, had entered the Cottage of the worthy man residing there, who showed him the greatest attention and civility, giving wine and sweetmeats ; that, as they could not make each other understand except by signs, he took this opportunity of assuring his Host how truly thankful he felt for his kind and hospitable attention ; and that the British, in taking possession of the Island, intended to guard their rights and privileges, and secure to them the enjoyment of all their comforts. ' With a few other remarks I concluded by hoping the worthy Portuguese and British might ever be friends and brothers. This little *finesse* (though all was true) I was pleased with, and gave him the paper, telling him by signs that he was to show it to some Portuguese who spoke English, and would explain it all to him. He understood me, and put it in his pocket, and we then shook hands and parted. In my way down—and, by the way, I must take notice of the beauty of the prospect, for I suppose I was now somewhat more than half the height of Mangerton, and the land I should guess is about the same elevation, the Town at my feet, built of white stone, having the prettiest appearance ; vineyards, lemon and orange trees scattered in all directions, the declivity studded with Cottages, the Fleet

riding beautifully in the Bay, and as noble a view of the Ocean as was perhaps anywhere ever beheld, the sun shining in brilliant majesty on the calm, unruffled waters. I saw in my way down passing by a cottage, a man from his window kissing his hand, who said : ‘ How do you do, Sir ? ’ ‘ Very well, Sir, thank you,’ I replied ; and, being fond of adventure, went to his house. He had a large Family, and introduced me to his dining-room. I found he spoke but very few words of English, but, having told him where I had been, he said the person was a lieutenant in the Militia. He asked me to stay and dine with him, but, on my refusing, he intimated that his House would ever be open to me. He said he had been ill some time, which he imputed to the *cold, sharp* weather (I broiling) ; that the season in July, August, and September was very pleasant, but now very cold. Though he spoke by half words, I was well able to comprehend him ; indeed, they appear to me to be an honest, plain, and well-disposed People, and I am sure it will be their own fault if they do not live happy under the British Government. But to-day there is a very strong report circulating that they are dissatisfied, and the Merchants have represented to General Beresford the necessity of having more troops. It is also intimated strongly that we are to disembark. I hope I shall ever bow to the will of my Heavenly Father in all things, and I am sure, if we disembark, it will be for our good ; but, at the same time, others think we should remain here until the sickly season in the West Indies commenced ; that our men, now healthy, would become ill from change of diet and drinking, and that it would not eventually prevent our going to the West Indies. However, all this I shall know probably before I close this letter, which Captain Hepson, who goes home with the Despatches, will take for me if Crotty does not. Williams, I believe, will get his Lieutenancy. And now I think I must come to a conclusion, though I have yet something to say which I reserve for the latter part of this letter. I hope I have made you acquainted tolerably well with all that has happened to me since we parted. . . . And how have you been ? Everything that has befallen you from the moment we parted until you send off your

much-wished-for letter I must have a regular account of. Many particulars of my dear Monty and Copsy their anxious Father longs to hear. . . . Oh! the hour will surely come when it will please our Heavenly Father that we may meet again. . . . To what Island we may go in the West Indies is altogether unknown. The conjectures I need not fill my paper with; but if, on mature consultation with Major Cavenagh, you found that a letter directed to Barbadoes, to be forwarded to wherever the Regiment might be, would have a good chance of finding me, I confess I should be glad you would send the dear winged treasure forthwith. Perhaps a letter to our agents *post paid* might gain you information, and if they think there is no risk, then write off speedily. . . . And oh! what a comfort that will be to me. I know how faithfully you have prayed night and day for me, but let the knowledge of those Prayers having been heard urge you on to ask more largely of that prayer-hearing God what is requisite for your soul's salvation, and He will hear and bless to your soul what you require.

“*Tuesday, 29th Dec.*—I have just heard that we are to sail to-morrow, and the letters are to go in an hour; I have, therefore, nothing further now to say, but that the Major tells me you may with great safety write to me, directing Barbadoes, to be forwarded to wherever the Regiment may be, and then I shall have the valued letter. I shall be looking out for you next November. You shall, by God's Blessing, leave Ireland about the 1st October and arrive the middle of November, and stay until the latter end of May. Will not this be delightful? As to your mother, she must believe all I feel for her and your worthy aunt. I have not time now to add much; the Lord will bless them for their goodness to me. The dear Cavenaghs—oh! say everything to them for me; assure them of my continued love and esteem, and tell them frequently to write to me. And now for the secret: what is it? . . . We are to receive a share of Bat and Forage, amounting to £42, which enables me to make you a New-Year's Gift of the enclosed order for sixty pounds British. Oh! what joy it gives me to afford you this small mark of my love and

tenderness; . . . and you need not in the smallest degree suppose it will straiten me, for we are to get another share of Bat and Forage in Barbadoes, so I shall have no occasion to draw my Pay, and I hope to remit you £50 in June; and if O'Rourke pays me £100, which he may, though I shall be very cautious of him, it will enable me to put a little plan in execution: and that is, that you shall go to Dublin or London and sit for your Picture to the best artist in the capital, and send it to . . . me, and if I can get any one to take my Phiz off in Barbadoes, though it be but a stick, you shall have it. Give your mother anything she likes in as delicate a manner as possible, with my tenderest love."

(Gifts for my mother's aunt, Florence Colclough, and for the children and servants, one of the latter being *Alley*, are mentioned.)

"And . . . be happy, and be assured the Lord will bless us and bring us together again. Do not be sparing of purchasing comforts for yourself; if you hoard up this Draft without using it, you will much disappoint me. . . .

"Your independance, your happiness, your present comfort and future joy are my chiefest objects; I think, with my own and my children's salvation, it comprizes all. . . . Take care of your health and my dear sweet children.

"Give my . . . most affectionate love to all my friends, . . . but to your mother, aunt, and the Cavenaghs you must give a kiss a-piece. I know the Major will thank me for such a remembrance so conveyed, and my little Fairy Hill Queen I embrace by proxy. And now . . . farewell.

"I shall continue my letter in the form of a journal until we arrive at Barbadoes, and then write instantly. Write to me, and consult about everything you wish to know with Cavenagh, and keep no secret from him who loves us so tenderly. Adieu!—Believe me ever, ever your own most faithful friend and affect.

J. HAWTREY."

At the back of this last sheet is written:—

"I have not time to read over or correct the enclosed, therefore excuse all faults and blunders. This neat binding

and stitching is all my own. To prevent any accident I have made the remark on the Bill that in case of anything it might be recovered."

It is needless to say that the paper is yellow with age. The letter is written on ten sheets (square), *closely* written all over the paper, which perhaps accounts for the "neat binding and stitching" having been undone, for greater ease in reading.

On New-Year's Day, 1808, my father writes to his wife, apparently from Madeira:—

"MY DEAREST ANNE,—In much haste. You may safely write to Barbadoes, to be forwarded. We are certainly going to the West Indies. We have learnt nothing . . . except that we shall certainly proceed to the West, and then be put under the Command of the Senior Officer, and sent wherever we are most wanted. . . . By God's Blessing I shall see you next November. Write as soon as you can, and direct Barbadoes, to be forwarded to wherever the 25th Regt. may be. . . .

"God Bless my Darling. Amen."

There is a long and warm-hearted letter from my father, dated Funchal Bay, January 3, 1808. He was to sail the next day for the West Indies, and seemed very happy in the prospect, and in his great hope that perhaps in the autumn of that year my mother would join him out there, giving her directions to go, at Madeira, to his wine merchant's house, who, with his sister, would take every care of her. "And in November my love will come, won't she? And come to my Cottage, her John's Cottage, who will do all he can for the remaining years of his life to make his Anne happy."

In this letter he describes a visit to a convent, and his pity for the young there immured. "Where had Christ enjoined it? They were born for sweet and social converse, to marry, to bring forth children, and to educate them in the fear and love of God. . . . Let us not judge them. Yet, withal, they look upon us to be the object of the utmost compassion—poor deluded hereticks they term us, and truly

in some instances they are right, for what excites their wonder in the greatest degree is that we are not only destitute of the power, but of the form of Religion, for they discover that in this Army which has arrived from England there is not one *Priest* nor *Chaplain*, and two Sundays have already passed by, and no more alteration has been seen in the conduct of our Officers or men than on a week day—no Church Service, nor the smallest appearance of any Religion whatever. Ah! truly the English are to be pitied, but not in the sense the Papists think. . . . We expect to sail very shortly. I believe we were only waiting until the natives had taken the oath of allegiance, which I conclude is by this time done. . . . We sail, I find, to-morrow by daylight; thus, then, I bid farewell to Madeira. We shall soon be in the trade winds, soon in the West Indies, soon I shall have a letter from you, and soon, oh! may God grant it, we shall be restored to each other again. . . . Adieu, adieu!—Ever your fond, faithful, and affect. Husband,

J. H.

“The letters I sent by the *Success* were two to you, one to the Cavenaghs, one to my Mother, two to Stephen, and one to Catherine Hawtreys.”¹

CHAPTER XXVI

LETTERS FROM THE WEST INDIES

FROM Madeira my father was ordered to the West Indies. The following extracts from his letters tell of the voyage thither and of his life there. Diligently following his regimental duties, he used to attend the meetings held by Wesleyan missionaries.

I think I have heard that on one occasion he found that,

¹ One of the daughters of the Rev. Ralph Hawtreys, of the Irish branch of our family. He had no son.

in order to be back in time from one of these meetings, he must hurry, and he arrived in such a heated condition that, instead of letting him stay for parade, his colonel instantly and humanely ordered him off to his quarters, where prompt measures and repose saved him from injury.

My father writes from the "*Polly* at Sea, Friday, Jan. 8, 1808," telling my mother that he had sailed from Funchal in company with the *York*, *Intrepid*, and nine Transports on January 5, and was having a delightful passage:—

"You cannot conceive anything to equal the sweet serenity of these latitudes. We are now in the vast Atlantic. The sea is as smooth as in Cove Harbour on a Summer's day. We are going on four miles and a half every hour, the Ship as steady nearly as if at anchor, the wind perfectly fair, having now begun to enter the trades—the Fleet looking most beautiful in every direction before and behind us. The door has long since been taken off its hinges; every window, every Port, open to let the summer breeze in to refresh us. . . . The sweet evenings are the season for reflection, and then my mind is divided between my Creator and my beloved wife and Children. Then I am transported miles away, and see them, walk with them, and bring to my mind the thousand little endearments of Copey and the playful sallies of Monty. . . . On Saturday we went on delightfully, entering the Trade winds, which ever blow in one fair, unaltered course from East to West. The *Intrepid* took the *Flora* in tow. In the evening we saw the *Captain*, Lord Nelson's old Flag Ship, stand on towards us, having all her sails set. At length up she came, a floating Castle, and as she majestically ranged alongside us, she hailed us and said she would take us in tow. This was soon performed—the tow rope, like a Cable, sent on board, fastened to the windlass, and on we went. . . . We soon found that we went on rapidly; the 74 spread her immense Canvas, and as the *Flora* and we were the only wooden-bottomed ships, and heavy Sailors, we have very reason to believe we shall make a most

quick passage. We are now at the head of all the Fleet. . . . Yesterday (Sunday) was a day of much peace to me, . . . in which I did not forget to implore blessings on my dearest wife and children. . . . Who would not be faithful to One who is so merciful and gracious and exceeding lovely? I expect much happiness from being assured that I shall meet many of the holy Methodists in the W. Indies, whose Society will now, under God, be my chiefest blessing, for they are God's people, and to them the truth of the Lord has been revealed. Ever keep in your mind the contempt with which the Lord was treated, and you will not marvel that His followers have received the most opprobrious language, and been treated as their Lord was. . . . Let us not presume to Judge others, but meekly to examine ourselves."

A page of the long letter seems to be lost, and there follows a description of the rough, old ceremonies, humorous to some and trying to others, observed on crossing the line. My father escaped the rough shaving, but was drenched with salt water. One man actually armed himself with a drawn knife, and, sitting on the bowsprit end, threatened any one who should come near him.

My father then went forward and advised him to take it gently. He would not however be persuaded, and some resolute men laid hold on him and subjected him to the worst Neptune could do in the way of tarring and ducking. He was desperately enraged, but my father humanely made him drink Neptune's health in a glass of rum, which restored him to good humour, after which wet clothes were changed and none felt the worse for their involuntary bath.

"Our days and nights are beautiful," he says, "and the breeze ever following us I consider as the most grateful, heart-pleasing sensation that can be imagined. Surely the Lord has been nigh to us. When also I reflect how easy He has made my way, the good and affectionate understanding subsisting between us all, the ease with which, free from all persecution, I have enjoyed my privacy and communion, which is well known to every officer in the Ship and which they never interrupt or ridicule, the many conversations I have had with

some of them religiously, . . . all tend to convince me the Lord is merciful to me."

Later, my father writes with the greatest gratitude of not having carried out an idea he appears to have entertained, of giving in his resignation with a view to accepting a Paymastership. This he found would *not* have come to him, as the general recommended a friend of his own for it. And thus he escaped the loss of all. "Oh, praises to God!" he writes. "Remember His mercies; join with me in returning thanks. . . . Oh, let us give Him our all, our little mite, our undivided hearts!" And truly we see that he and his were never forsaken.

He writes with the tenderest affection to his young wife on religious matters.

She had always been brought up to be "a good girl." And he could not see but that she needed, at all events in some degree, to share the experience of him whose early life had been cast, first at the Eton of those semi-civilised days, and then in the army. He longs for her to be able to sympathise with him, urging her, in a way that she perhaps can hardly understand, to cast herself as a sinner on the merits only and solely of her Saviour.

She appears to have expressed a desire for the guidance of some pious clergyman, naming the one who had, four years previously, united her to my father. He hopes she has conversed with him, and says:—

"Show him my letter, tell him the words I have written are written by a young officer in the cabin of a ship, who has been for six weeks in the society of men who frequently blaspheme the name of God, and from whom he hears not one word of pious or spiritual conversation, . . . that no minister of God is near to teach him, . . . to instruct him in the sacred truth of Holy Writ, and, having told him this, ask him to lay his hand upon his heart, and in the presence of dread Jehovah let him say whether what I have written is not the solemn truth as it is in Jesus. . . . He will tell you that of a truth he perceives that God is no respecter of persons, but that He can cause the pen of one whose iniquities were

steeped in the Sodom and Gomorrah of unrighteousness to speak the blessed word of truth. . . . Be assured, my darling, I am only desirous of promoting your happiness by what I say, for I know it is the true and only possible way to promote it, for when you have humbled yourself to the foot of the Cross, and are accepted, which as necessarily follows as that you breathe, it only remains for you to *believe* all the promises of Christ, and that they are applied to *you*, when peace, joy, and heavenly consolation enters your bosom. . . . Do we not all owe ten thousand talents? He asks no payment. All has been long since pardoned. View Him nailed to the Cross, and do you not see in His sufferings your salvation? Consent then to come with the self-condemned publican, and even if you cannot raise your eyes to Heaven He who reads your heart will speak peace to it. . . .

“We have now been fifteen days at sea. In two months I hope it will please God that I shall receive a letter from my lamb; oh! the delight, the joy it will be to me. Johnny Kisk is invaluable, and is so humourous and funny that he has gained the love of all the ship.

“With reference to the climate, &c., of his future quarters he says: ‘If I lead a temperate, righteous life, I need fear nothing; but it is awful to hear the young men talking so inconsiderately of that which, should it come, would fill them with terror—unless the sting is taken away.’

“You will say I have been a long time without writing; ever since Thursday nothing particular has occurred. I did not forget my beloved Monty’s birthday (Jan. 23). I prayed for his precious soul, that it might be plucked as a brand from the burning, and I assure you the President gave him in a bumper toast after dinner; indeed they all love him and his dear mother and Copsey, and frequently speak in the kindest way of you.

“The flying fish are the most beautiful things you can conceive. I have seen one fly, I am certain, four or five hundred yards, which has a most charming appearance.

“I must tell you something I said a few days ago after dinner. The conversation happened to turn on persons

putting on their best appearances in the days of courtship, and which made me say that Dr. Johnson expressed it as his opinion that both parties were mutually deceiving each other in endeavouring to appear more amiable than they really were. 'And what is your opinion?' said one; 'you ought to know.'

"My opinion," I replied, 'both coincides with and differs from his, as, in the first instance, I know I endeavoured in the days of my courtship to appear more amiable than I really was, and Mrs. Hawtrey did not appear to me as amiable as she really is,' and these are truly my sentiments; which made the officers tell me they thought I had drawn a rich prize—indeed, may I endeavour always to prove myself sensible of God's love to me in giving me such a partner. . . .

"Feb. 1st.—From the deck I have just seen the land of Barbadoes, after a safe and happy voyage, in which Almighty God has preserved me from all perils. I am arrived at this new country: here once was your dear father; here now his son has come. . . .

"Consider the many thousands of miles that separate us, and may we at least experience the Heavenly Blessing of being one soul and spirit in Jesus.

"My own wife, God is *Love*. Oh! strive to know the meaning of this in its fullest extent, for Love will be our Heaven hereafter, as it is our highest and most exalted privilege on earth.

"The outline of the Island only is discerned, which promises the most romantic beauty on a nearer approach, wood, plains, hills, and vales being to be discerned. . . .

"Feb. 2.—Last night a signal was made for us to lie to during the night, which we complied with, but somehow lost the Fleet during the night. We are now about 10 miles from Bridge town."

They were farther away before they landed, and experienced the hope deferred of being unable to land through a contrary wind.

"I am persuaded the Lord's hand is in this for good to me. I would be thankful, but, oh! my fretful and deceitful

heart is shewing impatience, because, forsooth, we are not at anchor. We do not expect to remain in sight of land much longer, if the wind continues as it is." However, the *Intrepid* took them in tow, and he continues:—

"*Friday, Feb. 5.*—How shall I write, how shall I express myself? Oh! the beauty, the surprising beauty, of the West Indies. The Island of Barbadoes was now before my view. The land shelves from the summit, which is by no means elevated, gently sloping to the sea, diversified with plains and valleys. The face of the Country is absolutely enamelled, green, yellow, and fragrant. The houses, many of them built in the Chinese style, and peeping thro' trees; wigwams resembling the Irish huts, inhabited by the negroes; the Bay full of shipping—altogether forming a scene most beautiful. Madeira was grand and romantic; this is beautiful and innocent—all a fairy scene. . . .

"At length we came to an anchor, when black Bumboat men and women surrounded us in crowds. While with admiration we were looking at Bananas, Yams and Guavas, a boat came alongside from the *Cora*, bringing orders relative to our dress, &c., and that we were going to—Praises to God—the Garden of Paradise of the W. Indies, St. Kitts. But while in agitation we were talking of this, Thompson said: 'Oh, Hawtreys, O'Rourke is on shore, and is asking everywhere for you.' Then says Leach: 'I have a message to you from Major O'Rourke, that whenever you come to an anchor you are to go and dine or breakfast with him.' I wrote saying I would breakfast with him in the morning.

"*St. Annes, Monday, Feb. 8.*—On Saturday morning a note was brought me from Major O'Rourke, saying that he was beyond expression delighted at my having arrived; that he had sent up a Boat many times before in hopes of reaching the Ship, but we were so far out at sea it was not thought safe. He acknowledged that he was in happier circumstances, but by no means had he attained to it without his proportion of calamity. The death of three beloved sisters within 6 months was a stroke in some measure alleviated by his being married to a most amiable wife, who he trusted would one day find a

sister in Mrs. Hawtrey. Oh my Anne! what did I not feel? Phyllis, Fanny, and Emma all dead. The shock this gave me obscured all the happiness I had expected in the meeting. I, too, in my letter, had enquired after them. . . . He in his note said Mrs. O'R. joined in requesting I would take up my abode with them during my stay, and kindly said he never could forget his debt of gratitude to me."

I must here observe that I well remember hearing my father mention the name of O'Rourke. He had a great affection for the brother and his sisters, and I think in early days, before he knew my mother, had made a will, leaving all he possessed to his friend Edward O'Rourke "and his three dear Sisters."

They had not now met for some years, and it seems that, through some misconception, Major O'Rourke had at first not liked my father's marriage. He continues:—

"I proceeded to the House; enclosed by a wall or high wooden pallisade, I saw it not until I entered the wicket, and then indeed came in view of the prettiest and most elegant cottage you can form an idea of, down the steps of which ran Edward, the same affectionate, fond, and dear friend he was when I last saw him five years ago. We both were a good deal affected, but when I considered that his sisters were no more, it agitated me most sensibly. I entered; . . . all was in the very first style of neatness, simplicity, and taste. We conversed, and soon came to an explanation on the score of our ceasing to write. He had no idea when he wrote to Walsh that I was engaged, and as I said in my letter to him that I was going to be married without my mother's consent, and as he heard from Walsh that I did not expect a fortune, he considered it would be an act of friendship to interfere, and you must admit this places the circumstance in a very different light. He often purposed writing to me, but did not know where to direct.

"He told me his eldest sister was taken ill of a decline eighteen months ago in London, and that the other dear girls in attending on her, and from the affliction they felt, dropped off shortly after the eldest was no more. Oh, heart-breaking

thought! but may they now be saints in bliss! Four years ago he got on full pay, and, with letters of introduction to the commander of the Forces in the West Indies, on his arrival was put on the 2nd Major-General's department, and employed with Sir George Prevost in Dominique the time the French invaded it two years ago. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. O'R., and truly fortunate Mr. R. (the Father of the lady) may think himself, for the counterpart of O'R. as the most elegant, accomplished, honourable, and well-informed of men I never met. They have been married about a year, and now anxiously was I expecting to see her, when she entered the breakfast-Parlour, and I was introduced. . . . She appears to be 18, and is the most beautiful composition that you or I have ever seen—slender, sweet, heavenly features, with a benign smile ever playing on her face—and is truly an amiable and delightful companion to O'Rourke, and would truly be a sister to you—you would love her. . . .

“At breakfast we were attended by a number of young Blacks. They all speak French and English, as they are from Domenique, which was formerly a French Island. I found O'Rourke was become thoughtful, and less, if at all, volatile, and, now that his wonderful abilities have the opportunity of disclosing themselves, he truly begins to shine.”

My father tells how his friend wished to improve the barracks, studied architecture, drew plans, from which new buildings were erected, which “will be a lasting monument to O'Rourke's credit and honour. He has sunk wells a vast depth, which yield excellent water. . . . His cook-house is wonderful.

“He appears to me to be the same Edward I knew at Gibraltar, who had not one sixpence in his pocket for months. Now the same Edward has thousands, an establishment, and all he could desire in this life. He told me if you came out he would land you, and convey you and your family to his house, and there you should remain until I came from St. Kitts to fetch you, and Mrs. O'R. was delighted at the thought. They are sincere, and he ever was, and now proves it.”

My father dined with his friends very pleasantly, waited

on by their twelve servants, and when Major O'Rourke took up his flute "and played like an angel, it brought such scenes to my remembrance that I was much affected. You have no idea what the flute is until you hear him. At night he showed me to my room, where Mrs. O'R. had got everything for me as comfortably as you could, if you had been with me.

"The Church is very handsome, very large and cool, and a delightful organ; monuments, alas! in every direction. Many were the Blacks there, and many ladies, just the same as in England, but they are all so rich that they can procure everything to make them comfortable."

My father now began to see that with the comparatively small means at his disposal, his young family, and the risk of the climate for his wife, it might not be expedient for her to join him.

"Let us, however, leave all this to the Almighty, Who will, I am well persuaded, direct us in everything. Yesterday Major O'Rourke entertained a large party at Dinner. When I considered him conversing with such intelligence and learning, and marked the piercing eye, I saw, indeed, that his talents were far beyond the humble state that he was in at Gibraltar. He is, indeed, a most astonishing young man—one that loves me with the warmest regard and affection."

The letter proceeds with the warmest expressions of kindness and love to those at home, to whom guava jelly and delicious preserves are being sent. He is to sail on the morrow in a "copper-bottomed" vessel, far superior to the poor *Polly*, for St. Kitts.

"Yesterday Evening O'Rourke made half-a-dozen little black boys and girls come and dance before us, which they did very prettily indeed. It amuses me beyond expression to talk French with them, little things not much bigger than Montague, and as black as a cinder. . . .

"How are my pretty Babes? Papa sends a kiss to each. I am delighted with these little Blacks; one is called Pinkey, and the other Maly, and another Louis. They dance and sing and have a thousand humours most innocent. One little

fellow has been making me draw the whole family, just as they were dancing last night, and he has been running all over the house calling it beautiful and delightful. 'Oh comme c'est Joli, comme c'est Joli ! il ya Pinkey, et Maly, et Louis ; oh Joli, Joli !' . . . Well, my Darling, unwilling tho' I am to quit you and close my long letter, yet I must. This letter will reach you in less than two months ; happy letter ! But God will bring us together at His appointed time. Take care of yourselves. Do not let Monty, and if possible do not let Copsey, forget me. Adieu. — Your own faithful, affect. Husband,

J. HAWTREY.

"Finished 4 o'clock, afternoon, Tuesday, February 9th 1808."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"AT SEA OFF DOMENIQUE, *Feb.* 12, 1808.

"I closed my letter on Tuesday, 9th. . . . That evening after dinner we walked to the new place he has taken. Here he showed me the room he intended for you. . . . On our return we called at the beautiful residence of Mr. Hyndman. He had not left his Table, and we all sate down. You must know that I was shy of speaking to Edward on religion. I was afraid anything I could say would be of no avail. I had therefore been silent, but at Mr. Hyndman's table, where was himself, Edward, the Captain of a Guinea Slave Ship, and myself (the ladies having retired to Coffee), I was called on to say something, for I discovered very soon that I was in company with Deists and Atheists, and after they had ridiculed some sacred characters for some time, I took up the subject ; and now I had the whole company against me, bringing up the usual nonsense made use of on such topics. . . . I gave them my heartfelt compassion, for I had the decided advantage of them. I had seen as they saw, and now could see as they *never* saw. . . . Mr. Hyndman is a most prepossessing man in appearance and common conversation, and spoke of the attributes of the Deity with much feeling, and of the Lord Jesus as one of the most perfect and noble characters, . . . and one doubtless

sent for some wise purpose by the Almighty. But as to considering Him to be the Son of God, or that God would consent to such a Sacrifice for errors which He foresaw and foreknew—[this] was such a contempt of God and such an insult to Deity that he thanked God it was a crime he was not guilty of; and O'Rourke in darkness sat near my very heart.

"I therefore said I felt for him much, and lamented the Regiment was not to remain in Barbadoes, that I might have Conversation with him on those Subjects, which were of more importance to his Everlasting Condition than he could imagine. . . . Many things I said . . . that it was easier for the Heavens and Earth to pass away than for him to comprehend the things he was attempting to argue on, unless God chose to give him Light. . . . My heart yearned to him, and I told him, if he would not think it a presumption and would give me leave to commit a few observations to paper at St. Kitts, I wd. enclose them to Edward, and perhaps thro' the means of such a worm as I was some good might nevertheless accrue.

"He was, I saw, greatly struck at this. I took courage, and told him some saw things in the light he did, but that the Grace of God enabled me to see them in their true and lovely colours; that this was not imagination—a Soldier seldom in the habit of associating with those who could teach him any good was then speaking, and that he had been made a monument of God's grace. In fine, I think, a better subject to work on, under God's mercy and help, I have seldom seen, for he is open to conviction.

"At going away he took my hand in his two, and said: 'Don't forget me; pray, don't forget me.' I told him I never could or would, and perhaps some years hence the observations I might make would perchance be of service to him. He said: 'I never will part with it; I shall consider it as the highest favour you can possibly do me. . . . And if you should come to Domenique about May next, and would come and see me, oh! it would be a great favour.' I told him if ever I were within 20 miles of him I should consider it my duty to wait on him. . . .

"As we were going home O'Rourke said I had a warm supporter in Mrs. O'R. 'She says her prayers every night for two hours on her knees, and she would be praying all day long.' I confess I was astonished. May God make her the means of bringing my poor dear Edward to the Light.

"In the morning early I heard the Fleet was sailing out of the Bay. I made all the haste I could. Mrs. O'Rourke shook hands with me at her bedroom door in her dressing-gown. Off we went. O'Rourke told me I should hear from him soon.

"I bade him farewell at the wharf, and went off in his boat, carrying with me the love of all his family, which I do return most cordially.

"As our convoy was now only a sloop-of-war, and we were fifteen sail, the Major thought it advisable to make everything ready for a prompt defence. We, therefore, placed the men at quarters, and, having put the muskets in firing order, we drilled the men in firing as if an enemy were alongside."

He describes the beauty of Martinique as they passed that island. Lofty land, with forests and cornfields creeping up to the summit, it seems to recall "dear Killarney," but he does not like to dwell too much on that thought.

"Oh, what would I give for a letter! . . . I hope one will soon be on the way, and will soon come to comfort me.

"*Saturday, 13th.*—How is little darling to-day and all the family? Oh, may the Lord bless them! . . . Do not, oh do not let them forget me!

"We are now in sight of Brimstone Hill, St. Kitts, our future destination. We can see at once Guadaloupe, Antigua, Montserrat, Redondo, and St. Kitts. In fine, this little voyage is much more a party of pleasure than anything else, for we have never been a day without seeing land since we sailed. No sooner did we pass Domenique yesterday than we passed under Guadaloupe, from which we kept at a respectable distance on account of the Privateers, and now, having left Guadaloupe, we are close under the beautiful Montserrat, so that to-morrow, by the Blessing of God, we shall be at anchor, and I suppose

on Monday disembark, having thus in safety terminated a long and (however little we may think of it, yet it must be confessed) adventurous voyage. Our stock has lasted us very well, and there will be some things to share at last, and every opportunity I shall embrace of writing after we arrive, and make you acquainted with every single day of my life.

"*Monday, 15th.*—At anchor, Sandy Point, St. Kitts. . . . After I finished writing on Saturday we passed on quickly, and, as we thought, saw St. Kitts; but this happened to be Nevis, which absolutely exceeds anything you can possibly picture to your imagination of Beauty and loveliness. It rises in a gradual and easy ascent from the water for some little distance, perhaps about three miles on all sides, and then it terminates in a Dome higher than Turk Mountain. The whole presents such an aspect of fertility as was ever beheld, from the water-edge to the summit—green trees on the very beach—and then it continues in all the variegated beauty that the many shades of green must produce until your eye reaches the summit, which is crowned on all sides with a thick and beautiful forest of trees.

"I certainly think Nevis may be truly esteemed one of the most delightful Islands imaginable. From this Island we came directly in view of St. Kitts, but as the evening was shutting in we could not discern anything distinctly. We made for the land, and cast anchor in Basseterre roads. At day the following morning we perceived a noble prospect—a high land, with many a break and fall in it, cultivated to the full as richly and superbly as Nevis.

"I was in hopes that I might have been enabled to get on shore and go to Church, but a gun was fired from the sloop-of-war, and we all got under weigh for Sandy Point, which is at the foot of Brimstone Hill, from which we were about twelve miles off, and where we were to disembark. Thus, after a long voyage, the 25th at length has reached its destined shore. We reached Sandy Point about 10 o'clock and cast anchor. Brimstone Hill is a smaller Gibraltar, being perhaps 350 feet high, with strong Fortifications on the summit. Part of the 70th Regiment were there, whom we relieve.

And now, being at anchor, we saw the Colonel, the Quartermaster, and Adjutant proceed to the shore, and officers riding down to meet them; and shortly after, Col. Grant of the 70th came on board and gave us all an Invitation to go on shore to dine with his Mess. However, as we were not to disembark on this day, we did not accept the Invitation. Colonel Grant told us they had been two years and seven months on Brimstone Hill, and had not lost an officer or man. One man fell down the rock, I believe, and this was the only casualty. The 11th had been four years on the Hill before them, and the 9th seven years previous to the 11th, and this is as far as they trace back, during which they do not know what sickness means. He was astonished at their sending so strong a Regiment as ours, as there would scarcely be room for us. . . . In my profession I am called into situations which a beloved wife and babes are not called on to mingle in—you have seen enough in Ireland, even, to know what these scenes are. . . . These Barracks are only calculated to hold 300 men, and we have 500!

“Oh! when will it please our Heavenly Father to give me one acre, one cow, and a cottage with only one floor? I should be thankful, oh! how happy; but let me be quiet and resigned. Merciful has He been—abundant in mercies—and that He will bring us together I have no doubt. But could I, ought I to wish it to take place in the West Indies again, to involve you in regimental disquietudes? Would Colonel Watson have done so, if he could have left his dear family in the tranquil security I leave you? would my Father, and ought I? We are young; a short time will make no alteration in us, except for good; and we shall not only learn the value of each other’s society, but the real value of true religion. . . . And at a future day we shall have our ‘hollow tree, our crust of bread, and liberty,’ and love. . . .

“ . . . Several boats came alongside with fruit—some very fine oranges, and, the first I had seen in the West Indies, a load of pine-apples. We gave the best part of one to the goats, who relished them, as you may suppose. I told one negro to come the following morning with provisions, and he

replied he would, 'please God.' This struck Nixon and myself very much.

"Never can I be sufficiently thankful for the mercies of this voyage, which exceed all I could have expected; and I cannot but believe that, praises to God, some happy effects are discernible in some of the other young men, who often read a Bible and a good book. Oh! can such a worm as I do anything? Yes, the Lord can make use even of me.

"I have this moment learnt that the Packet sails to-morrow, so that I will not lose a moment in sending this to my Lamb.

"We disembark to-morrow. Adieu.—Ever your own,
"J. H."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"ON BOARD THE *Chilton*, Wednesday, 17th Feb. 1808.

"This day five months the troops were on their march from dear Kinsale to Monkstown, and my dearest, with Stephen and the Babes and all of us, were setting out in carriages. . . . What events have not happened since, and how merciful has not our Heavenly Father been! If we take a glance at it, we find such compassionate long-suffering and gentleness on His part that our gratitude should end but with our lives. The shock of an immediate separation was alleviated by the prospect of an advantageous employment, and when this was lost, which loss has doubtless been my gain, had we not 13 weeks of each other's society in quiet peace?

"Shall I not also speak of the Voyage from Funchal to Barbadoes? The tender love of God in having given me a privacy and retirement during the whole passage, which has enabled me to pray and read, to meditate in sweet communion on the mercies, on the goodness of the Lord, on assurance of His continued providential and paternal care? And, now that we are actually in the West Indies, we are sent to a cool, healthy Island where this yellow fever is scarcely known. Having also been enabled to remit to my Lamb a present, well knowing that she, with my beloved

Infants, are under the roof of a tender, affectionate mother — ‘Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.’ This which has begun so happily will be for our Good, if we will be faithful, if we will be wise unto Salvation.

“On Monday I closed my 8th letter. We expected to disembark on Tuesday. In the afternoon, as we had no dinner on board, some of us went on shore, ordered dinner, and took a little walk. We had in the morning made a division of what remained on board by lot, and drew for it. Mine was the 4th choice, and I chose the two fine geese which we all agreed during the voyage not to kill unless we were very hard put to it.

“BRIMSTONE HILL, *Saturday, Feb. 20th.*

“Just as I had written the above, they all came running into the Cabin saying the 70th were coming down the Hills, and that we were to disembark immediately, just after which, the Colonel, Major, S. and F. came alongside and confirmed it. I then put up my letter and hurried everything, when, in about three quarters of an hour, the boats came to us, and, after having been 5 months on board, I disembarked my company. The poor fellows expressed great delight at jumping on shore, where, after waiting an hour, the other 4 companies joined us, and I marched them on, as no Field Officer was there, to Brimstone Hill, a very steep ascent, and we were a little fatigued. When I had halted them, the Colonel came and gave directions that they were to proceed to Fort George, at the very summit, which is 750 instead of 350 feet high. As soon as I had portioned them off we began to look at our own Quarters. St. Clair and M'Donnel had already chosen, and I was then the first. I was agreeably delighted to find they were far superior to what I had been led to expect. They are a range of wooden Barracks, very old certainly, with a gallery behind and in front. On looking at them I discovered St. Clair and M'Donnel had both chosen quarters which were by no means the best, and that a really charming quarter was left for your John, on the door of which I wrote my name. It is

as follows. You enter by a gallery from without into a square room as large as the Captain's rooms at Fermoy ; off this is a closet, half the size of my sitting-room, and a gallery in front which commands a noble view of the sea, and immediately in front there is a descent of 25 feet, so that no one can walk in front of my windows. In fact, as my darling is so interested about all that befalls me, I have endeavoured to produce a little plan of it, but it is only for you and Monty to see."

There follows a neatly drawn plan, and he continues: "Well, my darling, I really think I have succeeded better than I could have expected."

Then after a little allusion to his loneliness, which the sight of quarters on shore seems to bring to his mind, he says: "If it were God's will that I could quit the Army, I at times think it would be best for me—I have so many trials. Not a single religious friend, not one to whom I can speak one word that is good, or share in communion the delight of prayer. Had I but bread out of the Army, never more to be separated from my Ann, I could, I am sure, be resigned, nay, happy and delighted, well believing that she would go hand in hand with me in Religion, and in everything that could promote our best happiness and future comfort. I do not feel that I am yet reconciled to live without my family, or ever can be, and my present situation is a peculiarly difficult one, not having resolution to bring you out to me, inasmuch as I think it cruel to occasion you to traverse the Ocean, that most uncertain element, without a friend or companion to comfort you, to come to a place where our pay and allowances would with difficulty keep us. . . . And yet I can hardly, hardly live without you, and I well know you sympathise with me.

"By the time I had chosen my rooms the dinner was ready, and into a large mess-room I went, and sat down to an exceedingly comfortable dinner, after which Kelly and St. Clair lent me some blankets, and I prepared to make my bed on the floor, for I had not an article of my baggage, but the former, having been ordered on Piquet, very kindly desired I would use his own bed, into which I went, being a little fatigued, and

put 3 Blankets and a quilt over me. The heat is not, on the Hill, near as hot as in Madeira. The next morning, Thursday, 18th, the gun fired at half-past 5, when we rise. At 6 the Bugle sounds, and we Parade, which is merely an Inspection. Then, Gibbons having invited me to Breakfast, I went to his room. After breakfast I began to think of my baggage, so I went down to the Beach, and brought it up in carts and on the negros' heads and shoulders. When all was up I began to think of settling myself, and having set Johnny Kisk and Mrs. Larkins to work in cleaning out the rooms, I first undid my bed box, and put up my bed and bedstead. Then I proceeded to my large chest, which was General Nicholls'. And now a trial came on that I was little prepared for. This chest I had not unpacked from the day that we had packed it up together, and then it was under the idea that my darling wife would come out with me. There were consequently many things therein which I knew belonged to you, and at which I longed yet almost feared to look. I began to unpack. The china cups and saucers and other articles came very well ; the teapot and cream jug, which are so pretty, arrived safe. These articles being put aside, I now came to various other things, the first of which was Montague's Hat. Gracious Heavens ! what were my feelings ? To add to which Mrs. Larkins said : ' Ah ! Darling little fellow ! He said : " Larkie, I won't have another hat ; they shan't change my little cap, for I love this, my own little cap." ' Then what were not my sensations ! It seemed to me as if she was speaking of one who was gone. He seemed lost to me. I was now really in the West Indies, and my wife and Babes were thousands of miles away from me. . . . I walked up and down my Gallery until tears came to my relief, and after yielding to this impulse, I experienced some little, some feeble support.

" I had heard in the morning that Sir John Duckworth, with six Line of Battle Ships, had arrived in the West Indies, in pursuit of a French Squadron, and the ships I myself saw from the top of the Hill. . . . I recovered my spirits when I reflected that I was in the way of duty, and how many mercies and blessings God has blessed me with.

“Major Scott called on me and asked me to breakfast next morning, and looked at my rooms. But, as I was to be on Piquet, I of course refused. The Bugle sounding for Dinner called me to it, after which I mounted my Piquet at Fort George, about 60 feet higher than our Parade, where we were locked in all night. However, at half-past one I opened the gate and went my rounds, which were four guards almost on more than half-way down the Hill. Having seen these, I returned to my Guard-room and tumbled into my Hammock till gun-fire.”

Later, he says: “Having implored the Lord to be merciful to me and bless my Darling and Babes, I went to Breakfast, and took my report to Col. S., who was very civil, and asked in a very kind manner after you, and if I intended bringing you out. Oh, Ann! I know not what to say. I told him I believed not—that there was much to be said against it. And he agreed truly that there was.”

My father then expresses his earnest desire to be ruled by the will of God, either with respect to my mother’s joining him, “or if I thought it were His will that I were to leave the Army, as readily would I resign and return to you. But I cannot say that I yet see that, although I scarcely in the present hurry of everything see anything that would seem to say it was for His Glory I should remain in this Profession. One thing I hope with all my soul—that He may give Monty grace to desire to enter into the ministry. Never do I wish to see a child of mine in a Profession where the risks are so many, and where the chances are, I may almost say, a hundred to one that as long as he remains in the Army he will be an unconverted man.

“May we both implore the same Providence to direct us, who has never yet failed us, and, if it be His will, the first West India Convoy shall bring you to me.”

He continues later on:—

“It has pleased God to send us to the most healthy Island in the West Indies, where it is probable we may remain 4 or 5 years. This is a long season to be separate. I do assure you I look on my quarters as far better than the Fermoy or

Kinsale ones, and I could for 10 guineas make them beautiful. But oh, Monty, Monty! he must come too! My heart would nearly break to see you without him, and children thrive here beyond expression well. Nevertheless, that I leave to you, determined as I am to be satisfied with whatsoever you think to be best. The sacrifices which you would make, altho' you come to the best Island here, I tell you beforehand would be many, would be great; but if you so love me as to look at them as nothing, then come, come, oh thou most loved, most valued, most dearest, most best, to my heart and tenderest affection! With God's help you will have nothing to fear, for if it be His will that you come out, rest assured that He will point out the way, and bring you in safety.

"There is not a thing which you think you might want during a space of two years that you must not come out provided with. The lightest, softest dress, Light summer chip or straw Hat, thin shoes; it would encumber you to bring a single article not of this description.

"We wear Jackets, loose white Jean trousers, a velvet stock, no Queue, but the little tail tied with black ribbon; a round hat, jacket unbuttoned, and no sword or accoutrements but on Parade. I think exceedingly fine cambric muslin made quite loose would be the dress you would find most to your taste. My pay allowances and Bat and Forage will be enough to keep us comfortably here, and even, I hope, save the Income in England. A most excellent maid you must bring out. I will get you a black cook and a black boy and everything of that kind. Perhaps a letter is now on its way to say you *must come out*, and begging me to let you; but if not I shall not be dissatisfied with you, for I know you are capable of judging all matters rationally and dispassionately, and, whatever happens, the Lord grant it may be for the best. The evenings all pass much in the same way. Sometimes I take my segar and sometimes not.

"*Tuesday, 23rd.*—Arose and went to Parade. Having breakfasted, devoted the morning to finishing my account with the company, settling the remainder of my effects, and making my room decent and comfortable. Played for some

time on the flute in accompaniment with Crooke's violin, and, having commended my lamb to God, I retired.

"*Thursday*, 25.—The day of the week, year, though not of the month, in which I played Hotspur.

"Oh, what changes since that period! I wrote to O'Rourke, and enclosed him his sister's letters and also the three locks of hair, and then proceeded with my books, this being the busy time, you know, lambkin. And now, having finished the outline to this hour, I shall make a few remarks on the West Indies. The first striking thing in the change of climate is the heat, which is different to any warmth of weather I ever knew before. The Gibraltar heat is a burning, fiery heat, with a sun whose brightness dazzles, and the weather is so settled that for 6 or 7 months scarcely a cloud is seen. Here the brightness does not appear to me so dazzling, but the heat sultry to a degree.

"Here we have had frequent showers—almost every day since I have been here. The complexion and manners of the Inhabitants is what we next look to. Black as jet, and from that inky dye to all the different tinges, until they are nearly, if not quite, white. They are simple, harmless, and seem very innocent. 'How you do, Massa? I hope you very well, Massa.' I asked a lad last Sunday if his master was at Home. He said if his master was not at home his mistress was, and continued: 'Massa, you no walk in?' I said I did not know his master. 'Oh, but,' said he, 'he very like officer company.' Indeed they are inoffensive and obliging. The fruit I am disappointed in, as I see nothing but oranges; they are very plentiful, and more sweet than you can conceive. I eat three or four a day in a morning before breakfast and during the early part of the morning. There is a very beautiful road round the Island, which is delightful to those who have a gig.

"You may well imagine what I would give for a letter. Think of my having been now near 3 months away, and not a syllable have I yet heard from you, but may God grant me the blessing of a letter soon.

"This is Friday, the 26th. It seems to me that I am

speaking to you, and that I have you near me, and while I know that you will read these lines, it is my comfort and happiness to write them.

“*Saturday*.—On Thursday, after I left off writing, I went to the mess, where we get a very good dinner, and then, having drank my pint of wine, I returned home. My evenings certainly hang heavier on me than any other time, but I hope soon to find that they will be methodical and pleasant, for nothing I see will produce my comfort away from you but Religion, as I have already experienced. I must strive to fix my attention more on God and less on Ann, for alas! otherwise I shall be guilty of Idolatry.

“On Sunday, the 28th Feb. 1808, the Regiment paraded for Divine Service, and attended the Clergyman in the Barrack Room, where alas! God was not worshipped. After this I breakfasted, and hastened to Town to go to Church, that is my Church, not the Protestant, where people protest against nothing at all, unless a poor starved Amen can be considered a protestation against all the filthiness we bring into the world with us, and which we declare we will forsake, and never do. No; I went to where I knew God would be worshipped, and, Blessed be God for His mercies, at the extremity of the Town I found the Preaching House, entered it, and found a very full assembled congregation of Blacks on their knees, and, with them, down I fell on mine. I discovered that the Preacher was reading the morning Service precisely according to our form, and oh! how they did unite fervently in the Responses. The Sermon was a blessed one, and after it we sang and prayed. During the last prayer the exultation of these happy and sanctified Negroes showed itself in language too plain to be mistaken; they evidenced the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. At the dismissing blessing they continued some time in fervent prayer on their knees before they departed. Then I left the Chapel. I had remained, for fear of disturbing the Congregation, at the first bench, and thus had not immediately mingled with the Blacks; when an elderly and heavenly looking woman came up to me, and took my hand in her two, and said: ‘You no come up wid us, ’cause we black; you stay

at the door.' I assured her it was very far from my intention, and then observed: 'You seem very happy in the Lord,' on which she exultingly, in extasies of joy, said: 'Oh, my dear! me happy, me so happy in my blessed Redeemer; dere is no happiness like dat sweet happiness de blessed Jesus give. Oh, my dear, dear blessed Redeemer! He lift me out of dat Sin, dat hell I was in, and He make me clean; oh, for ever blessed be His name!' She had no sooner left me, after having introduced me to the Preacher, than another began to converse with me, told me her dear Redeemer had been her Portion for twenty years, and she was all joy. But another passing by, she left conversing with me, and said: 'My Sister, Hold fast, my Sister; de blessed Jesus do all for you; He able, He willing to save you.' 'I know it, my Sister,' she replied. She continued: 'He give Himself for you, my Sister, and He never, never leave you.' 'Is, my Sister, is; I know it, my Sister.' Two negroes shook hands with each other, said nothing, but looked it all.

"Clayton and a man of Terry's were the only men in Church.¹ Clayton, who continues and is truly faithful, wept aloud: 'Oh that the white people should be so wicked, when the poor blacks are so good!'

"Truly, I then saw that God was fulfilling His promises in giving to His Son the Heathen for His Inheritance, and the distant Isles, with the uttermost part of the Earth.

"*March 2nd.*—Lamb of my heart, I shall endeavour to continue the subject on which I am writing. A greater proof of the efficacy of these meetings and their truth does not exist than the following:—

"I always feel my heart enlarged, my understanding enlightened, and the power of the Holy Spirit instructing me whenever I have been partaking of the benefits which result from them. On my asking that dear negress if there were any white people in their society, she replied: 'No, you white people be too great, you think you be gods;' and thus it is: the pride of our carnal minds prevents us seeing the truth and purity of God's word. With regard to the joy, which

¹ The only men, this probably means, of the regiment.

those who are strangers to it stigmatise as enthusiasm and madness, it is easily accounted for. If temporal happiness will make a sensual man rejoice, then an inward spiritual blessing may make a spiritual man rejoice.

"The preacher is an Englishman, and the first English Methodist I have heard. He may fully rank with those holy men in Ireland, but I think I give the preference to my first instructors. The Chapel is as neat and pretty as any I ever was in, with six lamps hanging from the ceiling. There is divine service every morning at six, and preaching on the evenings of Monday and Wednesday. Thus I shall, on Sunday, Monday and Wednesday, when duty does not interfere, hope to profit by these blessed opportunities.

"I hope, my dearest Ann, you have been within the preaching house at Wexford; and, oh! my love, a more ungodly town than the one you are in I do not know. They are all asleep in their sins and feel no alarm, nor will, until the thunder of the law pierces them. I think, if it pleased the Lord that you and I were of one mind, we should be the happiest couple on the face of the earth, for we should help each other on so lovingly in the narrow way. Nothing adds so effectually to the tenderness of wedded love as union of souls. And now, my Love, with regard to our meeting, I think there is every prospect of its taking place by Christmas. The Colonel, the Major, and every officer recommend it, from the circumstance of our being in the most healthy Island in the West Indies. My quarters, too, are so exceedingly good, the gallery so spacious, affording such a delightful walk, and a nice spot of ground below for a fowl-yard, which I am to divide with Terry, and a back room Terry is to give me, which will do for the maid. Thus, if you like it, come out to me. The Windward and Leward Island Packet must be the one, because that comes to this very Island, and the accommodations are so infinitely beyond anything in a West Indiaman, and they sail remarkably fast: witness the one that came to Barbados, arriving in 22 days.

"With regard to Montague, I must put it into the hands of our Heavenly Father. Could you bear to be separated

from him for four years? And I assure you, as to health, the little fellow will thrive beyond expression here; the only rule is not to expose yourself to the sun, and to be temperate. Even the men who have done everything they ought not to have done keep their health in a most surprising manner. They have lain out all night in the damp and dew, beastly drunk, and the rain pouring in torrents on them, and yet there is not a fever in the Regiment.

"In fine, St. Kitts is not the West Indies, and Brimstone Hill is Europe. The face of the country is lovely absolutely, and the cane patches are the noblest objects you can behold. They grow to twelve feet high—larger in circumference than the largest joint of my Flute. You will never regret coming to the West Indies, and the green of the leaves is a delightful scene to look upon.

"On Sunday Thompson gave me some letters I wrote to him from Wexford before I was married, which he said he found in looking over old papers. Oh! what a horrid young man I was then: the levity, the frivolity, the emptiness of all is but too apparent; the only rational part is where I spoke of you and my affection for you."

On a later day, he continues: "I dined at the Mess, and walked into Town, and arrived at the House of God, where I was blessed with a delightful Season. One of the Lord's mercies to me is that this modest Chapel being at the extremity of the Town, or rather Village, and the service being held at the hours when young men are employed in a different way in general from serving God, I do not believe that an officer in the Regiment except Nixon knows anything about it, or that there is such a place of worship. Blessed be the Lord God for the riches of His Mercies towards me. There was a very pretty Babe with the wife of one of the absent Preachers, just little Copsy's age, but not so forward. She was very fond of me, and I kissed her, thinking, while she was in my arms, of one much dearer. I came home by sweet moonlight.

"Sandy Point Town is at some little distance from the foot of the hill, and is a small, neat, West India Village. You will be surprised at not seeing a glass window anywhere,

or a fireplace. The greatest cleanliness is requisite, whence we wash several times in the day, which is very refreshing. At 2 o'clock the glass in the shade is 80.

"*Saturday, March 5.*—I dined, and drank a third of a bottle instead of half, which I intend to continue, as it is better.

"After Evening Parade I went to M'Donnel's room, where I played a short time on the Flute, and then we commenced a conversation on Religion, which I was desirous of entering on with him that I might know what his tenets were, and I confess I was astonished at the depth of carnal ignorance in which he is most wofully plunged. Oh! may God deliver him out of this bondage, and convince him that the Salvation of his soul does not depend on a strict adherence to the Romish Church, but on faith in the merits of Christ.

"There have been two general invitations, from two families within 7 miles, to the Regiment to a dinner and a *fantaisie*. What that is I know not. I shall not go for several reasons. I have no horse. It is unwholesome to be dancing and up all night in these climates, and I do not think it becomes a Christian to do so.

"At Dinner I sat next the Colonel, who admires this climate of all things.

"The moon shines with such splendour and brightness here that it would delight you to see it, and the humming bird is lovely beyond expression.

"I shall have everything comfortable for you here, and am already beginning to count over the days. I shall have at the most but thirty Picquets more to mount, and three I have mounted, which seem as nothing.

"By the way, you may not know that there are four hours between you and I, so that when it is 12 at Mid-day with you, it is only 8 in the morning with me, so that when you wake in the morning you may know your own Don is sound asleep. Does Monty ever talk of me? Does he remember his Father who loves him? . . .

"*At Night, Friday, 11th.*—Yesterday . . . I retired to my room, and determined (as to-day was so near the 12th, our day of humiliation, and as I considered it better to avoid

notice in things of that nature) to keep the 11th the Fast, instead of the 12th, as on this day so many would be out at this Party. I therefore this day have been very earnest in my prayer and Supplication. It is the first Fast day I have observed since I left my beloved Ann.

"I have continued my letter to Mr. Hyndman, which one day I hope to read you. I am much helped in it by the grace of God and the assistance of my books.

"*Monday, March 14.*—On Saturday morning after breakfast I went on a Survey of provisions, which having inspected I returned to my Barracks. I saw a Newspaper so late as the 20th January. It gave an account of the receipt of Despatches from Sir S. Hood and G. Beresford. How you must have been interested in reading them."

After this there follows a crossed letter dated "March 17, St. Patrick's Day in the morning," the whole of which I will not attempt to give, but it tells my mother that, on his way to Chapel on a certain Sunday previous to the day on which he wrote, my father had met one of his brother officers named Austin, who said :—

"Hawtrey, I have plenty of letters for you!"

Major Farquharson was present, and in one moment was locked in my father's arms.

"'My Major,' said I, 'my dear Major, wish me joy!' One, two, three, four, five letters! It was too much. Your precious handwriting I saw, and kissed the valued letter. You will admit I must have had a trial to proceed to Town and go to prayer before I opened one of them.

"I thought it would be returning Evil for Good were I to neglect the Lord at the time He was blessing me."

After service the letters were read. They were from his mother and his brother Stephen; from Major O'Rourke and from his wife. But there was disappointment—hers was a *sixth* letter; the previous *fifth* had miscarried.

"However, let me be resigned; this has acquainted me with some most interesting particulars. The first and most important is that, Glory be to God for His mercies, you are become of one mind with me in religion. Now, by humbling

yourself and *condescending* to *righteous persons* of low estate, you will soon find the inestimable pearl of precious value. I see you have faith ; never, never lose sight of it. The next circumstance is that my dearest love is about to give me another Babe. . . . Oh ! how fervently did I cry unto God for you.

“ Believe me to be your most fondly, Affect. Husband,

“ J. HAWTREY.

“ I had two letters from Stephen, one from my mother, one from you, my darling, and one from O'Rourke. What a treasure they are ! They will last me a month.”

He reproaches himself for having written so far without sympathising with her on account of some suffering she had gone through. “ Oh ! what a heart of stone I must have, my dearest woman. I hope it has pleased the Lord long ere this to ease you of your painful distress. . . . This state is but momentary. As sure as you breathe now, the hour comes on rapid wings when you will taste those joys, that bliss, which, to have revealed to us now, would destroy our feeble natures. . . .

“ It is believed by all thinking and learned Divines that Moses on Mount Nebo died under the rapture and bliss of God's revealing Himself to him. Oh, Ann ! my Heart of Hearts, you never shall rest with the outside of religion. It is enough to make one miserable, but never is it able to make one happy. Come with John on the Journey, and let the three little ones come too. Poor Pilgrim shall not again travel alone. No ; his own Christiana and Babes (for they have been long given to God) shall come too.”

The next letter is written on March 21, the fourth anniversary of their wedding-day, and begins with a fervent prayer. He also mentions his twenty-seventh birthday, which was approaching (March 24). He tells her of a satisfactory talk he had had with the very respectable Captain of a vessel with whom he thought she might come out later on.

Describing the sugar-cane, he says : “ This wonderful and glorious plant is the only one in the world perhaps which turns to good account in every part. The tops of the cane feed the

cattle ; the cane is squeezed, and yields a liquor which is boiled. The scum of this boiling Juice is taken off, and makes delicious rum. The boiling liquor granulates, and is poured off in this state to the receiver, and, as it cools, hardens ; from this sugar drips off fine rich treacle. The plant, or cane, after it is squeezed, makes capital fuel ; the dried leaves of the cane make beds for the cattle and stuff Palliases, and the ashes of the cane make a plentiful supply of manure for the ground.

“What do you think of this noble Plant ? But you will, I hope, judge for yourself of its merits, for to the West Indies, my little Lady, you must find your way, and bless your John by eating the Christmas dinner with his darling and Babes.”

He calls on “The Preacher,” and meets there another, a Mr. Taylor, who is going home, and who will, he hopes, see his mother. He trusts that this may be of spiritual benefit to her, “for it is with real pain I have heard her talk of attending the Presbyterians, who, I have been informed, openly deny the Divinity of Jesus as being equal with God, and this is an error of the most lamentable and destructive nature.

“*Tuesday, 22nd.*—I was warned to attend a Survey of weights at Gumsa Bay, to which I went. I have received much credit from the Colonel for finding out that a weight, which was the standard for weighing the men’s bread, was short of weight by 2 oz. and $\frac{1}{4}$, and he ordered an inspection of all the commissary’s weights, most of which were light, but I really believe without his knowing it. . . . This Evening the Regt. was in orders for a Field Day, and I looked over my book of Manœuvres, and then, having said my prayers, went to bed. At half-past four we arose, and at gun-fire were assembled on the Parade, marched down the Hill, and at the bottom was a tolerably nice piece of Ground. Here we had a Field Day—the first since we left Charles Fort. It brought many recollections to my mind. . . . We performed very well, and then were marching home, but I, anxious to have a dip after this, got leave to fall out, and went to a house near the water, where several of our officers lodge, and here I cooled myself. When having become quite cool, five of us went down and took the most delicious dip I ever enjoyed. It was

delightful. I crowed again with joy as I was tumbling about in the blue profound after this warm Field Day. Having dressed, I walked up the Hill and ate my breakfast. My Lamb, I have need to be thankful. Such uninterrupted health I never had since we were married. I am as light as a feather. I am as strong as a young Sampson. I have such a fine appetite. I sleep like a top.

“Thursday the 24th was my birthday, and a blessed day it was. We were mustered, and had an Inspection of Arms and Necessaries. After this I came to my room and rested. I wrote part of this letter to you till Dinner. When it was over I went to a place called the half-way Tree, where there is preaching every Thursday. Granny Harris, who has nearly finished her course, and whose life is hid with Christ in God, is the principal of the dear people. Taylor preached and prayed, and we sang. Oh, my Ann! in the countenance of one black woman I believe, if I can be sure of anything, I saw such Heaven, such joy, such love, while she was singing, as perhaps I never saw before. I was deeply affected, particularly with the last verse. I prayed as they were singing, and my dear Brother Taylor said: ‘Come, Captain, pray a word with us.’ I knelt down, I opened my mouth. Oh, my Ann! what do you think? I had great power in prayer, and the Lord so ordered it that my words touched their hearts—they wept, and accompanied my prayers with tears, penitential tears, and supplications. I am as certain that God heard that prayer as that I breathe. Do you not see that a more convincing proof of contrition there cannot be than when the heart is broken and tears begin to flow? Did not the woman that was a great Sinner stand by Jesus and weep, and bathe His feet with her tears? I came home in happiness, and this day has been a day of peace.”

My father then describes with great interest a visit he paid to the vessel, by name the *Pilgrim*, in which he hoped it might be possible for my mother to come to him. It appeared to be, for those days, a delightful vessel, and the Captain was a member of the Wesleyan congregation, which gave my father great comfort and confidence in him.

"Nine months will soon pass, if devoted to God. How happily then may we meet, and oh what a meeting that will be! . . .

"I am in hopes of sending you a bottle of remarkably pretty red beads. They grow upon a leaf, with black spots at the end, and three or four rows on Copsy's neck will look very pretty.

"Take particular care Monty never falls off the Quarter-Deck, or Copsy either, or over the side of the Ship [!]."

He expresses a wish that, if the expected baby should be a boy, it may be "Stephen"; if a girl, "Louisa," as that was a favourite name with Sally (his sister). Later he says: "I drew out a plan for the spending of every day in the week. As I have so many hours to myself, they are like so many talents which, if put to good account, will soon double, and prove invaluable."

There occurs later in the same letter a passage which strikes me as curious. After a service in the Chapel, where the Holy Communion was celebrated, my father asked: "How the Preachers came to be ordained, and Mr. Wooley told me the King gave Dr. Cooke authority to ordain the Preachers as fully as the Bishops in the Church." He receives another letter from my mother, and again dwells on the thought of her coming with great joy.

He remarks, as to health in the West Indies:—

"The disorders are as often (if not oftener) brought on by fright as by sickness. A person alarmed becomes terrified at everything, the nerves irritated, the mind harassed acts upon the body, and sickness thus invited may certainly come."

"Is Copsy grown," he asks, "and Monty? Oh! take care of them, and write me very long letters if it does not tire you, and let your Aunt and Mother and Major Cavanagh write, for, Lamb, it is a blessing to get a letter. How could Hardy say Monty was kept in good order from fear? Oh! Hardy, he loves his dear Papa and Mama, and I love you. Let Hardy learn to sing hymns; get a collection of hymns for her, set to music.

"Well, my Woman, commending you to God Almighty,

I will now conclude myself your own ever faithful and truly
affect. Husband,
JOHN HAWTREY."

My mother's aunt mentioned above was Miss Florence Colclough, sister to my grandmother, Mrs. Watson; and "Hardy," I believe, was my mother's only sister Harriet, at this time (1808) about ten or eleven years old. .

Early in the next letter, dated St. Kitts, 7th April, my father speaks of the interest he feels in reading Hay's "Wexford Insurrection." In a former letter he mentioned his especial interest in seeing there the name of my mother's father, Colonel Watson:—

"I was prodigiously interested. It brought Wexford so exceedingly fresh to my mind that I could scarcely think I was away from it; but never did I peruse so partial a work. It appeared as if the Rebels were persecuted Angels or Saints, harmless, inoffensive. They suffered all without retaliation until the [word illegible] and Wexford Bridge business, which is the only part he seems to censure. I dined at the mess, and walked out with Crooke afterwards on the road by Major Scott's quarters. On my return he asked me in, which I accepted, and took a segar with him. He will certainly get his promotion. . . . And now in eight months' time you will, by God's blessing, be very near me. In the meantime, as far as in us lies, let us improve our time and talents. The prospect opening before my dear Major [Cavanagh] gives me joy and delight I am poorly able to express, for, should I lead to his openly professing Godliness, it will enable me to go to that dear Mansion with a joy I never yet experienced; and as for my fairy Queen, I must take her under my wing. Tell me everything respecting all this, which I am so anxious to learn. I hope too there is an Amendment at home, and that a cold form is giving place to a vital power.

"At this moment, a few minutes before six, the glorious sun is dipping in the water, cloudless the sky, and transplendent the sun. He dips—more than half is gone, lingering he sinks; behold him yet, reluctantly he seems to go—and now he is gone. This beautiful and majestic sight I hope you will

see in less than nine months. Immediately before me are (I believe) the *Nimrod* sloop-of-war and the Packet proceeding to Europe. That packet will, I trust, be in Falmouth in seven weeks, and that vessel has my eleventh letter for my Beloved.

"I proceeded after Parade to the Chapel. We sang a hymn, and as we were proceeding in praising God a red-coat looked in. It was Thornhill. I went over to him and asked him to walk in, but he said not. A moment after, Dr. Thomson looked in, and retired. There were many Officers at the door; however, they went away.

"A striking remark of Mr. Bayley's at Mallow has been impressed upon my mind: 'You are known,' said he; 'you are not like a young Officer who for the first time professes to be religious; they know you, and if you will be steadfast, discreet, and wise, they will not molest you.' Now this I find to be the case, for, with gratitude to God I declare it, I never suffered so little persecution as now, though I never made so open a profession of my principles.

"It may be asked, why do I not sometimes go to Church, and so vary the scene? I would answer, if you were exceedingly weary and heavy-laden, would you not be very grateful to any one who would remove the burthen from your shoulders and procure a pleasant mode of conveyance to you? Or if you were famishing with hunger, would you not rather sit down to a table covered with a profusion of food, though it might be in the house of a humble Farmer, than place yourself at the table of a Duke where you could get nothing but frothed syllabub and flummery which could not satisfy? Thus is it with me. The minister at Sandy Point (I have heard) scruples not to mingle in scenes which to me (not so seriously prohibited according to my calling) appear to be carnal and deadly. Now why should I be such a Bigot as to go to Church, where my Lord and Master is dishonoured, rather than attend on Him where I know He is honoured? In the morning we rose at a very early hour, and before daylight formed on the Parade. We then went down to Guinea Bay, or the Field just by, and fired away twelve rounds of Ball

cartridge. I then fell out and took another delicious dip, and then breakfasted."

He then writes about six jars of guava jelly and ginger which he is sending home to his mother and to his wife: "And very nice you will tell me it is. Oh, I think I see Monty, with eyes like diamonds, waiting the opening of the Jar; then Copsy, 'Me, me, me,' and getting a bit too. Oh, Ann! you can scarcely tell what I would give to see them. You never will know, I trust, for it could only be known by being as I am, divided from them by the Atlantic Ocean. But all things are working together for our good.

"After dinner I took a walk, and went through some of the prettiest little scenes I had beheld in the West Indies. And oh! thinks I, how grateful it will be when my beloved Ann is in the gig with me and one or two of the little ones. Oh! the joy and comfort of it. I saw a vast number of negroes at work on an Estate. Ah, poor things! their sufferings are grievous—the most wanton cruelty inflicted on them. They have only two fishes the size of a herring and a small quantity of flour to eat in the whole week, and two Drivers with horse-whips stand over them while they work, as if they were cattle. Thanks be to God, no more encouragement is given by our country to it. In the course of my walk I saw the prettiest negro village I had yet beheld. Then I came home, and slept like a top. This day, the 9th, I have spent agreeably to my written plan, which I see will be of incalculable benefit to me. Do portion out your time, my Love, and you will reap the advantage. I have bought a guinea cock and two hens, the same as those we saw at Lord Doneraile's, and hope to have a fine flock with many chickens in 8 months' time, so that I shall have a morsel for you to eat.

"On Sunday we had morning Service in the Barracks, and afterwards I went down to Chapel. The preacher, Mr. Deane, begged me to dine with him, which I unaccountably refused, for a Mess on a Sunday is not the place which I am particularly desirous of attending. But well it was for me that I refused, and I see the mercy of God in my refusal. I, however, promised to dine with him on Wednesday, and then,

having read a Sermon, I went to the Mess. Many of the Officers dined out. The Colonel was, however, there, and after dinner went, for the first time almost since we have been here, to Barracks. I was the next Senior Officer to him; he bid me go on with the Parade, and ordered me to give him a list of the absent Officers, when he discovered St. Clair and Freer absent, and ordered them both into arrest forthwith. Oh! had I staid in Town this would have been my case, for so little have we been in the habit of attending Parade in the Evening in consequence of his not being there, as he rides out after Dinner, that we often stay away without permission. However, it will be a lesson to me."

My father then tells my mother of a post likely to be vacated through the promotion of the officer holding it, which would be very advantageous to himself. He has some doubts as to whether it is right to make the obtaining of this material prosperity matter of prayer; but in this he believes he will be guided, and that, should he not obtain the post, he will be perfectly resigned. The post, that of Assistant Barrack-master-General, is always filled by a Captain, and appears to be particularly advantageous and attractive, and would be held till the holder was gazetted for a majority. My father says that if he obtained the post he would ask his brother Stephen to "give up his tedious place, and come and live with me for 3 or 4 years." I think my Uncle Stephen must have been a private tutor at the time.

The possibility of getting the step was a very agreeable one evidently, but I think it was not realised.

Further, he says what much interests me. He speaks of a tombstone to the memory of his own father, the existence of which was not known to me or my elder brothers and sisters, so that some years ago we put up an inscription to his memory in St. Mark's School Chapel.

Thinking my mother might sail for the West Indies from Falmouth, taking Exeter on the way, he wrote:—

"In Exeter you must go to St. Stephen's Church, and not far from one of the doors of Entrance you will see on the ground 'Here lyeth the Body of S. Hawtrey, Esqre.' Let

Monty see his Grandfather's tombstone, and if he had known him he would shed a tear over it. In the Cathedral you will see my Grandfather's monument, Sub-Dean of Exeter. But I hope Fanio " (his brother Stephen) " would be with you there.

" *Good Friday.*—After I left off writing yesterday . . . I went to Dinner and returned to my room, and was very earnestly occupied in prayer and reading. . . . The Lord was present to me, and gave His blessing on my supplications. Oh! never let us come short of the Blessed Love of God in our hearts and the full Salvation of our God.

" At 4 we arose, or a little after, and went down to the exercising ground, Breakfasted, and went to Chapel.

" I find my abstinence of the highest benefit to me in Soul and Body; but I promise you, if it disagrees with me, to leave it off, though surely one day out of seven will be beneficial, because I eat as much bread as I like, and take a little wine; and oh! when you think that I am now escaping, on Good Friday, a large party at the Mess, with the Band playing and wine circulating, how much better is my portion to be with my God in my closet."

Later, I am glad to find the following words from one who, I fear, found ordinarily little comfort in the services of the Episcopal Church. Writing about Easter morning, my father says: " I . . . went to the service in the Barracks, where the Clergyman gave us as noble a testimony to the truth of our Lord's resurrection and consequent evidence of Christianity as perhaps was ever delivered. It was a glorious sermon—enough to overturn any prejudice; it drew tears from my eyes. You may judge how pleased and surprised I was." He ends his long letter:—

" Ever believe me, know me your own in time and in eternity. There may we meet, my Anne, my Darling, and Babes.—Your own affect. Husband,
J. H."

The next letter, from St. Kitts, in West Indies, where he was with the 25th Regiment, 1808, is of much the same character—earnest hopes of his wife's joining him. Then,

after loving messages and hopes, the call to Parade brings the letter to an end.

The next tells of some kind social intercourse with a brother officer, Major Farquharson, which leads on to whist. The Major said: "Suppose we have a Rubber at whist for nothing—for love?" A rubber at whist on a Saturday evening my father was disinclined for; but, as the Major insisted, he did not refuse, and "mentally besought God to be with me, and not to impute this as a sin to me, as He knew it was against my will. St. Clair, Freer, the Major and myself were the party. Now, my Lamb, I trust I see plainly that the bare act of handling a few cards was not perhaps sinful, *tho' it was unprofitable.*" Then he goes into many thoughts as to what is fitting for those redeemed by the Blood of Christ. And as to the spiritual joys of Heaven, how could they be participated in by those who knew only the carnal amusements of earth? Now is the time, he says, to come by much prayer to Jesus to be born again, to lose our carnal mind, to receive a spiritual mind in Christ in order to be conformed to His image in perfect holiness—to part with that dull, heavy, formal religion which takes us once a week to Church, then to go away—how? benefited? renewed? inwardly strengthened and refreshed? "What is their conversation when they go home? 'What an excellent sermon Mr. Boyd gave us to-day.' 'Yes, indeed, it was an excellent sermon,' says another. Then: 'He always preaches good sermons; I never knew him give a bad one.' 'Yes, indeed, he always preaches excellent sermons.' 'There were a great many people in Church to-day.' 'Yes, the Church was very much crowded, and it made us very warm. I did not see Mr. such a one in Church to-day.' 'No, he or she is out of town.' 'Really, I did not know that; who was that in such and such a pew?' 'That was Mrs. so and so; she is just married, and is reckoned very pretty.' 'Yes, she is pretty enough, but she wants colour. She has brought the fashions down from Dublin; did you not admire her hat? Indeed, she was dressed very tastily, but perhaps if we go to the Bridge we shall see her.' 'Aye, do let us go, but I must get a crust of bread

first.' 'Oh we have got some excellent ham and chicken; you must have some of that.' 'Well I have no objection,' &c. (Grace you know is never said at a luncheon.) They set out for the Bridge, and need I say the devil goes after them? He has them fast; and were it not that He Whose Hands and Feet were nailed to the Cross for them, and Who pleads at the right Hand of God for these poor benighted souls, they would be hurried fast into the Lake of unquenchable fire. But He pleads for them: 'Give Me these precious souls for My possession, for I have borne their iniquities; the chastisement due to them has been laid on Me; I have suffered for them.'

"The Father hears His well-beloved Son. Gladly does He grant Him His request; the Holy Spirit, bright, effulgent, lovely, is breathed into their Souls ere they have turned the Corner of the Street; they feel this warning voice of God saying: 'Go not to the Bridge, return to thine house, enter into thy closet, lock the door, and pray unto thy Father Who is in secret, and He will bless thee.' Everything now depends on their answer. Do they return? *Yes*, they do return, they fall on their knees, they say: 'Father, forgive us; Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' The Redeemer beholds with joy from above this victory over His foe. . . . Perhaps He hides His face from them to try if they will be faithful. He sees them cry, and cry again. He opens the door of His mercy, and smiles upon their new-born souls a look of pity, peace, and love.

"Now they feel that Christ has died for them, that He has borne their iniquities in His own Person, that God is in Christ reconciling Himself to them. The Sabbath again comes round; they go to Church; on their knees they *now* pray. . . . They return from the Service, and the following most altered conversation now takes place:—

"'What a *blessed* discourse! Praises to God! It was blessed to my soul. The Lord enables him to preach delightful sermons. He does indeed, and, oh! may we be benefited by this mark of His Love to us. What a mercy that God has spared us to work out our own salvation and to see the

necessity of an entire change in our hearts. It is a blessing for which I trust we shall praise Him to all Eternity.

“And may we press forward to obtain the high prize of our calling and never rest satisfied with anything short of the full salvation of our God. Yes, may we now set our affection on things above, while our life is hid with Christ in God.’

“Thus they sweetly converse. Religion, no longer a load, does not now require to be taken off the shoulders in order that they may partake of the rest of dancing at a Ball or playing at cards, but becomes to them joy. The scales being removed from their eyes, they now see Him by faith Who is invisible, and feel that He is become to them their Deliverer from bondage.

“Oh ! my beloved Anne, is not this purely scriptural, is not this agreeable to the Gospel ? Yes, I know you will agree with me and will endeavour to become, by using the appointed means, namely, prayer and watchfulness, all that I wish to see you, but far more than this, all that Christ has suffered death to make you.”

I must here say, I do not suppose my father intended by the above to suggest that my mother, the child of pious parents, and herself good and of a sweet disposition, had need to be converted from opposition to the will of God. But he thought he saw in her and in her family too much of worldly feelings mingling with their religion, and he wanted to see more of an outward evidence of preference for the “things unseen,” more of that religious joy which he saw in the Wesleyans and participated in himself, but which, from a person of her more retiring character and disposition, was perhaps hardly to be expected. My father continues :—

“This little digression from my Journal I hope you will not be displeased with, and I will now continue to say we played at cards, and I came home and prayed God to forgive me, and went to my bed. The following day, the Sabbath, was a day of much business. We were mustered, an Inspection of New Clothing, the Articles of War were read, and some general orders from Barbadoes, which brought it to 9, when we were glad to get our Breakfast, and as I still had more

duty to do afterwards I was not able to go to Chapel. Thus I locked my door and prayed, and at dinner-time went to the Mess, after which, as the Major had taken away the key, and there was no good wine to be got, I asked M'Donnel, Thornhill, and Gibbons, and St. Clair to take a glass with me. Now herein I did wrong, and I am very, very sorry for it, for, though they drank temperately, yet, oh! how differently did the Sabbath pass from what it ought. But, oh! may God forgive His weakest, feeblest, most undeserving, faulty servant.

"I do not like, my lamb, to let a day pass without writing, because it seems, while I have a letter before me, that in some measure I have you by me. May the Lord bless us with a happy meeting when it seems fit to Him."

It seems there was a brother officer of my father's with whom he had some religious conversation, and indeed his own views were no secret. Some, he says, would like him better if he took the middle way on the broad path.

"But as I read of but two ways in the Gospel, the broad and the narrow, God enables me to take the narrow, and may I ever continue, knowing the end of it is eternal life."

He refers to certain passages which he has been much struck by—I Cor. xviii. to end.

"Oh! my dearest wife, are we of one mind? are we one in soul and spirit? . . .

"I now take up my pen to write in the hope that this day seven months I shall have pressed you to my beating heart. I endeavour to keep myself in patience."

Later he speaks very warmly of his mother. He had been re-reading her letters, and it seems to come to him in a new way to appreciate her great generosity to himself, paying bills which he appears to blame himself for having ever in his earlier days contracted.

"I have pierced her aged bosom through with many arrows. . . . Never, never shall it be so again. I have written her the most affectionate letter I possibly could, thanking her for all her favours, which I am deeply sensible of."

Later he tells his wife the Commander-in-Chief was coming.

"It seems," he says, "that several Islands, being formed into one Petty State, are placed under the command of a Civil Governor, and the present Gentleman, Mr. Woodley, who is styled His Honour the Commander-in-Chief, arrived a few days since from some other Island, and assumed the Civil and Military Command. He ranks as Brigadier-General. S. and Major Farquharson called on him, and were invited to dine and remain two or three days, and then invited him and his Aides-de-Camp, I understand a dozen in number, to dine at the mess. The Aides-de-Camp have the rank of Lt.-Col.

"They are planters, but still rank as above. We are to give him 17 guns. The Regiment is to turn out in Review order, long queues and embroidered coats. We are all to march past and salute the Commander-in-Chief, and then they are to partake of a Turtle feast in the Mess Room, where, my lamb, I shall not be, for this is my day, which happens most luckily for me, as I shall avoid an amazing crowd, much expense, very unprofitable conversation I am afraid, and in its place I shall feed upon that which perishes not.

"I now so frequently pray *we*, instead of *I*, that it appears to me you are at my elbow saying 'Amen.'

"Time and space are nothing to God, and, though our bodies are apart, yet our Souls are united, and the Lord sees us at one and the same time, guarding and preserving us. I therefore, after my prayer, often beseech Him to dismiss us with His blessing. The horn sounds—half-past 5. Well, while His Honour is regaling himself, I will proceed. We during a momentary interval from rain went on parade, and heard His Honour was very near us, so we fell in at once, and just at this moment Bang! Bang! began the 24 pounders—order, Present Arms! when on came His Honour, and two instead of twelve aides-de-camp, a gentlemanly and respectable-looking man. He had red cuffs and collar, while his aide-de-camps wore a red coat faced with blue. One of them had a prodigious long white feather, and a white cravate instead of a black stock. However, it went off very well. We marched past His Honour in slow and quick time, and were then dismissed."

Having regained his room, he finds that the first gun had caused the breakage of his looking-glass, and "Terry said I ought to send the bill to His Honour. Then, beloved, I fell on my knees, and had a dainty dish which my dear Brother Officers, I fear, are strangers to, nor would I exchange my present sensations for all they have before them, were it the finest the world could bestow. My enemy has been trying to make me break through my rule to-day with his infernal remarks.

" 'There will be Turtle to-day; you had better go and eat some.' 'Begone,' said I. 'Perhaps you'll be ill for want of something to eat.' 'You are a liar.' 'The Band will play; it will be a respect to His Honour.' 'I won't, Satan.'

"So on he went. But it happens that my health, and chiefly thro' the heavenly serenity of my mind, is beyond expression good. One of those Sweet Seasons is blessed unto me which I more than once felt at Doneraile—a sure sign that God looks down with Love and tender mercy upon His weak and feeble worm, and that He will strengthen and bless him."

He insists again upon the freedom of those who give themselves to God—freedom from the snares and entanglements of sin, being instead endued with the fruits of the Spirit.

"Only believe. All things are possible to those who believe. It is an awful thing to check this opening work in the regenerate Christian, by stamping the work of the Deity with the name of enthusiasm, fanaticism, and methodism.

"But I digress.

"I dined at mess; and, do you know, a resolution has come into my mind, which I shall pray God to bless—to recover all I had lost in my education, and to become a Classical Scholar, a Latinist and a Grecian. What led to this? Why, Gibbons told me he was reading Virgil. In perusing some criticism with respect to the topography of Troy, he met with a very beautiful expression, 'Est seges ubi Troja fuit' ('The corn now grows where Troy once stood'). Immediately many ideas flashed across his mind, and many remembrances occurred to him of sweet passages in that

Author, which as a boy he repeated, but never felt. He determined to read Virgil, and to recover his Latin. He began, he was delighted; it appeared to him as if he had never left off his Classical Studies, so fresh was everything presented to his memory in all its real beauty, which now he felt and saw. So true was the expression of my Father, that if I did not lose my Latin altogether, in a few years hence I should understand it far better than when I left Eton. Well, line upon line was revealed, and liberty, fresh grace, and beauty displayed. While he was speaking thus I told¹ him how many beautiful things there were in Horace in his Odes. 'Yes,' says he, 'some of his serious odes are beautiful, particularly one beginning, "Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume, labuntur anni."' I felt it was beautiful; I saw a richness of language and a beauty I am at a loss to describe. I repeated the line, I read the ode, and I saw what I had never seen in a Classical writer, and at once resolved to make myself complete master of the Latin and Greek languages. The translation of the above is, 'Alas! Posthumus, Posthumus! the fleeting years pass by.' But what spurred me on to this was that I should lay up a fund of knowledge for mental improvement and gratification. . . . But what is a thousand times beyond this, I shall be able to take the education of my darling Monty; form his mind to virtue, wisdom, holiness; prepare him, under the fostering Hand of God, for that sacred profession which many who enter it despise; shall avoid the dreadful and painful necessity of sending him to a public school, where all Hell is wide open; distill sweet principles into his opening mind; make him what I would wish him to be, and what I would wish to be myself were I now to go through my childhood again.

"Friday I was Captain of Picket. The Guard did not mount until a late hour, owing to the rain. I went my rounds, and came off in the morning. I cannot omit telling my Lamb of the goodness of God in my preservation this night. In visiting one of the Guards you pass by a Pathway

¹ Writing very indistinct, but the context looks as if this may be intended.

which is cut out on the side of the hill, and no fence on the outward part, where is a steep and dangerous descent. I omitted very incautiously to take the lanthorne, which is for that very purpose in the Guard-Room, and went my rounds nearly about midnight. In passing by this path I kept as close to the inside as possible, groping along; but so dark was it I could scarce see my hand. Suddenly down I came. I had walked to the outside, and, while falling, did not know where it would end—my sword and accoutrements on and an umbrella in my hand—but, praises to God, I alighted on my feet at about 8 feet from where I fell. When I looked at the place in the morning I was satisfied that nothing but the mercy of God had preserved me. . . .

“Well, I went to Town after breakfast, and found on my arrival at the Chapel that there was no Preacher, he having gone to the Old Road, but I was soon invited. One said to me: ‘Massa, God give you a gift which God bless to the people.’ I, therefore, asking Grace of God, went into the Chapel, and performed Divine Service. I prayed with them, and great was the power I had; I never felt so much before. I then read them a Lecture, prayed again, and we parted. Sure am I the Lord gave His Blessing.”

After this my father points distinctly to his present mode of living, telling my mother with all affection not to join him in the West Indies if she could not walk happily with him in the narrow way, and telling her plainly that it would be a passing through the valley of humiliation, and then he shows what his view is of our condition here—that the child born into this world is under an evil influence. “Satan, unwilling to lose his prey, keeps a good look-out, and when he sees the seed sown in any heart, he tries to pluck it out. Thus he has all along beheld with envy our uncommon love for each other, for I do not think there is a couple upon Earth who hang upon each other with sweeter and more sincere affection. He knew that if this love was exalted into a holy, spiritual regard, down would he go, and all his infernal emissaries. I would die for you, but I would not give up God for you. God has evangelically, and spiritually, and miraculously enlightened

a young officer, and clearly convinced him what is the genuine and simple truth. . . . Woe be to me if I walk not in that way which He has commanded me to follow. He has blessed my obedience with health of body, peace of mind, the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, and by a hope and assurance of eternal life. Now, my woman, my life, if you will be of one mind with me, if you will join your soul to mine in the glorious work, God will crown you with all His blessings, and will make you a monument of His never-ending love, for, with your understanding, such an accession to Christianity would be a knockdown blow to Satan."

He seems to look back to a time when he, and he thinks my mother too, previous to his leaving England, had fallen into a "dead, starved, hatefully formal religion, which you may know by its fruit. How soon my fine gold became dim; how soon the white vesture, in which I was clothed when I left Doneraile, was soiled . . . and God saw that nothing would clean it but sending me to a far distant Country where there was the pool called Bethesda, whose waters were frequently very much troubled, and where there was an Angel to help the leper in. And I came to this far Country, and I found the pool, and true it was there was great troubling of the waters, and I found a hand to help me in, and found the water comfortable to my soul, and I washed and became clean, so that my vesture is made white again. Oh! so good is the Divine Helper that there is some whisper made of it as if the garment was whiter than when I wore it at Doneraile, and the gold, some think, being now refined, is become brighter. But 'tis also said that it cost a world of labour and gave much pain before it could be done, but at last it was all done, and the leper, being healed, received a very strict charge to take special care not to soil the beautiful robe again, but to look into the glass (Bible) every day, and see that it was kept clean and white; and, say they, that he was also told that by so doing the robe, instead of wearing out, would become newer every day and brighter, till at last it would be all glorious within and without; for it would have such an effect upon the person who wore it as to change him

into another and a different being, and at last this robe of righteousness would bring him into the Kingdom of never-ending and eternal Glory, where there is a city so beautiful, and so many beautiful beings inhabiting it, that, oh! to get there, it would be worth while to try. Ah! my love, you smile at my simplicity, but, oh! the whole blessed volume is simple, and I do assure you nothing but the inward vital power will do for you and me. I trust that God will give us to each other, righteous, sincere, and humble followers of the Lamb.

“I had yesterday some conversation with Thomson (a brother officer), who was a little struck with two or three pointed things that thro’ God’s grace I mentioned on the sacred subject, and he expressed a wish to continue the discourse with me at a future occasion. I attended Parade, and went to the Chapel, the house very full, and the Congregation much affected. ‘Captain Hawtrey, pray with us,’ said the preacher; I opened my mouth and prayed, and the Lord blessed what He gave me power to say. This morning I arose—Parade and breakfast, and then went to see my fowl-house finished, which is now very complete, and having put up the roosting bars of wood, we drove the stock in, consisting of a goose and a gander, a guinea bird, and two guinea hens and one common hen.”

My father speaks of a letter to his cousin Catherine Hawtrey, one of the daughters of a Rev. Ralph Hawtrey of the Irish branch of our family, “in which are some heart-searching things, and if, when they receive it, they should be at Castle Connel, and are going to a Race course or a Ball that Evening, I believe it’s more than probable they will stay at home.

“My fowl-house is finished, and my poultry make a very respectable appearance. What think you of my turning gardener? It really is a duty, with such a hot-house soil, to cultivate every inch of ground.

“I am very happy. I like the West Indies. I have such noble health that my spirits must be good. At the same time I have the best prop to keep them up. I have not an anxious

thought about you or the children, for I have long since given you over to God.

“After dinner yesterday I returned to my room and read many of Gibbons’ letters. Poor man! I dropped a tear when I came to where his remains were deposited. He wanted but one thing to make him perfect, but in wanting that he wanted everything.”

He is much interested in his garden, planting melons and pine-apples, and intending to add cucumbers and French beans. “It is a pleasant occupation, for it shows, as Corporal Clayton said when he was planting for me, ‘the handiwork and the goodness of God.’ The soil is wonderfully rich indeed. In Town I heard the Packet was not only not come to Antigua, but that no intelligence had been heard of her arrival at Barbadoes, so we must wait a time longer. It will be a comfort to me when I see your handwriting again.

“*May 10.*—I am quite proud, darling, at telling you I ate fresh eggs this morning out of my farm-yard, and my garden is really beautiful, tho’ small. Yesterday I took my first lesson in Greek, which I am sure I shall relish. After dinner I mounted my Piquet, and at 8 o’clock I fired the gun myself. The night passed on duty. There was a visible eclipse of the moon. At 4, another Field Day, I fired the Gun myself again, came off, and while the Regt. went to the field I went to bed.

“I arose to-day, and have remained much in my room, and collecting a subscription for a poor woman. No Packet.

“What is much upon my mind is whether the now pretty warm weather will be as favourable to you as it has been to me. . . . Now you know, my dearest, there can be nothing amiss in our considering these circumstances while there is time to do it. I know in the tenderness of your regard for me you will say many things, such as, to be with me you mind nothing, and would put up with every inconvenience, and that you are determined not to be ill, and your trust is the merciful goodness of God, but still the utmost reliance on your part would not prevent the sun shining with a vertical power for many months, and altho’ you might be in very good health

through the mercy of God, yet you might encounter much bodily inconvenience from the heat. 'It is but fair I should, as I have spoken so very favourably of the climate, that I should say the heat is now becoming more intense, and will continue so for 4 months. If the W. Indies did not agree with you, and anything, which God avert! should happen, I never could be happy again. I only say this to discharge my mind of a serious duty. The happiness of seeing you is incalculable; it appears, when I think of it, to carry too much happiness to be attainable, but if that is to be purchased by your being distressed and uncomfortable, to speak in the easiest way, I would forego it. Do not let this distress you, only weigh it a little in your mind. If it were pleasing to God that Cæsar Colclough would make me his Agent it would make me very happy, and I should, I think, discharge my trust with fidelity. If you saw any opening of that kind, and were to mention it to me, I believe I would give in my resignation and return home, for, oh! could I save your coming to the West Indies I should prefer it.

"*May 12.*—This day there is a vertical Sun over our heads. I fear my visits to the Chapel will experience almost an entire cessation, for now that the sun goes over our heads, his power will be greater than I have ever known it; therefore, I must only pray the more earnestly at home."

There seemed here to have become known to him that a nice commodious house near the sea might be theirs. And the hope of her coming rose up again to cheer him, and then:—

"After I had written so far I took a lesson at Greek, which I shall recover with the greatest ease, when a knock at the door, and in came Austin, who said he should be the most welcome Visitor I had seen that day. 'What! what!' 'Why, look here,' says he, showing me two beautiful letters. Then in came Thornhill, grumbling that he had only one letter, charged 3s. 6d., from a tailor, demanding payment of a £10 bill. St. Clair, on this, said: 'Are you sure, Austin, there is no letter for me?' On which I said, making a low bow: 'Give me leave, Gentlemen, to show you the door,' turned them out in the politest way possible, Locked the door, fell

on my knees, Blessed God, rose, sat down, and tremblingly alive opened the letter No. 8, read it, and then 9, then dined, and now am come back here. And is this all? No, beloved; I am in such a mixed situation of gratitude, love, wonder, and praise that I know not where to begin, but this I may say—and much pain it will give alas! to many in your Family, and much joy to you and another—namely, that you must not come to the West Indies unless you bring Montague with you. No, my Ann; I am solemnly and truly serious; that child shall not lose both Father and Mother unless God appoints it. A voluntary determination of mine shall not cause that Heavenly Angel to run about calling, with tears of agony: ‘Mama! my dear Mama, Copsy, Father.’ No, Ann, my beloved, dearest wife, stay behind yourself, stay with all your infants. I am resigned; indeed, indeed I am, and will be, but if you must come, and see the opening Hand of God, you must not, you shall never while you have life, part in his infancy with one who is our very Soul, uniting us to each other by the sweetest link that ever fastened two to themselves.

“And what is all this? you will say. At what are you firing with such impetuosity? My beloved, pause on that expression. I cannot talk much to Monty about you; he always bursts into tears, and it is a long time before he will be comforted. Remember too his love for Copsy—would see her get her pancake, and would defend her. And shall that child wake in the morning . . . see no Mama, and when he asks for her, be told: ‘She’ll soon come back’? Fatal words! Shall days and months pass, and no Mama? Perish the thought! For once, I will act with firmness. Remain in Ireland, and I will be satisfied—nay, happy. Yes, yes, happy—our income accumulating, I thriving in this climate, and looking forward to the time when God will unite me to you.

“Ask me the reason of this warm resolution. I reply, Have you not a Mother, one who loves you better than most Daughters were ever loved by a Mother, and have you not a quiet and peaceable home, where you will want for nothing, and would not your coming to me put you to a distress which such a worm as I merit not? Oh, my Heart, I could write

volumes on this, when I consider all you must encounter again to follow the drum. Oh! that I could sell out. Yes, yes, I would with all my heart, and on my knees have besought the Lord to point out His will to me, that I might act in obedience to it. Parade, from which I am now returned, having sat during the twilight with Terry and Gibbons on Guard. My beloved Ann, if you can, and I shall say the same to Stephen, if you can find any situation in which we could eat bread, I would that instant receive it as the appointed direction of God in answer to your prayers, and would for ever leave the army. But, oh! never was any one perhaps so much disconcerted as to what it becomes me to do. If you could only tell me from *your heart*, with sincerity, that you thought it the will of God to remain where you are, I should be as happy as one separated from his dear wife could ever be. How I write—one page says ‘come’; another, ‘remain behind.’ Oh! dear, I do not know what to say!”

He entreats her to pray for guidance. He is in a difficult position, and fears to suggest what would lead her to encounter troubles for his sake, or to deter her from joining him if she wished to do so.

“I know,” he says, “I can entirely trust to so sweet a friend, and rely on her prudence, good sense, and discrimination.

“The next circumstance in your letter which demands my gratitude is your exalted conduct in every respect since my absence. Such a pearl does not exist on the face of the Earth.” (It seems my dear mother had gone to the Wesleyan Chapel at Wexford, but only to hear a sergeant preach, and to sit amongst soldiers. My father is very much touched at this, knowing of course that she had done it to please him, and charges her *not* to do it again, if it does not appear to be for her spiritual benefit.) “In fine, the case is this—improve the grace given, live inwardly holy, watch over every thought, every word, every act, that all may be done to the glory of God; live so, and it does not matter a five-penny bit your going to the Methodists. And now, thou sweet daughter of God, for such you are, I put everything in your hands; if you see an opening for my leaving the army, I quit forthwith. . . .

“ Oh ! how happy I am in such a wife and children. Your letters do honour to your head and heart. I can only say, as a small excuse for any distress in Religion I ever had the misfortune to cause you, that I erred from what at the time was a good motive, and perhaps (though with the greatest diffidence I say it) I did not think you quite as watchful and diligent in prayer and examination as appeared to me to be so essentially requisite. Now, however . . . you are a pattern for me to follow, and may I with so sweet a helpmate improve my talents and faithfully walk in the ways of Christian holiness all the days of my life.”

He is very much pleased at the idea of receiving a portrait of his wife, but says the painter must not spoil the likeness by flattery, but represent her as she is, in his eyes “ the most beautiful woman upon earth.”

“ May 1st I went to the mess and entertained Captain Cleeve ; a large party was there of Lord Cranstowne’s among the rest. It was the first evening I had ever sat longer than just my pint, and now I was compelled to remain till 10. However, I came away full as sober as I went, but so distressed was I at the conversation, and so much profaneness and ribaldry was there, that it came seriously into my mind whether it was the will of God, indeed, that I should remain in the Army.”

My father yearns after a house at home—not at Wexford, with which place he had no pleasant associations. When there he had been living his old life, yet apparently with strivings after a higher one.

“ I have been poisoned there,” he says ; “ that abominable Play [when he acted ‘ Hotspur ’] filled me with ungodliness.”

He would like some pretty retired spot where they could live in peace, bringing up their children, and he amuses himself by making an imaginary picture of his family as they would appear to their neighbours when settled in some earthly Paradise in Wales.

“ Now, the surprise would be my delight,” he writes. “ “ A family unknown, diffident of mixing in Society, about the 20th of October took possession of that beautiful Cottage. . . .

A gentleman about 28, and three ladies, one evidently the mother of the younger lady, who we conclude to be the wife of the tall gentleman. The other lady we have not been able to make out, but imagine she must be nearly allied to the tall gentleman from the regard and affection he shows her. There was also a sprightly girl of 13, and two children, 3 and 2 years old; a little Baby, promising to be as beautiful as the rest, was in a venerable and stately female's arms.' Thus, you see, they cannot make us out, nor must they; the name of *Captain* in this retirement never must be mentioned, nor the army, unless in returning thanks to God that we are out of it, escaped from Sodom, and are fled to the mountain, which, my woman, is an Allegory, for it is both descriptive of the mountains in Wales, and Christ, the Rock of our Salvation."

(The last three persons described are, my mother's aunt, Florence Colclough; her younger sister, Harriet Watson; and the faithful Alley, who lived in the service both of my mother and of her mother.)

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

"ST. KITTS, *May 21st 1808.*

"MY BELOVED,—Do not blame your John; the step is taken. After much prayer, God appears to give His blessing on it. The most perfect approbation of the Colonel and all the Officers. My Commission sold extremely well. I expect on my arrival in Wexford to have, with what is in London, nearly if not quite £2000. I expect to go home in the *Ramillees* Frigate with General Boyer the latter end of June or beginning of July, and to embrace my beloved the first week in September—a happy escape; 10 years in the West Indies, to which Station you could not have come."

(The hotter weather and the approach of the less healthy season led my father to give up the idea of her joining him.)

"If my Scheme in letter 14 does not do, I can turn my thoughts to many things, assured that God will not forsake me. Be assured the step I have taken is wise. Rest satisfied it will turn out for the best.

"Had I not taken this step now, *I must* have remained in the army many years.

"Don't get a man or even a boy for me. I am no longer an ambitious, proud Captain, but an humble, meek, and lowly follower, I trust, of my blessed Lord and Master. My children never shall know, by the blessing of God, what the Army is. Many things I could say, but have not time. Had you been in the West Indies for 3 months, had you been 4000 miles from the Babes, you would have some knowledge of what I feel.

"Oh! the day I come up George's Street, will my tottering knees be able to support me? Even now I could shed tears of gratitude and joy for my freedom. What, never to part! What, days and years, and never to know what a separation is! One house, one home, one heart, one soul. Oh! my beloved, I am too agitated to write more."

Later, my father speaks of the sensation caused in the regiment by his leaving. "St. Clair" would sell out too if he could. Then he dwells on the union he hoped for of his family with that of Mrs. Watson, who was to be *his* as well as his wife's mother. "Flory" (Florence Colclough) was to be his sister—his daughter. "Hardy," my mother's young sister, was to be his pupil, and in the lovely farm that they were to embellish there were to be *no balls, no plays, no card parties*. "The day will pass in the sweetest regularity, and these evening follies will be replaced by my reading the elegant writers until 9 o'clock, at which hour all that belong to us shall meet together, when not a starved, dry, and moral saying of prayers is to commence, but when the Glory of the Lord is to descend upon our hearts—when we shall put forth our prayers and praises to God, and earnestly call upon Him for further blessings. Oh! what an hour of joy this hour of prayer will ever be. By 10 we seek our beds, and rest from the labours, study, and recreation of the day.

"Perhaps I may not be against encouraging music, tho' I heard a soul that will be shortly in company with the angels of God say that one devoted to God could not take pleasure in common music, which was calculated to gratify the senses

and not to raise the soul to God. Upon my asking this truly pious person what one could do who was compelled to hear beautiful music, but which was not sacred, as in my case, when our band is playing their delightful tunes, she answered: 'It will then be received as a Cross and borne.' But she did not say this Cross should be brought on oneself.

"However, unless music be encouraged we can have no Sacred music. I believe I shall, if God permit, sanction it, and then Harriet and I will play and sing to God's Glory in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in which all must unite.

"*May 28.*—How shall I write? Language becomes cold. The heart must be read to see what I now would say and do experience. Letters 1, 3, and 10 from a sweet saint and daughter in Spiritual Israel are now by me. . . . Why cannot I write something expressive of what I feel? But that I do really believe is beyond the power of my pen, for I am so forcibly struck by the piety, simplicity, purity, and beauty of your conduct that I can do nothing but admire and give God thanks."

He believes he sees that my mother had wished him to resign, and is thankful for having taken this step. Any wish or thought on his own part of remaining in the Army would have originated in "the base desire of getting rank, and from the faithless consideration of being able to make that provision for my children which showed that I doubted God's willingness to give Himself, as if the Lord would ever forsake His own or see them starve to whom He had given life."

He considers that their means will allow of their taking a furnished cottage with a fruit and vegetable garden and two meadows, which would give them "vegetables, fruit, Poultry, and a piece of mutton, milk and butter.

"Depend on it, since Mr. Alcock's triumph, which I have read in the papers, you have no business to stay in Wexford. Let or sell your George's Street House. Readily, if requisite, would I go over once a year to receive her Rents or do anything she might wish. I cannot see the Boys would be any tie on her. The very fortunate circumstance of Henry being

at the Cape will prevent her having any call from him, as, from my own experience here, I am well persuaded he can live there on his Lieutenant's pay and allowances. I have that opinion of Edward that I do not think he would distress her. George will have ample, and Bill may be in the Artillery to great advantage, because George, being in the Engineers, could always be a kind of guardian to him.

"I often think of the walks we shall take together in Wales, going thro' delicious groves or by the side of romantic Hills, and coming to the cottage of the old Harper, who will play 'The Noble Race of Shenkin.'"

My father gives an account, later, of how he borrowed plain clothes and a horse, and rode to Basseterre, and, with his friend Mr. Wooley, inspected three vessels bound respectively for London, Bristol, or Kinsale. He dined with his friends, and finding their little child ill, is thankful that he had not brought out his wife and children. Indeed, since the beginning of May, his feelings had quite altered as to the climate, and (having had misgivings earlier) he now felt sure it would not have done for my mother to join him.

"Think of Williams saying he would give one hundred guineas his wife and child had not come out—they were nearly losing their child. . . . When I think that all this, thro' the tender mercy of God, you have escaped, that you are in a healthy climate, the children well, and that I have sent in my resignation, I do indeed rejoice, and endeavour to be thankful. Home will be a Paradise to me after this. . . . I am quite distressed you should have taken such pains in your letter-writing to me. . . . Your writing was much too good. . . . I am sure I am not writing well. . . . I have no fear for you in that moment now fast approaching, for I know that God will bless you.

"My mother's letter was all kindness.

"By to-morrow fortnight, or Sunday four weeks, I shall have received my answer from Barbadoes. I wish I had more patience, but may God, who sees my feebleness, graciously be pleased to strengthen me; but I had almost said it is the most trying moment of my life—on the eve, as it were, of my

going, every hour appears a day, and every day a week, but may the Lord bless me with patience.

“Now to refer to some passages of your letter. The acquittal of Alcock shook and agitated me.¹ I am afraid, when I was speaking of it at the Mess, I evinced a warmth not becoming me. Let me remember ‘Vengeance is mine (saith the Lord), I will repay.’

“. . . My beloved, you certainly did not intend to distress me by saying you hoped *I* would forgive you for any pain you had caused me. . . . You know it all lies on your side. . . . I have nothing left me but to love you, revere you, and bless God for my union with you. . . .

“The unavoidable length of time which elapsed from my last Madeira letter to my first from the West Indies could not be prevented, and three calendar months are as little as it could take. I hope you have received all my letters, especially the one from Madeira to the West Indies, left with O’Rourke.

“*June 20th* (1808).—For the last time I celebrated His Majesty’s birthday (in the army) with three volleys and 21 cannons. Eleven fourth of Junes I have celebrated, and hope it may please God to spare His Majesty many years. On the 5th I dined with Captain and Mrs. Cleeve, and Captain and Mrs. Smith of Engineers were there. . . . Being on duty, I left before the rest.

“. . . We give little Ridottos—I gave it that name—in which we sit together two hours, smoke a couple of segars, eat a pine-apple, and drink a glass of [? sangaree]. Gibbons, St. Clair, Thornhill, and myself are the four, and I trust there is nothing amiss in what I do.

“My melons are coming up most beautifully . . . but they will be left for some one else, I hope. . . . I think the probability is I shall not hear from Barbadoes in time to go by the first convoy, and must therefore wait to go in the *Venus*, the 25th July, and I hope I shall land in Bristol, the 20th September, and be in Wexford by 1st October.

¹ A political opponent of one of the Colcloughs. He killed his antagonist. But I have heard my mother say he went out of his mind afterwards, and used to cry out: “Hurrah for Colclough!”

Mind you have good fires for me, for I expect to be very cold by that time. . . . Larkins is dying. What she will do I know not. Wells, our Doneraile Servant, is expected to go this day, and one or two more are given over. . . . Officers all very well. Kelly and Barstone walked to Basseterre to a Ball on June 4, and walked back, and are no worse for it.

"They have the most curious names for their slaves here; a gentleman was heard by Thompson calling out: 'Hanibal, Asdrubal, where are you? Lucretia, tell Cato to saddle the horse.' He says Lucretia was the ugliest negress he ever saw.

"I often think our future happiness in this world as well as in that which is to come is now placed in our own hands—we expect real delight in being united after this long and sensibly felt separation; it depends on ourselves to prove and experience it. . . . Instead of looking for immediate perfection in each other, let us seek it in God, and wait patiently the blessed progress and improvement of every Christian Spiritual Grace in ourselves. Let us remember we have now a whole life to pass in each other's society, preparatory to our possession of an inheritance incorruptible—and thus, sweetly encouraging and assisting one another, devote our time to God and our children, and endeavour to approve ourselves faithful stewards of the talents entrusted to us." Glancing on to the end, he adds: "Oh, my Ann, what I feel for you as I write!"

It appears further on that perhaps he might be able to return sooner than he had expected and is full of interest in the prospect.

Letters arrive from England and from "my dear O'Rourke." Also, far from any regret at leaving the army, he is more than ever satisfied. Referring to my mother's letter, he says: "It is admirable to see how ready an answer the Almighty has given to your prayers—long before your letter reached me, I had taken the very step you so anxiously desired—and that the very months you specify for my returning are precisely, under the Divine blessing, the months in which I shall be going home and arriving.

"Another circumstance is that (I must scold my lamb) the principal injunction which I so solemnly gave you in

my letter from Madeira, desiring you to call His mercies to your mind if ever you were under any apprehension respecting me, you seemed entirely to have forgot, for I see you must have fretted yourself, by the tenor of your letter, at not hearing for those 3 months, and indeed it was scarcely to be wondered at; only that, if we knew how to appreciate God's love to us, if we fully estimated as we ought the sacrifice and the death of Christ, we should be ready to believe that He who gave such a Son for our Salvation must have loved us, and as God is Love, He cannot delight to afflict us in anything which is not for our good. See, He has heard your prayers and mine, and has given the answer in permitting my return at the time you were desirous it should take place, and ending the troubles attached to such a Profession as this, which is a bad one—a very bad one. But, oh Beloved! our future happiness depends on ourselves. We are out of the Army, but we are not out of the world, nor out of our own bodies, therefore some trials may be expected, some difficulties be encountered. But, remembering the sweet lessons of St. Paul—Charity or Love endureth all things, is not easily provoked—we must bear with each other's infirmities. Two perfect creatures are not about to meet, but two who may attain to a great measure of perfection, as far as earthly perfection can reach. We must endeavour to love each other, not with extravagance, but with the calm, rational, Christian, Godlike Love that two who are invited to such high and glorious attainments and privileges should always evince; so that, the more we know of each other, the more tenderly affectionate we may ever be to each other.

“Expecting this may probably be the last West Indian letter, I am rather anxious to impress upon our minds what will be of such infinite importance to us both, and, indeed, it is much more to myself than to you, for I distrust myself.

“If Major Cavenagh, or any one in Wexford, has a translation of Rousseau's *Eloise*, read some twenty or thirty letters of it, beginning at that one in which St. Preux is returned from his Voyage and writes to Madame Orbe.

You will see a vast deal of admirable good sense, but the first part is bad and depraved.

“And now, with regard to your plan. . . . Why not all live in Askinlecloe? But then the building a House and furnishing might cost us a thousand pounds. At the same time, if we really could plant wood enough to yield £3000 in 18 years, it would be well worth while.”

Alluding again to his mother-in-law's family, and the positions of her sons (most in, and perhaps all to be in, the Army), he adds:—

“Then Harriet¹ alone remains, but then how sweetly is the flock increased by the three darlings. We may have another and a prettier ‘Mount Anna,’ and as (if my scheme was found to suit) it would depend on me whether you were all happy or not, I wd. pray the Almighty with all the power of my soul to enable me to promote your Comfort, that the prospect of peace and love before us might not fail of being realized.

“Perhaps while I am thus as it were inviting you to this scheme, it may be as desirable to you as it can be to me; but I confess I should like to have a letter from you before I arrive (unknown to your Mother), to say how the land lies and how all may have been received.

“You will be much gratified to hear that my Mother has desired me in the strongest manner, if I wished it, to leave the Army, saying she wd. rather live on half her Income and have me in England or Ireland, than that I should remain here; and as to Stephen, he begs me to come home. Thus everything appears to favour my leaving the Army.

“And now to speak a little to your dear letter. Think what my feelings for you must be when I see such tender affection displayed by you in the endearing way in which you write. . . . As to the little Blessing Copsey finding you out in the dark, it shows such an understanding cleverness, and such innate affection as perhaps has been seldom if ever equalled. Let Hardy be Godmother by all means, and any other person or persons you like—I leave it to you; only, as

¹ Afterwards Mrs. M'Cormick.

the object and intention is that in the event of the death of the Parents during the tender age of the Infants the Godfather and Godmother should instruct them carefully in the important duties of Religion, I should always desire that serious persons should be employed in a duty so solemn. But, at all events, let Hardy¹ be Godmother, and I hope she will in consequence be very good. . . .

"Let it be our study to live Godly in Christ Jesus, and we need seek no more. . . . Surely, while we endeavour in Christ to advance in the Holy way, He will not be far from us.

"Even in this healthy Island death is by no means a distant Visitor, and be assured, by looking at him and accustoming ourselves to the reflection, as well as by answering the end of our creation, which is to make our election sure, death will both when afar off and when near have by no means an unpleasant aspect; for oh! ought that to be an ungracious summons which calls us from such an imperfect state to never-ending bliss?

"*Sunday, the 12th June.*—This day 8 years, I was gazetted a Captain, but praise and glory to God for the prospect of my release. I have been at our Barrack Church, and heard truly a good sermon from Mr. Julius.

"Larkins closed his eyes for ever at 12 o'clock last night, saying, his very last words, 'I hope my poor wife will go to England with Captain Hawtreys,' then he died. . . .

"Soon there will be an end of letter-writing, and we shall meet, in the sweet hope of which I remain, your faithful and affect. Husband,
J. HAWTREY."

It appears in the above letter that my father's maternal grandmother had lived in her son-in-law's house at Exeter. I remember my father describing how—as a little boy—he had rapped on her coffin, saying triumphantly: "Ah! you can't catch me now!"

The next is a short letter, dated St. Kitts, June 21. The fleet had sailed before the mail brought the answer to my

¹ My mother's sister, Harriet, a girl of thirteen or fourteen.

father's resignation, so he was obliged to forego the opportunity of returning at that time. He speaks thus:—

“Let me wait with patience, and depend upon the true and faithful promises of God.

“I hardly think I should have ever been happy had you been with me, for I should have been continually apprehensive about you. Three of mine are gone. Women and children die also. To see the coffins carrying by so often is melancholy to a degree. The 63rd have buried seven officers and many, many men.

“As for myself, I am under the Divine Blessing uncommonly well, and, if I kept a horse, should never, I think, know what a headache is. Think of my being able to ride 22 miles yesterday, and no more affected by it than if I had rode from Charleville to Doneraile. I shall be greatly tempted by the next Packet to go home in her, but I know I ought not to give so much money away, merely to get home 3 weeks sooner.

“As I am ordered on a Board of Survey, I have no time at this moment to write more. May the Lord ever Bless and preserve you all is the earnest prayer of your faithful and affectionate Husband,
J. H.”

“ST. KITTS, *June* 24, 1808.

“In what words shall I address myself to the best beloved, most amiable of her sex? How shall I express my gratitude, my admiration, my love? . . . You must endeavour to imagine all I would declare on this occasion, for I have not the command of words to make you acquainted with the emotions of tender regard, exalted esteem, ripened friendship, with which I was affected on reading your precious letters.”

He sympathises with my mother, assuring her that he has been shocked by the want of education in some of those who undertook to teach others in the Wesleyan body.

“The pious men in this Island are, I am certain, well placed for those they instruct, but I have been overwhelmed with shame and confusion when I have heard discourses without connection, diction incorrect, and deliverance little calculated to excite comfort in my bosom or awaken faith.”

It seemed he had argued to himself that this was pride. If he humbled himself like the negroes, he would share their benefit. But also, on the weather becoming too warm for him to go to the service, he finds greater comfort in his closet than he had in the chappel (as he always spells it; I suppose it was the custom in those days). He continues:—

“Only understand me. Base should I be if I were not to declare that under the preaching of Mr. Taylor I have enjoyed great, unfeigned happiness, and that if he ever was to be near me, or any other good Preacher, I hope you would accompany me to hear him, and join in prayer, for I believe God is ever with those who faithfully seek Him. . . . You have candidly said you cannot be a Methodist, but are a Christian. I applaud you for it, and bless God you are, as I know you are, a Christian. Now, with equal candour I will say that, though I believe many preach what I should not have been benefitted by, yet there are others who are most wonderfully gifted by the grace and power of God, and those I would, without being a Methodist, wish to hear. I should be as untrue to my conscience were I to make a further concession than this as you would be had you falsely agreed with me, instead of nobly speaking the truth at the hazard, as you thought, of my displeasure. Oh, my Beloved! your conduct has called forth on my part emotions I know not how to give utterance to. Your generous, exalted, and truly pious behaviour must bring upon you the blessing of God, while the rich recompense is in your own gentle bosom. I will be all, by God’s help, you wish me. I will devote my life to make you happy while we go hand in hand preparing for a better world. And now you will have guessed that I have been made happy by hearing from you. On the 22nd the mail boat sent us a bagful of letters and newspapers. Ten fell to my lot—five from my beloved, two from mother, one Stephen, one Collyer and Son, and one my dear Cavanagh. But no answer to my resignation, which makes it clear I shall hear by the packet in a fortnight, all in time to go home by 1st of August and arrive 1st October.

“Now, my love, as to building and furnishing a cottage

and getting 14 acres for £300; you could not do it under £1000. In fine, pleasing as the scheme is, with our circumstances, I almost believe it to be impracticable. At the same time, that all vanishes to the ground if we make one Family, and you will be my Children, old and young. Do you doubt me? Is it impossible? Alley teaching the little girl, and a boy I should take as apprentice and drill to his duty, would be our establishment. I would lay out £1000 in buying 14 acres, building and furnishing a lovely cottage anywhere. In this I would receive your Mother, and we might throw all the rest into the stock purse. . . .

“Here I break off. Would you suppose it?—I am going to Nevis with Thornhill and Gibbons to pass a few days and see the lovely Island. We walk to Basseterre after dinner, shall arrive about ten at night, sup, and bed. We shall proceed to Nevis To-morrow, 10 miles from this Island, when horses will be ready to conduct us to the Mansion of Hospitality. I shall write the events of each day in my pocket-book, and give you the account.

“*June 30th.*—On Friday after dinner we set off for Basseterre about half-past 6, when the evening was shutting in, and arrived in safety there. I got in 15 minutes before them, being a better walker. I avoided by that means a heavy shower. We made ourselves comfortable, ate our supper, and went to bed. Up early next day and took a dip, breakfasted, and hired a boat, and under a burning sun were 4 hours and a half beating up against wind and weather. The sea came upon us so much that we were obliged to take off our coats, when every five minutes a wave covered me. This the sun dried up, the consequence of which was that my arm was blistered from the wrist and hand to the shoulder, and my face burnt to that degree that I never knew anything like it. The first thing we did on our arrival was to enquire for Mr. Huggins, the Gentleman to whose house we were going, and soon found him. He welcomed us to the Island in the most affectionate manner, horses were got ready for us, and we proceeded forthwith to his Father’s house 6 miles inland. The road was very bad, and we ascended almost the whole way.

When we came to the spot where their house was, we were glad indeed to rest. It is elevated to, I suppose, 300 feet above the sea or more, and is really more pretty than I could have fancied. Here we were introduced to the whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, their daughter, and 3 sons. We received every attention and kindness from them. Horses were daily ready for us; one valued 100 guineas was at my service. We rode all round the Island, which is 24 miles round, and really more lovely than you can possibly conceive. We were introduced to all the families in the Island, and by them invited to pass days and weeks. The place is exceedingly respectable as to the inhabitants. After staying there the Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, we returned on Wednesday, in a Schooner lent us for the purpose, and arrived last evening at 6 o'clock at Brimstone Hill. The particulars of this excursion I shall tell you myself, for it is too fatiguing even to write where a sun which burns us up almost is reigning in all the splendour of Tropical brightness."

My father, later on, dwells again on the prospects before him and his wife after his return. He hopes her mother and Aunt Flory Colclough, and his own brother Stephen, may consent to live with them.

"What a family we ought to be: your Mother, Flory, you and I and Stephen, Harriet and the Babes—there is not one too many in number, and just enough to make all happy. . . . I profess to be exceedingly interested about the result of this; and since my change in my religious opinions, in consequence of your exalted letters, I am become more charitable."

And he does not think that people must inevitably lose their souls who act up to the best of the light that they have, even though they do not see things which perhaps others see; nor that her mother and aunt must suffer hereafter, if they play "an innocent game of cribbage for a penny, after they have passed the day as becomes Christians."

"Stephen can bring his books from Cambridge, and my dear Father's Picture, which I have not seen since his death. . . . You will, of course, have to receive the allowance for

House every Monday. . . . For your own satisfaction you will write down what you lay out.

"You will find when the Poultry begin to multiply that you will have a considerable saving. You must make good raspberry and currant whisky, as wine will be out of the question—I suppose it is now so dear as not to be drunk, and I hope by this time, my love, you are convinced I am not of a gouty habit, under the Divine Blessing. Once a year I could go for my Mother in the Summer and bring her to us. . . . The first year we might perhaps be at some little expense, after which it would be none at all. Perhaps I might be made a magistrate—only think, my love—and who says it would be any great expense having a horse to graze, who could now and then go into a car that might carry us all? . . . Oh! my heart is full when I think of this and of the blessings which the Lord of His mercy seems to have in store for us.

"Do not have any visitors in the house the time you expect me, unless dear Phanio¹ be there. Oh, Ann! am I near seeing you? The thought fills me with a tumult. I bless God that I have sent in my resignation, which each day gives me more delight. Tell your dearest Mother I never shall be able to thank her as I ought for her affect. kindness to you and my babes for these long seven months.

"*July 5.*—I have been reading the whole of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' to-day, and have been truly pleased and much affected by it. So you see I now read other books besides the more serious ones, and I do think and pray that your excellent letters may prove of the utmost benefit to me for the rest of my life.

"When you guess that I am within an hour of home (I will contrive if possible to let you know) let them" (that is, the two elder children) "be either walking in the garden or up in Grandmamma's room; then, after I have embraced you all, let the darling treasures, perfectly unconscious that I am in the drawing-room, come in—Monty leading

¹ His brother Stephen.

his dear Sister. I will be sitting on the settee by the fire-place with you, and my delight will be to see if they recollect me. I am afraid it will be almost too much for me. Never, never should husband and wife be separate; it never was intended by Providence.

"The hurricane months commence the first of August, which, with Sept. and October, are, I am told, the worst months in the West Indies. I trust I shall escape them. The heat oppresses us with the most enervating languour. It appears to me that I would rather be a day-labourer at home than Commander-in-Chief of all the Windward and Leeward Islands; but a voyage home will set all to rights. The ancients thought it would be impossible to live in these torrid zones in consequence of the excessive heat of the sun. The vegetation is astonishing, for we have very frequent showers, such as you have never seen, nor could have any idea of. Poor Crooke says the only thing which he thinks keeps him alive is my having resigned. He lost two brothers here.

"*July 8.*—Forty-eight days are passed since I gave in my resignation, and I know no more now than I did the day I gave it in. But surely God will direct everything for the best, and will make an allowance for my feebleness; for I confess I am not, I cannot be now, so watchful, so attentive to the one thing as I was. Your loved idea is now ever before me, and the thought that I am perhaps not far now from seeing you again . . . is almost too much for me.

"*July 10.*—Tho' seven weeks are passed since I gave in my resignation, without a syllable of news; let me be patient and resigned—whatever is best.

"*July 11.*—I know all, and may be pretty well satisfied. . . . General Bonham is expected here to-morrow or next day from Domenique, and it is thought almost certain that he will bring orders from Barbadoes, but if not, the Colonel will ask him to permit me to proceed in the Sloop-of-War (which brings him here) to Barbadoes.

"I have no fear in any shape for the future, and rejoice in the prospect of the next little one being a boy. The Lord bless him, and his darling mother, and brother, and sister. . . . My Mother's letter to me was most truly affectionate in every respect, only she is a little prejudiced against Ireland, and would be glad to have her son a Colonel. This must be excused.

"Your letters are far beyond all praise. They contain the truest piety, with the most surprising strength of reason and force of truth—I humbly trust they are not lost on me. I have written to my Mother and somewhat strongly represented to Her my motives for intending to quit the Army. I have also invited Stephen to live with us. You cannot imagine how sincere a friendship subsists between George Gibbons and myself. But, with all this, he cannot be brought to believe in the Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ—at the same time that he entirely respects my opinions" (reasons?) "for believing, and does not, nor would he for worlds, wish to confute them. It is his most surprisingly amiable conduct in this instance, at a time when I was so much overlooked by the Regiment, that have won him to my heart; I am his most confidential friend. He knows I pray and read the Bible, and would not interrupt me for any consideration; his conversation is wonderfully improving and instructive; he, Thornhill, St. Clair, and I are the four who always associate together, and for them I have a very sincere regard, but more particularly for St. Clair and Gibbons.

"I often reflect with much gratitude and joy on my darling Monty's not being here, for there are a number of poisonous plants and fruits which would kill the strongest man almost immediately, were he to eat them, especially the manchineal apple, which so strongly resembles a small apple in smell and appearance that I would defy you to know the difference. They are looked at with absolute horror by the negroes. . . . You must on no account think of offering me snuff or segars on my return. I intend to leave off the former the moment I am on board, and the latter when I land. With you I want neither." (This resolution was

kept, then or later; my father had certainly abandoned both in his later years.)

"*July 12.*—And now, my dearest Ann, I am coming to the end of my letter. . . . I cannot doubt but I must, under God's blessing, soon know something. . . . I am writing a line to Major C. [Cavanagh], and should be happy to get the Company in the *Dublin*, as I told him. I do not remember anything more to communicate to you, unless it be the repetition of my tender affection for you and my beloved Babes—you well know it. I receive the happiest accounts from you, and am most grateful to God for it; and now, my dearest best beloved, I bid you good-bye, with the firmest assurance that I am your ever fond, faithful, and affect. Husband,

J. H.

"I do not see it at all necessary for you to answer this. I hope long before that to have pressed you to my heart. Kiss the darlings, and love to your dear Mother and Aunt."

Thus the long letter ends, on the very day on which his son Stephen was born!

"Last, on my return." The letter I now copy is labelled as above. There is no date except—

"BALLY HACK, 11 o'clock.

"MY EVER BEST BELOVED,—The note I wrote on the *Hedge*, and despatched by the *Corporal* half an hour ago, will have briefly told you of my arrival. Since that I have secured a horse and car, and a horse for myself, by which means my plans are altered, and I shall now ride to Fook's Mill and take a long *snooze*, for I was out all night in a Hooker, having left the *Tiger* off Bantry Bay, and proceeded onwards for four guineas and a half, with all my effects—and this morning, about nine, I put foot on the dearest land upon earth. . . . God has been merciful to me in my preservation—during a long and perilous voyage; twice, and indeed three times, we were in such imminent danger that I believed my hour was come. . . . I have so much to say that I know not

where to begin. However, it will suffice now to talk of the present and leave the past until we meet. I purpose being with you to-morrow at noon. I shall sleep at Fook's Mill, and breakfast there, and then proceed in a chaise; but if I could anyhow get a line ere my arrival in town, or even a verbal message to say how you are, my present distressing anxiety about you would be alleviated, for, oh! my darling, you have, I trust, through the tender mercies of God, become the happy mother of another babe—but when the event happened, or of your present situation, I am entirely ignorant. May the Lord have preserved you. Do let some one be at the Three Rocks about 12—suppose Bill; it is only a pleasant walk if the weather be fine—I entreat it may be so, and I shall most anxiously look out for him. Your last letter was May 17, so you may guess how entirely I am unacquainted with everything. And now, my beloved, I meet you to part no more till God shall be pleased to summon the one of us. The more I contemplate the step I have taken, the more reason do I see to adore the goodness of God. You need not have a thought about a difference of opinion on any subject, but particularly religion, as I have almost entirely, on a firm conviction, changed my sentiments, which perfectly coincide with yours—and I felt at peace last Tuesday when I momentarily expected to be swallowed up by the waves. Our future life shall witness our uninterrupted, unclouded, and constant love and happiness, for we will pursue it where it is to be found, and where only—in doing good and loving God. But I cannot write much now, or say half I would, from the anxiety I feel to know how you are. Oh! may the Lord have been your succour, my darling children, my beloved Mrs. Watson, and Flory. May the Lord bless and preserve you all. Think that I am not now at St. Kitts, but 19 miles only from you, and no water between us. Well, till to-morrow, good-bye. . . . If I had not used exertions beyond measure great I should not have been able to leave W. Indies. I was obliged to go to Barbadoes—nearly shipwrecked; and Barbadoes, too, almost in a plague; but it was my only means. All is now over and well. Oh! my love, God ever bless you.—Ever, ever your own, J. H.

"Send out for some beaver hats, for I lost mine overboard, and my present is very shabby."

The above is labelled "Read this first," and there is another note labelled "Read this second," and that appears to be indeed the last of that series of loving letters which I have now copied.

"Fook's Mill, 8 o'clock.—Blessing of my soul, on my way here I met Mr. Ansdale. He first told me my Ann was well and had another Babe—that your mother was in Tinterne. This is all I wanted to know. I have, therefore, now changed my plan, and shall breakfast with my soul's love at 9 o'clock. Nine o'clock to-morrow! I shall come, I believe, on horseback, and come down the upper way. Don't let Rocks or Turners know it. I wish to be private. Oh! my darling.—
Ever your own,
J. H.

"Take great care of the little Boy.¹ Give him his supper, bed, and keep him till I come to-morrow. You may tell the darlings I am come, and let them be all in the passage or parlour together. Is the new one a Boy or a Girl? What like is he? Oh! my Ann."

The writing is very faint at the end, but with a magnifying glass I think I have made it out. With this last letter are two lovely little curls of fair hair—probably "Monty and Copsy's."

It would have been interesting to hear something about that meeting looked forward to so fondly and so long; but, unless I should come upon any letter referring to it, we must imagine it: the sweet young wife of about twenty-two—the dear little boy and girl, hand in hand, in a flutter of awe and happiness—the unconscious baby, afterwards the stay of parents, brothers and sisters—Stephen, dead fourteen years ago.

¹ Probably the messenger who went forward with these letters.

CHAPTER XXVII

MY FATHER'S JOURNAL OF 1809 AND 1810

I COPY the following from the same large MS. book in which, as I have said, my father made various entries:—

“Since I have left the Army, and settled on Sidbury Farm, the Lord has called me most seriously to Himself, and for ever blessed be His name. It is my firm purpose and desire to give myself up entirely to Him. I have been very unfaithful at different times since I have been here, but the merciful patience and tender long-suffering of God has yet borne with me. He has called me to some labours in the Vineyard: I assist in taking care of a class, and expound Scripture on Sabbath days in Wexford.

“I begin to-morrow, the anniversary of the King's accession to the 50th year of his reign, intending to regularly note down by God's blessing my spiritual growth. Oh! let it not be decay; but I purpose to be candid. I have also a regard in this to my beloved wife and children; they will be benefited if I am faithful. Future generations may read what I am writing; oh! may it be for good. The Lord help me. My desire, in one view, is to have my life hid with Christ in God.

“*Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1809—three o'clock P.M.*—Glory be to God for ever! He has much blessed me this day. I arose about seven, and was able to watch and pray. His grace has blessedly supported me. I was a little busied about drawing home my wheat from 11 to 12, but from half-past twelve to three I have been with Him, and had Him very close the best part of the time. I feel the work deepening, and expect very shortly to see the glorious Kingdom of God. . . .

“This is the King's accession. The Lord ever bless and preserve him. Keep me, oh God! the rest of this day in deepest humility. Give me all the mind that is in Christ; give me Thyself, for Thou art Love.

"4 o'clock.—I note down a conversation I have had with my dear Boy.¹ I brought him and little Ann into my room and prayed for them. They kneeled down. When I had finished, little Ann, 3 years old, said: 'Papa, now will you pray for your self?' 'Yes, my dear,' said I; when I arose, the Lord having blessed me, I asked them if it was not a nice thing to wait upon the Lord. They said yes; for, said I, He will give us such fine things. 'What will He give us, Papa?' 'Oh, He will give you a new heart, and He will write His new best name upon it, and He will give you a white stone.' 'Papa, is the white stone very handsome?' 'But' (having said yes) 'He will give you a crown of glory if you'll be good, and you are not able of yourselves to be good. You must pray to God to make you good, for you cannot do it of yourselves. Look at little Anny; she says very often that she will never be naughty again, and yet not an hour passes without her being naughty. This shows that she cannot be good of herself.' 'Oh! but, Papa,' said Johnny, 'I can be good of myself without the assistance of the Lord.' 'Indeed, my darling, you can't.' 'Yes, indeed, Papa, I can—I assure you I can, without the Lord making me; for, Papa, is not to be good, not to scratch Anny, not to dirty my clothes, not to pinch her and not to cry? Now, I can do all this without the Lord making me!' This is nature; cast in her loveliest mould, she is a compound of Ignorance and Lies. Oh! sweet boy, may you soon know what is truth.

"*Thursday, 26, Half-past 11.*—I have been much agitated to-day. I have not sinned outwardly, tho' I am full of it inwardly. I have been tempted—have I faith? I am afraid to die—is that faith? Lord, strengthen me; I am going to town against my will. Oh! wilt Thou bless me, even me, Oh my Father?

"This was a day of much sorrow. I was in the furnace until evening, doubting, faithless, yet watching, praying. Went in the eveng. to Mrs. Richards', and read to them from 1 Peter i. An attentive people. I was relieved."

¹ My father's age at this time was twenty-nine; my mother's, twenty-three; my eldest brother (here called Johnny, but later on by his first name, Montague) was four years old; and his sister Anna, three.

At this time it seems that my father was earnestly, perhaps painfully, seeking after truth. Watching himself, fasting, praying, reading the Bible. Not always happy.

"*Wednesday, Oct.* —(In the following year, 1810.) On my bended knees I write this present account of God's dealings with my soul. Tossed about on many a wavering billow, I have been preserved nearly twelve months, in addition to the period when I wrote the above. My progress, proportionate to the instability of my character, seldom as I ought to be for more than a few hours. My way became gradually more plain to me in my feeble efforts every week, until after several trials, I ascended the pulpit in Wexford.

"*January 1st.*—The first sermon I preached was from Gen. xix. 17 ('Escape for thy life, look not behind thee'). The Lord, in much mercy, has borne with me until the present. I have preached in Enniscorthy, Ross, Waterford, and Newtownbarry, at which last town I was so happy as to meet some very advanced Christians—Mr. and Mrs. Beale. In February, I think, Mr. Averell came through Wexford; his acquaintance was much blessed to me. He told me his experience, which plainly convinced me I had not attained to the privileges of my calling, namely, the *full assurance of Faith*. He described his having received this Blessing 17 years previous to my seeing him, which he had never lost. Had I diligently looked for this, I must long ere this have attained to it, but I have been repeatedly faithless. Nevertheless, in several revivals, God showed me in great mercy my want of holiness of heart, the full assurance, and the witness of the Spirit. I received no perfectly satisfactory assurance on this head until I went to Newtownbarry, Sept. 30, where I was distinctly told of the progress of the work of Grace in the Believer's soul—that God does, after Justification, a further work in every sincere soul by rooting out every spot and pollution of sin from the heart, and sanctifying the Believer in Body, Soul, and Spirit. Further, Mr. Beale declared, this had been his own experience for nearly 30 years. Mrs. Beale bore testimony perfectly corresponding with this, and another sweet soul in the Town, who had rejoiced in God for 40 years."

The goal thus set before my father he earnestly longed to reach, and amidst hopes, fears, and discouragements, he pressed on. His "old man," he says, "was ever stirring in him." "And I told my God I was in danger of dishonouring Him every hour until the indwelling tyrant was no more."

FROM AN OLD JOURNAL OF MY FATHER'S

"*Tuesday, 23rd . . .*—I arose as I have sometimes been in the habit of doing, between 4 and 5, and had prayer. After breakfast I as usual retired to my chamber, tho' previously I read Mr. Wesley's sermon on the Scripture way of Salvation by faith, in which he shows how instantaneously God will destroy the work of sin in the soul of a believer. From this I went to my room, and shall now proceed to narrate the particular circumstances in order as they occurred to me. I had been in prayer, I think, asking for the blessing, when I believe some apprehension of the manifestation of Christ to the Believer made me turn to the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, which I read with wonderful delight, and a great light shone upon the words. I continued to read on my knees, and found I had a wonderful power to believe and apply the word, and felt much peace. I closed the chapter, having been considerably blest in the application I was taught by the Spirit to make. Having finished this chapter, I was thinking to conclude, when that Blessed Spirit which leads into *all* truth, *led* me to remain in prayer. Previously, I must not omit to remark that, after morning prayer, before daylight, I believe I lifted my heart in mental supplication to God, while I opened my large Bible, intending to read in 2 Kings, determining to look particularly at the verse my eye should first meet, be it where it might, what was not my happiness to find it thus: 'The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand,' Mark i. 15. I applied it very comfortably to my soul, and still prayed for sanctification. . . . I continued on my knees, and read and prayed over the words, 1st verse 15th chapter John. I saw the union established between Christ and the believer powerfully. I was reading only verse 1,

sentence at a time, then pausing and praying over them. I read the 2nd verse, which was very comfortable to me, but nothing very remarkable. Oh my soul! little didst thou know then what awaited thee. I came to the 3rd verse, and read: 'Now ye are clean through the words which I have spoken to you.' I read it as any other verse, and as I had often read it before, when in a moment my attention was arrested by the very remarkable words: 'Now ye are *clean*, through the words which I have spoken to you!' Why, this word was spoken to *me*. It was as much spoken to *me* as to the Disciples, there could not be a doubt about that; that word which had made them *clean* was spoken to me. In a moment I became much agitated, and trembled. My God, is it possible? Am I *clean*? Why, surely I am if it is thro' the word, for the word I have as much as they. Oh Lord, speak, give me faith; tell me, Lord Jesus, am I clean, am I sanctified? We are sanctified by faith, I know. Say, Lord Jesus, tell me I am sanctified. And now, my adored Immanuel, in the simplest, sweetest manner, quiet, peaceable, and heavenly, opened my 'faith's interior eye,' and gave me to see (oh! what gratitude does there not overflow my soul while I write) that *I was clean*, that *I was sanctified*. I saw it. It was an illumination so strong, so clear, so perfect, that I could no more doubt my being cleansed from all sin than I could doubt that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. The joy I experienced was solid, settled, peaceful. A light shone upon my soul above the brightness of the sun, and gave me a clear perception of the word of God. I knew I was clean; I had faith to believe it. I told my God so, and felt no condemnation, but that I should have grieved His Spirit by disbelieving it.

"I had not a doubt but my evidence was perfectly clear and unsullied. Now then I can say—1st, that Sanctification is attainable; 2nd, that it is attainable by faith; 3rd, that we may expect it any hour, any moment, when we have been seeking it with our whole heart; 4th, that when it happens the soul is cleansed from all sin, and her union with Christ is complete. I remained on my knees, I think, nearly an hour, Glory be to

God. I before said all my doubts vanished when I felt the work God had wrought in my soul, but if any had remained they must have yielded to the divine witness that was given me. 1st, there was a blaze of light on the word of God, which, I fear, I have not language to describe, for it is difficult to write the language of Heaven. But how truly I perceived the force and truth of that expression, 'the word yet speaketh.' It appeared to me as if the word I read before my eyes was really and truly the Eternal Son of God. I could not but adore the goodness of my God in so blessedly suiting to my state His precious word, for the next verse was the very text of all others perhaps which infinite Wisdom knew I required, namely, a command to 'abide in Him'; but, He continued, 'I in you.' So then I understood that, intense as was my wish to abide in Him, His was equally so to abide in me. Now I saw a union complete, never to be interrupted. I proceeded. I was most especially blessed in the 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11th verses, which are glorious. I perceived a depth in them, a relation to each other, all drawing me to the Centre, not to be expressed. For example, 'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' What was the condition? That His word should abide in me. What was His word? *That I was clean.* The condition of my receiving any blessing I might ask for, was my believing and retaining the firm assurance of what I wished beyond everything to retain a sense of.

"Had God said 'Ye are clean,' and should Satan tell me I was not clean, *I dared not disbelieve it.* Did I make a query how it was done, I could not tell; but this I knew and felt, that the word which had spoken it had done it, and the effect I felt, proved it to be true, and, to confirm me in my belief, my blessed Jesus poured into my Soul such a cluster of promises all applicable to me, that my Sun shone with the brightness of Emmanuel, producing in my Soul not that ravishing joy which is nigh to breaking the vessel, but the most heavenly peace, confidence, and love. I could call Him my Beloved; I could talk with God as with my Friend.

"I continued the heavenly chapter, applying every sentence

to myself. I think, on rising from my knees, the text, 'The gifts and calling of God are without repentance,' were very powerfully brought home to my mind. I do not recollect any fears about sin not being dead. . . . I found I could apply every promise of the word to my own soul whenever they presented themselves to me. I was now called to Dinner. My countenance was a faithful index of my mind. They seemed to think something remarkable had happened, but did not propose any question. Perhaps my gracious Lord saw it would not be well for me at present to state all His great dealings, and therefore did not give me the occasion. . . . Now and then I believe a passing thought would float on my mind, 'How will it be when trial comes,' and indeed I did not know, but still I believed, and this is all the work the Christian has to do. If he but believes, never doubt but 'his willing feet will always in swift obedience run.' I had to preach that evening at Bally Slaney, so I returned to my God and considered my text, which in gratitude I determined should be out of the chapter that had been so blest to me (John xv. 15, 16, 17), and many texts were presented to me with great power which I could apply to myself. My horse was now ready. . . . I was wonderfully supported each moment in my ride. I saw everything with a new eye; it used to be that I compulsorily forced myself to think on God; now I saw Him in everything, and rejoiced in Him. This was the happiest ride I ever took in my life. When I arrived at Brother K.'s house his poor wife was complaining, and I possessed much liberty in speaking to her of Jesus. We now began the Service. I had Him in the Hymns and prayer, and such a time for preaching I believe I never knew. The Service being concluded I returned. . . . I was able to repeat with a confidence I had never known before different texts of Scripture. 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live, . . . I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me. . . .' This was the best, the holiest, and the happiest day I had ever passed. . . . I think at tea I had an unpleasant impression on my mind, which occasioned me a momentary depression—a

fear that I was deceiving myself, and sin was in me, but I soon came to the conclusion that it could not be so, for if God had said I was clean I must be. I knew it must be a temptation, therefore any unpleasant impressions which the Soul may have must and do proceed from the father of lies. I had a most sweet and blessed time this morning" (Wednesday, October 24) "in prayer and praise. My dearest wife asked me if I had received the blessing. I said God had been indeed very gracious to me. At this time I did not find my mind free to declare more.

"The ensuing day, Thursday, 25th, I equally rejoiced and concluded this peace would last all my life, rejoicing evermore and praying without ceasing, while in everything I gave thanks. Many old trials came in my way, but all was peace—nothing stirred. God filled His temple, and things which before would have overpowered me, had no more effect upon me than upon a soul in glory.

"When the hour returned which would complete to me three days in my new condition, I was in prayer, wishing to be on my knees when that time should be completed. And now it would seem as if my blessed Lord knew that I had received sufficient evidences of my work being genuine, and that it was time to prune the branches lest they should grow too luxuriant and wild; lest I should omit to watch and pray, He now withdrew the Light of His Countenance. The sermon I intended to preach that evening was taken from me, and I found one . . . on *temptation*. Some other things which happened to me made me think that I was to come down from Mount Tabor and go into the Garden, which was precisely the case. I went into Wexford and preached, and afterwards to Mr. Marchand's at Drinagh; but my joy was gone, and I could not dissemble and think I had it, when I had it not. Nevertheless, I held very firm and unshaken in my confidence, which was much to be tried.

"*Sunday, 28.*—Tho' I had the most perfect assurance when I awoke, yet was I to encounter the enemy in a severe conflict. I went to . . . to preach, and on my way the enemy attacked me most severely with unbelief. The darts came thick upon me;

nevertheless, the shield of faith received them all, and I had a perfect victory, tho' many a heavy sea went over me on that day. Afterwards, went on to Enniscorthy. I preached that evening, 1 Tim. i. 15 ('This is a faithful saying and worthy of all men to be believed: that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners')—a large congregation. . . . Next morning, Monday 29th, I had very good times during the whole morning, and on my way home I preached Hebrews ii. 3 ('How shall we escape, if we neglect so great Salvation'). On Tuesday my week was completed, since God spoke the great peace and salvation to my soul. I do not believe my trials were all over till I returned from preaching at Bally Slaney, that evening, 'Watch and Pray.' On my return, I found that my dearest mother was come back to me. Our meeting was affecting. She appeared not older nor altered—we had not met for nearly three years. She . . . has been in many very dangerous situations, having sat under the preaching of a Socinian, who had well nigh poisoned her mind but for the mercies of our Gracious Lord. . . .

"*Wednesday, 30th.*— . . . I believe it was this morning that my precious Ann proposed to me the question from which I thought I perceived an opening and a call from my God to tell of His goodness. I accordingly did, and made her acquainted with the gracious dealing of my Heavenly Lord, at which she truly rejoiced and determined to look for the same Blessing which, oh! may God give her in His own time. . . . I had some conversation with my dear mother about my sister's marriage. She was very kind to me. . . . I feel my faith strengthened from declaring to my beloved Ann the great dealings of God with me.

"*Friday, 3rd.*—I had, before breakfast, been reading in Mrs. Rogers' Life and Journals the danger that might attend on not declaring the deep things of God when an occasion offered of doing it to His Glory. . . . During Breakfast Mrs. Watson proposed to me an observation which I thought demanded from me an acknowledgment of God's goodness, which I did not hesitate in declaring, and felt considerable assurance during the time—it was a blessed season. They all believed the report and

seemed resolved to seek for that assurance which God had given the most unworthy.

“*Wednesday, 7.*—The Lord has enabled me for some weeks to adhere to early rising, so that I have not been in bed at six, I believe, above twice these six weeks, for which I bless His name and pray Him that I may continue it. I arose about half-past 4 to-day, and found myself in some little dulness. I prayed and read. After Breakfast I repaired to my room, and had a most powerful time with God. . . . This day I find, on a fair enquiry as to the state of my soul, that I am a child of God, and that I enjoy, . . . I may say, a deeper degree of holiness than I did the day of my sanctification. This I understand from the following rules:—1st, On looking into the Scriptures I find the marks of a child of God. I am led by the Spirit of God. I have received Christ (‘I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall see the Light of Life’). I know that I am born of God. These scriptural marks are accompanied by a settled, constant peace. I have not the same extasy of joy I had for the first 3 days; that was different from and exceeded anything, I think, I ever had. That was sufficient to testify to me that the work was genuine; but since then my peace has been constant and my mind ever right toward God. . . . I keep the faith, and the word of God abideth in me. I do not dissemble that I have had momentary impressions pass on my mind, but they have been momentary and grow feebler, and their duration is shorter every day . . . and I am kept by the power of God through grace unto Salvation. I feel a divine law in my heart which tells me my duty, and while I act in obedience to it I am safe. At this very present time, with the fear of God before my eyes, I say God has sanctified my Soul. . . . I love Him, and am determined to do His will to the end of my career. I rejoice in the Lord; I pray without ceasing; and in everything I give thanks. Satan occasionally injects fears, but the word of God destroys them. . . . Upon the whole, I think it may be said that when the soul is sanctified it is perfected in love; has a witness given it which banishes every fear and doubt, and is followed by a settled peace which leads the soul

cheerfully to run in the willing way of all God's commandments ; but that this state is not exempt from temptations, trials, and heaviness, tho' the mind is kept in perfect peace. This, I bless and adore my God, is my present state, and from this I may fall this hour if I cease to watch and pray. Help me, Lord Jesus.

" *Thursday, 8.*—After breakfast I read 2nd and part of 3rd chapters of St. John's Gospel to my dear Mother, who is beginning to receive the truth, and may my Gracious Redeemer soon give her to see all the Glory of the Lord. I had deep solemn communion with my God. In first part of 44th chapter (Isaiah) I saw wonderful things. Most clearly it was proved to me that I had received the Holy Spirit, for the Lord here declares that He will pour out His Spirit upon him that is thirsty, and blessing upon his offspring. One shall say, 'I am the Lord's,' and another surname himself by the name of Israel. Now this is in consequence of having received the Spirit. But I have been frequently in the habit of saying 'I am Thine, and my Beloved is mine,' and Israel was a favourite name with me. How came I to say this? Because I have received of His Spirit. Nevertheless I have been in some heaviness to-day, but *God is with me.*

" *Friday, 9.*—I went into Wexford and preached from Psalm lxxiii. 24, 25. I brought home Monty, who appears to be in a most blessed state of incipient grace. The Lord will bless him, and afterwards receive him to glory.

" *Saturday, 10.*—I believe my Beloved Redeemer is purifying me and trying me, but He is with me. I find I am nothing but a reed, a worm, dust, the least dust of the Balance. But Christ is all, and I this night hold a sweet and blessed assurance in my soul that I am nearer the Kingdom of Glory than I ever was. But I must watch and pray.

" *Sunday, 11th.*—I went to Wexford and preached from John iii. 3. A very happy time. Sat some time in converse with Mrs. Watson.

" *Monday, 12.*—A Blessed day, a day of Jubilee. God is with me. . . . I dare believe every promise in His word. . . .

" *Wed., 14.*—Truly did my adored Lord say, 'My peace I

give you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' 'What is there in the world like the Peace which passeth understanding. I know nothing. This was a precious day; I had Him all day, and some precious seasons. He is my God, and I am His child. I never lived till now. I never knew religion till now.

"*Thursday, 15.*—I had this day by the Divine permission of my Loved Redeemer some trials of my faith, but He keeps me thro' them all, and I know He will perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle me. I had, notwithstanding, some sweet seasons of love, and I know He never leaves me nor forsakes me.

"*Friday, 16.*—I have had some trials, but all is working for my good, and I had, Blessed be God, very humbling views of myself, and much faith, when I was rather in heaviness. At this moment, Friday night, I rejoice in my God. He is mine and I am His.

"*Saturday, 17th (November 1810).*—On this day we were very busy packing up for Wexford, but my blessed Lord kept me. My dearest Baby fell off the bed, but the gracious Lord took care of it. In the evening we all went into Wexford, and were most kindly and affectionately received by my dear Mrs. Watson. The Lord bless our coming here.

"*Sunday, 18.*—I preached, morning, from 'Except ye be converted and become as little children.' In the eveg., Hebrews iv. 6. Much in prayer all day.

"*Monday 19.* Morning meeting, expounded 1st Psalm. Breakfasted with friend Wood, a Quaker. I fear they are a little pharisaical. I called on Sister Crane, and had a long conversation; then on old Beattie, who rejoices, and I rejoice. In the evening, dear Brother M'Cormick came from Dublin, brought us some books, gave me a present of a Cruden's Concordance. Received first part of Dr. Clarke's Bible from my dear Mother.

"*Thursday, 20th.*—Arose at 4, had sweet time till half-past seven, went to Meeting, much liberty in expounding 2nd Psalm. Dear Brother M'Cormick made me very happy. We are all happy who can rejoice in the love of God in Jesus. I went

to Ballyslaney, in my way calling at Sidbury. I preached from Gen. xix. 17 ('Escape for thy life'). I was much in earnest. Mrs. Daly told me afterwards she had received impressions, and asked what she was to do. I bid her pray to Jesus for faith. Oh! may she be a first fruit at poor dead Ballyslaney.

"*Wed. 21.*—Expounded 3rd Psalm at meeting. The day hazy, nevertheless went to the dear Richards'. An unusual terror came over me for a few minutes at the fear of death; I knew it was a temptation; fought, and prevailed. Shall I fear that which can only bring me to see my Beloved face to face.

"*Thursday, 22.*—Expounded 4th Psalm, find the morning meetings very profitable, our mind, powerfully impressed with the deep and learned work which we are studying (with) Dr. Clarke's Bible. One or two called who know not my Jesus, or they would not be so full of fears.

"*Nov. 23, Friday.*—And now my God has kept me one whole month in my new Estate of Sanctification. I can say that it is the only month I have ever truly lived, for I have lived to God, and tho' I feel many imprudences, inadvertencies, inconsistencies may be placed against me, yet, I glorify my God, He does not impute sin to me.

"I observed a solemn fast this day, as I purpose doing every 23rd to my life's end, unless where I see the finger of God prevents it. I am not in the extasy I have been, but I rejoice.

"*Saturday, 24.*—The enemy pressed me with worldly thoughts, but the Blessed Lord . . . removed them entirely, and gave me the sweetest joy.

"*Sunday, 25.*— . . . I rode to Olart, and preached from Matthew v. 6. Much people was there. My sermon was not the one the gracious Lord chose me to preach, so He preached another for me. As I found the subject took a very different turn, and presented the Judgment Day, the final destruction of the impenitent, several appeared to be deeply impressed. May the Blessed Jesus follow it with a remarkable Blessing. I went to Revd. A. Mosse, his Wife and Sister. With them I dined and slept. The night was most severe, but I slept secure. . . . I had some interesting

conversation with these dear souls, who fight hard for indwelling sin. I would not permit him a place for the sole of his foot. Our controversy was very loving.

"*Monday*, 26.—I came home to a dear wife and loved family growing in grace. But, oh ! I am unprofitable. May the Lord not be extreme to mark what I do amiss.

"*Tuesday*, 27.—Brother Clendinnen bid me to go out more. I must, I find, tear myself away from my communion. But cannot I carry Him whom my soul loveth with me ?

"I will just remark here a conversation which took place between my little Monty (not six years old) and myself.

"*Monty*.—'Papa, you said when a man was converted he did not sin any sins. Then is he a sinner ?'

"*Papa*.—'He is a pardoned sinner. Monty, what is a sinner ?'

"*Monty*.—'One that does not know God.'

"*Papa*.—'What is it to be converted ?'

"*Monty*.—'To know God.'

"*Papa*.—'What is it to know God ?'

"*Monty*.—'To love God.'

"Who but the Spirit told him this ?

"*Sunday*, 2nd (*December*).—I preached in the morning with liberty, 'Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.' I studied too much my evening sermon, and was therefore contracted. Oh, for faith to thresh the Mountains !

"*Monday*, 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis called and detained me two hours. Oh, precious time, too precious to lose ! They asked me for a loan of money, which I have not. If they are right with God, He will help them.

"*Tuesday*, 4.—Rode to Bally Slaney. Preached from Mark v. 15, 'Who was possessed of Legion.' . . . Afterwards I gave out that I should form them into a Class the next Tuesday. Oh, God ! who am I that Thou shouldest give me these. Oh, give them to me, my Glory and my Crown.

"*Wed.* 5.—Arose early. After Meeting I discoursed seriously with Ann on the head of parting with Sidbury and coming altogether into Wexford. She almost quite approved of it.

"*Thursday*, 6.—We passed a very sweet evening in examining the promises of God, which we ought to make every one our own.

"*Sunday*, 9.—I yesterday heard that dear Mr. Averell is to be at New Town Barry on Thursday, whither I propose going to meet him.

"*Tuesday*, 11.—I went to Bally Slaney. Preached.

"*Wed.*, 12.—Arranged for setting out for New Town Barry to meet the highly favoured servant of God.

"*Thursday*, 13.—Last night I spoke closely to a poor backslider, who appears penitent. Once he exhorted and warned sinners. Since that he has known what it is to join the midnight revel. Lord, spare him and me. I went to New Town Barry, and embraced my beloved Brother Averell.

"*Friday*, 14.—I walked out before breakfast with Mr. Averell. He advises me to part with my farm. Walked to the waterfall in the grounds at Castle Barry.

"*Sunday* 16.—I breakfasted at Sister Cooper's, and preached from Luke xii. 40 ('Be ye ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not'). Mr. A. was off before me. I followed, and overtook him. What a snare is such a companion, when the mind is often tempted to be drawn off from God and fixed on the creature. Lord, strengthen my faith.

"*Monday*, 17.—I held two morning meetings. After Breakfast, dear Mr. A. having gone out, I, in going after him, walked too much.

"The Richards dined with us. Mr. A. preached from 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.' He read us his journal to his arrival at Newtown Barry.

"*Tuesday*, 18.—Lay in bed all day, my complaint being bad. I read my experience to dear Mr. A., who encourages me, and so does my blessed Saviour. This day 8 weeks I received the Blessing, which I retain, and have never lost; but let me watch and pray continually lest I fall. Amen.

"*Wednesday*, 19.—Went to Broadway. A sweet and profitable time.

"*Thursday*, 20.—Returned to Drinagh. Met my precious family. Came home. Received the Sacrament from Mr. A.

"*Friday*, 21.—He breakfasted with us, and we set off for Ross.

"*Tuesday*, 25.—Preached Isaiah xl. 9 ('O Sion, that bringeth good tidings, lift up thy voice'). Afterwards received the Sacrament. After Breakfast my gracious God, to His own glory, communicated His divine Blessing to my Soul. He revealed Himself to me as God, the Father, my loving, pardoning God. Oh, what a Baptism! My tears flowed, while God filled His temple.

"*Wednesday*, 26.—I preached John i. 12 at 8. At 12 bid farewell to my dear Brother Averell.

"*Friday*, 28.—Preached in evening from John xvii. 17.

"*Saturday*, 29.—Rose betimes. Met the people at early meeting. Practised music after Breakfast, and prepared my Sermon for To-morrow. Lord, revive Thy work in Wexford.

"*Sunday*, 30.—Preached in the morning from 1 Thess. v. 8. Had a profitable time in meeting the Class, went to Church, prepared my Sermon for the Evening, and, Blessed be God, He sent a large Congregation there, to whom I showed the necessity of the new birth from John iii. 3. Preached with much freedom and power. Oh! may they profit.

"*Monday*, 31.—The last day of the year. We met at early meeting. I employed the day in prayer and preparing my two Sermons for the close of the old and the opening of the new year. I preached that Evening from Job xvi. 22 ('When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return'). And now the close of this year having arrived I have the satisfaction of knowing it is the best I have ever lived. But I hope the next will be much better, and the language of my Soul is, Oh God! be merciful to me, an unprofitable servant. Ten rapid years are revolved since, with a riotous party (at Lancaster?), I ushered in the new year 1800.

"Oh, my God! may every hour from this be a witness for

me that God dwells in me and I in God, until time shall be no more, and I and it are swallowed up in Eternity, there to dwell with Thee, my God, for ever. Amen. Amen. Amen."

CHAPTER XXVIII

EARLY LETTERS FROM MY FATHER

PART of a very early letter from my father to my mother (in Ireland):—

"My heart longs to see you all. . . . At present I am at this lovely Village of Brislington in a Cottage with my Mother. . . . I enjoy much peace, great grace being upon me, God dwelling in my happy Soul and I dwelling in God, privileged to call the everlasting Jehovah my Father, my Lord. My Love, surely He verifies to me the fulness of that blessed text, 'He keeps them in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him.' . . . Oh! my darling, I rejoice at what God has done and is doing for you. I plainly see you are growing under His fostering care, and that He delights to bless you. What is there worth seeking here? Nothing but the eternal blessings of Heaven are worth our immortal Spirit. . . . How goes on the School? . . . All this I am so anxious to know, but I must have patience. And how is every member of the Society, all as if named, to whom I beg my kindest love? . . . Are they all growing in grace? Oh! what a Blessing I shall esteem it to see them all pressing on to Heaven, gainers by my absence instead of losers.

"The other day in Bristol I met Mr. Wilmot, late of Cork, and the two Miss Hawtreys, and the Rhoades. . . . The old man was very friendly, but I told him what I was, and I never, by God's blessing, intend to appear beyond what I am, which is a Methodist preacher.

"I have had a disappointment about Bird. He wrote me a letter, and in it conveyed a reproof to me, very little merited, and which shows Master Bird is just like those Evangelical clergymen, not friendly to the Methodists; for if he was, he

would hardly have written to me as he did. However, he is well matched with Sarah; I think a fitter couple for a union I never met. He was beginning to be an old Bachelor, and she was verging to maidenish tricks, but now they form a nice duo. Oh! bless God for Methodism, which is the fairest branch of Christianity that ever came down from Heaven. I do not ask you to answer this, as I expect to press you to my Bosom before you could have replied to it. I have only to assure you . . . of the lasting love of

“J. H.”

He speaks in this letter of his four children: “My Monty, my Anny, my Pebe, my Dandy.” The letter is directed: “Mrs. Hawtrey, Wexford, Ireland.”

The following is from a kind friend of those early days, Mr. Averel, a clergyman, but one who had preached in Wesleyan chapels. He especially appreciated the character of my mother, and said that my father needed “a pound of Grace to save him, but an ounce would suffice for her.” This was probably true. My father, who himself recounted the saying of his old friend, often lamented defects which showed that he had needed the “conversion” of his early days.

“Nov. 25, 1812.

“So multifarious have been my employments, that I had not time to enquire after my dear friends in the Queen’s County by one single line to any of them.

“When I have a moment, I naturally turn my thoughts to you and your sweet partner and family, now come into a strange country, but inhabited by a loving, pious people who will smooth the way before you. I trust your coming to them will prove a lasting blessing to them and you.

“I have got an old Farmhouse which I am striving to render comfortable, and shall soon have a bed and stable for you among a people you will like. I live within half a mile of Clanes.

“How is my dear and most respected friend Parnell? I have an unfeigned respect and love for his many excellencies.

We have great Sunday Schools in this county, but they want organisation. There is a field for his most useful talents.

"My most sincere love to your dear Ann, and Edward, and your sweet little ones."

Other messages follow, and he ends:—

"Is my dear Ann comfortably lodged with her little ones? As for her Husband, he is an old soldier, I don't so much feel for him; yet he may be assured that I am his unfeigned friend and most affect. brother,

ADAM AVERELL."

Sidbury, mentioned in my father's Journal above, was two or three miles distant from Wexford. It is pleasant to hope that here something of my father's anticipations of a "Fairy Hill of our own" may have been realised, and that he and his wife had intercourse with their kind friends, Major and Mrs. Cavanagh, the owners of that prettily named place; and that perhaps some of my dear mother's early associations with Mount Anna revived at Sidbury.

Here my father made the acquaintance of Mr. Averell, and of Mr. Tom Parnell, mentioned in the foregoing letter, who had been at Eton with my father. Mr. Parnell was a devoted man; he had literally sold all that he had and given to the poor, and was now dependent on his relations for everything. He became a great friend of my father, and he told him of an advertisement that he had seen of a chapel in England which a gentleman had built, and for which he wished to find a minister. The chapel was not to be consecrated, but the services to be held in it were to be those of the Church of England.

At this time my father was studying Hebrew, and teaching the poor around Sidbury, and my mother was looking after the farm, with the help of Mick Lacey the bailiff. The chapel advertised was at Budleigh Salterton, near Exeter. Mr. Parnell advised my father not even to write, but to go at once and look at the place; and he went in the winter of 1814, in very cold weather.

He came back to tell the terms—so much a year stipend, and the prayers of the Church of England to be used.

Mr. Lackington, the builder and owner of the chapel, who was a great law bookseller in London, and had made a fortune, was the patron. His premises in London were so large that he drove a coach-and-four into his own shop, all round it, and out again. Mr. Butterworth was in Parliament, and possibly a Wesleyan. He had franked some letters, and at the same time had given advice to my father relative to his move to Devonshire.

"I beg you will at any time enclose me any letters which I can forward. . . . Mr. Lackington is, I fear, an uncertain, capricious man. I should almost doubt the propriety of your removal. . . . I am shocked to hear of the horrible spirit excited by the R.C. Board in Ireland, but God reigns over all. Fear not, but stand still and see the Salvation of God.

"I beg my kindest regards to all your Family, and I remain, my dear Sir, very affecty. yours,

"JOS. BUTTERWORTH."

Addressed :—

"LONDON, *January twenty-eight*, 1814.

Captn. Hawtreys,

Abbey Leix,

Ireland."

"Free—J. Butterworth."

And here I will bring in one more letter from Mr. Averell :—

FROM MR. AVERELL TO MY FATHER

"CLANES, *April 27*, 1814.

"I was very thankful for your most loving and confidential letter, as every communication from you and from your dearest Ann must *ever* give me sincere delight. I acknowledge your departure gave me pain, because I did believe you might have been a great Blessing in Ireland. . . . But we must not be selfish. You are in a country which needs you almost as much as Ireland itself. I never met on earth greater darkness in the human intellect, and particularly in religious matters, than I met in Devonshire. If you can be an Instrument to

dispel that darkness it will be a blessing indeed. But I see that the same cause, which after a time rendered you uncomfortable in Abbey Leix, has somehow followed you to Salterton; whether it embarked with you in the same ship, or crossed the Channel in a balloon, or by whatever way it joined your company, I see clearly it has found you again, and begins to be troublesome.

"Now to *have everything a lively Imagination can desire in one place* was what poor Bonaparte was ever in pursuit of, nay, was in *flight* after, until, like Phaeton, he was precipitated into disappointment. But God forbid that I should compare my dear Brother Hawtrey either to Bonaparte or Phaeton, but a restless spirit that taught them to look for happiness everywhere but where Providence had fixed their lot, proved the bane of them both. Now, my dear Brother, you are young. I am near double your age, and, therefore, take the liberty of an old man, with which you must not be offended. Indeed, I know you will not, because you know I do most highly value and love you and my dear Sister and little ones."

He goes on very sensibly to dissuade my father from becoming a "travelling Preacher" for the Wesleyans. He advises him to remain at Budleigh Salterton.

"In your excursionary visits you will be received as an Angel of God, and I believe do more good than if you were confined within the limits of any circuit for one or two years, while your dear Ann has what she should have, a fixed Habitation.

"My dear Brother, as you have intercourse with Heaven, pray that your imagination may not be permitted to carry you out of your present circumstances, but stay where you are until you are sure that providence leads you away. My unfeigned love in Christ to your dear Ann and Children.—Believe me, ever yours in the never-ending Love of the Gospel,

"A. AVERELL."

Addressed to :—

"John Hawtrey, Esq.,
Salterton, Devonshire,
England."

“Captain Hawtreys” (as people continued to call my father) and his ministrations, were exactly what Mr. Lackington wished for. He was by all much liked, and when Mr. Lackington died, he left the Chapel in his will to my father. The Vicar of the parish of Budleigh Salterton, Prebendary Dennis, was a good man. He had called upon my father in a very kind manner, and now, on Mr. Lackington’s death, he on the one side, and the Wesleyans on the other, came praying my father to attach himself to the Church, or to the Wesleyan body, and to make Mr. Lackington’s building a Chapel of Ease to the Church, or a Wesleyan Chapel. My father’s sympathies, it seems, were, upon the whole, more in accordance with the Wesleyans of that day than with the Church of that day. And having thus made up his mind, he became a confirmed minister of the Wesleyan body.

It is not to be supposed that my father had gone through such an utter change, such a revolution in his life, without the attention of his own family being drawn to it. They were all conservative, and strongly attached to the Church of England, and felt terribly hurt by the step he had taken; and one cannot help feeling very much for the extreme pain which they suffered when he joined the Wesleyans. Such a step was contrary to their view of what was right. And then if looked at in a worldly point of view, what a disappointment! The following is a letter addressed to my father by his uncle John, Vicar of Ringwood and Prebendary of Winchester, some pleasant letters from whom to his brothers or sister-in-law we have already seen, as well as one or two early letters to my father, who, I suppose, from the name, may have been his godson. The following letter was written a year or two after the move to Budleigh Salterton. It is addressed:—

“Mr. John Hawtreys,
At the Revd. Stephen Hawtreys’s,
Broad Chalk, near Sarum, Wilts.”

"CLOSE, WINCHESTER, *Monday, 18th Sept., 1815.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to tell you that for more than five weeks I have been confined to my House by a disorder called St. Anthony's fire, that I am not yet recovered, though growing better every day, and that in consequence it is painful to me to write, as my hands are a good deal affected as well as my feet, and therefore I must be concise in my response.

"With regard to your visit to my House I must give the same answer to you which I gave to your Mother and Brother when they invited themselves to my House, namely, that I am very old and infirm, and wish to withdraw from Society and give myself up to devout meditation and a religious sober life, and that in order to do this effectually retirement is necessary, and Society must be shunn'd. You therefore will not give yourself the trouble to come to my House either at Ringwood or Winchester. I see no one that I can possibly avoid.

"I wish you happiness in your present mode of living, or in any other that you may in future change to. You have been always given to change. First a lawyer, then a Soldier, then a Methodist Preacher.

"Col. Gardiner when he was converted did not leave his Profession, but abided in his calling.

"The reason of your aunt not seeing you when you called was that, having always been instructed in the principles of the Church of England, and having never any intercourse with Dissenters, she was afraid that any conversation with you upon religious subjects would have tended to unsettle her in her present right opinions, and give her uneasiness. She therefore thought it best not to see you at all. Her not admitting you did not proceed from any dislike or ill-will, but merely for the sake of her own peace. She is very old and infirm, and troubled with the same disorder as I am, namely, St. Anthony's fire.

"I remain, Dear Sir, your sincere well wisher and Humble Sert.,

"JOHN HAWTREY."

My cousin, Louisa Marshall, the granddaughter of Mary Hawtreys, the Sub-dean's daughter, was much with her aunts,

my father's first cousins, in her girlhood. She writes to one of my brothers as follows:—

“I wish I could tell you anything about the early days of your dear Father . . . but alas all who could have spoken of those memories are gone, and I can only remember detached stories that convey the fact very strongly to my mind that your Father did suffer very sadly from the anger of his relations after he joined the Wesleyans. The Family were of the very strictest sect of high and dry Churchmen, living round and connected with the Cathedral (Exeter). My Aunt, Mrs. Buller (your Father's playfellow), had married the Bishop's only son, and the Hawtreys were Cathedral Dignitaries. Therefore the defalcation of one of the eldest members of the rising generation was considered an offence too serious to be even whispered in the Family. It therefore happened when ‘John Hawtreys’ was announced as likely to preach at the Wesleyan Chapel at Exeter, a fact which was loudly proclaimed by the Methodists, ‘the Family’ took good care to keep at home, and run no risk of meeting the unwelcome visitor. . . .”

As to his Uncle John, whose letter, written in a very infirm hand in his seventieth year, I have given above, I am afraid my father can never have seen him again.

His own brother Stephen was faithful to him, having been himself much influenced by my father's religious experiences. Forwarding the letter, he writes upon it the following affectionate words:—

“BROAD CHALK, *Saturday*.

“I thought my beloved brother would forgive me if I opened and read the unexpected letter from his Uncle, which I found in the Office yesterday at Sarum. Well, it is like him. I think he mistakes acerbity, and severity, and churlishness, and moroseness, for the sweet amiable spirit of the Gospel, poor man . . . !”

Perhaps we, in these later days, can judge more leniently of the writer of the letter referred to than did his own nephew, the writer of these words (while at the same time appreciating

his kind and brotherly feeling). The fact of the letter having been preserved, perhaps shows that my father took it patiently, and if it wounded him, we may believe that his prayers were not stinted for the writer.

His death occurred in 1817, when he left all he had to my father's cousins, the children of Charles Hawtrey, Vicar of Bampton, and eldest son of the Sub-dean of Exeter.

From Budleigh Salterton, my father removed with his family to Falmouth, where he was to be stationed for the first term of his service with the Wesleyans.

There is some interest in the following letter addressed to my father, as showing how much was being done, in the year 1816, to promote good :—

“The Christian League; the abolition of Christian (?) slavery; the rapid strides making by the Bible and Missionary Societies over the whole earth; the suspending the operations and annulling the sentence of the Inquisition *by the Pope*, and his declaration that no man should be persecuted for his religious opinions, and his declaring by rescript that the Religion of Christ was a bond of love and charity; the various societies that are arising every day to visit the sick, liberate the prisoner, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, fatherless, and widows; the dumb are taught to speak, and the blind, in effect, are taught to see, and sing praises to their God, and to accompany their voices by the organ. All these are glorious indications of the manifestation that the Spirit of the Lord is fast covering the earth as the water covers the sea. Now then should we go on our way, rejoicing in the strength of the Lord, for it is all, all His own doing, and to Him be all the praise.”

This is from a letter to my father, partly on business connected with Ireland, after he had left that country for England. It is addressed to him at Falmouth, dated October 1816, and signed “Wm. Cattagan.”

I introduce here a letter from my father, telling of his appointment to the “Redruth Circuit” in Cornwall. The letter is addressed to :—

“Mrs. John Hawtrey,
Withecumbe, Exmouth,
Devon.”

“BEDFORD SQUARE, *July* 22 (perhaps 1813-15).

“MY DEAREST ANN,—All the Bells in London have been ringing this day, and the guns have been firing in the Park. Dr. Dermott says it is because his son is come home. The Duke of Gloucester, on the other hand, says it is because he has been married this Eveg. to the Princess Mary. But they are both out. I say it is because this day, *I*, even I, John Hawtreys, was officially appointed in the Stationing Committee to the Redruth Circuit, to reside in *Falmouth*. . . . Thanks and praises be to my ever-adored God. I register it, I write it on my knees. I give Glory from the bottom of my inmost soul to that God who has loved me, and thus opened me a door in the Apostolic Church of Christ. Oh! may my every breath praise Him. May my whole soul, athirst for God, praise Him. May it be the desire and aim of my soul to glorify Him in my body, soul, and spirit, which are His. Now, therefore, beloved, you may be making every enquiry about the best way of expediting our things to Falmouth, whither we shall proceed in less than a month, all being well.

“I would not have you do more than tell my Mother and the Girls of this, but do not mention it out of the family; it will be time enough when it appears in print. But you may assuredly say that I fully expect to be removed, which you can with great truth. I have seen Mr. Raffles¹ to-day—a very nice man, not much older than I am. He spoke most affectionately of Tom,² and truly as if there was not his fellow upon earth. I preached with liberty on Sunday, yesterday morning, at Westminster; am to preach at Carey Street, Wednesday evening. Raffles will call on your Mother when on his way from Dublin to Cork. Raffles says Tom (will be) home at Christmas. Saw Mr. Fraser, amiable man; spoke most highly of your poor Father. Very happy here; Mrs. B. improves very much, and we do admirably. To-morrow to Rotherhithe to see Mr. Jennings. My soul is happy, adored be God. Wrote to your Mother to-day, and gave her a full account of everything. The Browns not gone, nor will they, I believe, for a

¹ Afterwards Sir Stamford Raffles.

² My mother's eldest brother, Col. Thomas Watson.

week ; tho' it is always to-morrow with seafaring people. I sincerely hope all goes on well, and that Monty is very attentive to his books. I am in admirable health. . . . I do not exert myself, my walks are slow and sure. Thanks to the good Lord for all. Ever yours,
J. H."

CHAPTER XXIX

FALMOUTH, CANTERBURY, AND FRANCE

MY FATHER'S WORK AMONGST THE WESLEYANS

AT Falmouth my father was very zealous, and there were in Cornwall the great open air pits, where Mr. Wesley used to preach in the days which preceded the time we have now arrived at. In these places he used to endeavour to preach so as to be heard by the crowds who came to hear him ; and the great exertion, and neglecting a cold, brought on a very serious illness, inflammation of the lungs, which obliged him to go to London for advice.

There he was told that he must entirely give up his open-air preaching — therefore he must leave Cornwall ; and he removed to Canterbury with his family.

He had been very much beloved in Cornwall during the one year spent there, and indeed wherever he went, and was a very popular preacher. His eldest sons, Montague, now thirteen or fourteen years of age, and Stephen, two years younger, went at first to the King's School at Canterbury, but after a little while my father went over to Boulogne with a view to the education of his sons. He was pleased with what he saw of a school there and placed the two eldest boys at it.

This was before the days of steam, and once when the family went across the Channel they were fifteen hours in getting from the coast of Kent to Boulogne. It was a great joy to them to make this first foreign trip and to see the beloved brothers at their school. During the two years spent at Canterbury (where John, the fifth son, was born) two visits

were paid to Boulogne, and now, the whole family having left Canterbury to go thither once more, the Wesleyan body wished that, as my father spoke French very well, he should go as a missionary to Paris. The family went first for a few weeks to Versailles, and then settled in Paris, where my father took part of a Hôtel in the Rue de Plumé, and hired furniture for it. A governess, Mlle. Provendié, was engaged for Anna, but as she did not get on yet easily in French, she, after a little while, went to a school which was kept in the same hotel, on the opposite side of the quadrangle to that in which our family lived, and her brothers were sent to a school in the Rue de Plumé, which was kept by a very refined French gentleman who had lost all his property in the Revolution.

A professor at Anna's school used to come and correct my father's sermons, as he said "not a Parisian would listen to any discourse which was not in the purest French."

"One very bright spot in our sojourn at Paris" (said my dear sister, after the lapse of about sixty years) "was an acquaintance which resulted from a letter of introduction which my Father brought to the Sister of a Wesleyan Preacher. She was a ladylike, well-educated person, and was Governess to the children of the Duc de Castres. We were soon invited to spend our holidays with them, and I can at this moment recall the delight of playing with such refined and gentle-natured children in their fine old gardens, especially the dear little girl who, on my once saying to her, partly in fun, in speaking of one of her brothers, our playfellow, 'Monsieur le Conte d'Ollenville,' answered 'You must never say that again or I shall be obliged to say 'Monsieur le Conte de Montague!' (the name of my eldest Brother). We only spent one year in Paris, and the gardens of the Duc de Castres was the one spot that left a remembrance like Elysium to me. The sweet little girl, who I had seen dressed in a lace frock to go to a party at the Tuilleries" (this was during the reign of Louis XVIII.), "soon exchanged the temptations of a French Court while she was still a little innocent angel, for joys which 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' Her brother,

le Conte d'Ollonville, also died young. The remaining brother, whose title was le Conte d'Alix, found his wife at S. Leonards, two miles from Windsor, in a daughter of the English Branch of the Harcourt Family."

Our father took great pains with his sermons at Paris. He wrote them out, and had them read over by Monsieur Glou, the professor at Anna's school.

I have a letter, or rather a collection of letters, written on an enormous sheet of paper, from the children to their grandmother, Mrs. Watson, in Ireland. My mother's addition, signed A. H., ends the letter, which is dated by the first writer, George, aged about ten.

"May 15, 1820.—PARIS, RUE DE PLUMÉ, NO. 14.

"MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA. . . . I do not like Paris at all, for it is a great, large place, larger than London. I have been at a place where there are all sorts of animals—like lions, tigers, elephants, whales, sharks, spiders, flies, butterflies, and all the animals almost in the world. . . . All sorts of plants too; that place is called the garden of plants. What is the most wonderful is Animals that have been preserved since the Flood, such as fishes petrified on rocks. . . . We have been at a place full of Pictures and Statues, and at the Tuilleries, where there is the most beautiful Garden I think in nearly all the world. . . . We all speak the French except Johnny, and he can't either English or French well."

The following is from Stephen:—

"MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,— . . . We went the other day to see the Luxembourg, where we saw paintings worth coming from Ireland to see, particularly one which represents the Flood; and there we saw a whole family impending on one branch which was breaking, and horror seemed to be painted in each of their faces, except in that of an old miser, who could not be easy without carrying his bag of money with him. . . . O! Grandmamma, I advise you to come to see all the fine sights; it would be impossible to tell you of them all, but come, and then you will see them."

From Anna :—

“MY VERY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,— . . . I have a great deal to do at School, and I have hardly a minute to myself; but if my time was engaged a thousand times more than it is it would not make me forget my dear, dear Grandmamma, who I think of every day. Oh! when will you come and see us. I am sure if you knew with what joy everybody would receive you——”

And here the busy eldest daughter of the family breaks off.

The same affection is seen in Montague's letter, and the whole is wound up by the following :—

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,— . . . You will find little worthy of note, I perceive, in the foregoing letters but the affection entertained by all for you. . . . We have had a Mr. and Mrs. Toase from Guernsey here; he is the Superintendent of all the French Mission. He seemed to think we ought not to leave Paris, but try it another year. . . . The Committee must decide, and I trust to submit with satisfaction to their choice for us, believing they are men of God, and influenced by His Spirit. My dear H. I certainly think better calculated to be of use here than any other Preacher. He has been questioned by the Police, and they say he ought to have a regular Church, and then there would not be any objection. I think the greatest difficulty will be getting hearers, for they will not come, and that almost breaks my dearest John's heart.

“You see how anxiously you are wished for here, my Dearest Mother. . . . Many kisses to the dear little ones. I wish I could send them some Bon-bons, and to you and them things of better worth if *de l'Argent* was more plenty. May Blessings, ten thousand Blessings, ever attend you is our earnest Prayer.—Ever, ever your Affecte. A. H.”

My father began to feel as if he was not doing good in Paris, and so he wrote to the President of the Wesleyan Conference to propose going elsewhere, and the neighbourhood of Caen was proposed.

There were already in Normandy Wesleyan congregations, and the family moved to the village of Perrier, near Caen. Montague stayed on in Paris at the Collège de Louis le Grand, and the younger boys went to the Lycée at Caen.

Part of a letter to my father when he was about to settle at Perrier, near Caen:—

“No, my dearly beloved brother in the faith, I could not indeed suppose for a moment that you had forgotten us. . . . You have kindled a flame in our hearts which will not cease to burn till the lamp of nature shall exhaust its last particle. . . . But I did not think you knew so little of travelling in France or I would have cautioned you against placing any confidence in French *ménage* in this particular. When we came from Valenciennes we were given a pair of sheets so wet that we had only time to get one dry, and truly the steam that came from it when placed before the fire was literally frightful. I hope, however, dear friends, you will soon let us know that our Lord is propitious to our supplications by restoring you to health, and by prospering your souls; also, that you may be a serviceable labourer in His celestial Vineyard.

“I am gratified with the agreeable sketch you give of your new residence, and when you talk of grapes and peaches, pears, apples, and vegetables, you fill my heart with gratitude to think how plentifully the great Creator has opened His liberal hand to supply His creatures not only with mere necessities, but the comforts of being. . . . But you say if I were with you I should have half your garden’s produce. Thank you, thank you. May the Lord pour it into your Bosom, dear, generous, warm-hearted friend. . . . I will now say something respecting our brother Mark Wilks. When preaching 3 Sabbaths ago, speaking of the great men the Lord had raised up, he united the names of Wesley and Whitfield. Believe me, my heart leapt for joy. . . . Do, my beloved brother, do all you can to unite. Christ came to heal, and blessed are the peacemakers, blessed are the humble and meek.—Your Affectionate Brother,

“T. FITZGIBBON.

“September 26, 1820.”



The house where the family lived at Perrier was a romantic old château with large gardens, which contained plenty of fruit, but were in rather a wild condition.

The one of my father's relations of the elder generation who was kindest to him in his move from the Church of England into the Wesleyan body, was his aunt (by marriage) Mrs. Edward Hawtreys, mother of the late Provost of Eton. It seems that she wrote to him inquiring about living in France, and I have his answer dated

“PERRIER, *Feb.* 26, 1821.

“MY DEAR AUNT,—My residence not being in Caen, my correspondence is not as regular as it would be were I in the Town. My letters wait in Caen for an opportunity unless I happen to go in myself. The pleasure of hearing from you was diminished by the information respecting my Cousin Mary's health, but . . . I hope the approaching spring will, thro' Divine Goodness, fully restore her.

“Chastenings are seldom for the moment joyous, but they proceed from a kind and indulgent Father, who corrects in love, who in all He does consults our good, being too wise to err, too good to be unkind. May this little correction in your Family, my dear Aunt, be sanctified, then it will accomplish the object for which it was in mercy sent, ‘yielding the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.’

“With regard to the obliging questions you have done me the favour to propose, and which you have permitted me, as it were, to concentrate into a focus and then in one word to reply to, as to ‘what will be the expense of living per month?’ you will permit me to answer this rather more particularly than generally, for the living of so respectable a Family as the one in question, however prudent they may be, will depend so much on the company they keep, that I conceive it will be difficult to fix a standard whose measurement will be just, and, again, there are modes in France of boarding a whole Family for a given sum. Perhaps, therefore, it may be as well to state the price of different articles. . . . First, a lodging, unfur-

nished, for a family of nine persons, of whom four are children, would cost, I am told, 8 or 900 francs per annum, from £30 to £40 a year; meat of all kind, 5d. p. pd.; Poultry dear, but very good—a couple of fine fowls, 5, 6, and 7 shillings; Butter, 8d. and 9d.; Bread and Flour, 2d. or 2½d. p. pound; Milk and eggs cheap; groceries somewhat less than in England; Tea much more reasonable. There is also a gain in the exchange which is more than 5 per cent. Fuel very dear; wood fires are very expensive, and coal, of course, very dear, coming from England. Wine cheap, from 7d. a bottle to 7s. or 17s. The situation of Caen is, according to the *goût* and *de gustibus, nil disputandum*. No one would be struck with it as a beautiful place, nor will any one pronounce it a *triste* or ugly town. Society is such as would lead me (judging from the style of your letter that your friends would wish to economize) to suggest that there are other parts of France far preferable and much more economical. Never, my dear Aunt, let any one settle from *prudential* motives in France in the centre of their country folk. The English are as thick as peas in Caen, and are very dissipated and very extravagant. Every account I have heard of them, *entre nous*—for I know but few—is most unfavourable. Their mode of living has had an influence upon the market, and an English person is generally a proper subject for imposition. The place of all others in France I should prefer, and where I resided a month, and which offers all you wish and much more than you have expressed, and as reasonable, if not more so than Caen, is Versailles. A town, or rather city, whose population has been near 100,000, and does not now exceed 30,000, must, of course, have a vast number of houses unoccupied. There is a very polished society there and local advantages that this earth perhaps cannot equal. Tours, and Blois, and Orleans are all far preferable to Caen, where it would be difficult also to get a house. The only reason for the English preferring Caen is, I presume, its contiguity to England, but for my part, did not my duty call and for the present fix me in its neighbourhood, it would not be the place of my choice. My residence is about five miles from it. I am in the midst of my

parishioners, the population being nearly equally Protestant and Catholic. I have several churches in which I officiate, and occupy a district of territory 70 miles in length. My immediate dwelling is an old Château, quite out of repair, but which could be made a charming place—a good garden, &c.

“I had the pleasure to hear from my dear Cousin some little time past. Will you oblige me by giving him my love, and tell him Monty is in the Rhetorick of Louis le Grand à Paris, which answers to the 6th Form at Eton. He is the 12th in Composition, Latin, and the 10th in Greek in the School—about 400 boys. My paper will not admit my saying more than how truly and affectionately I am, my Dear Aunt, your Sincerely Affecte. Nephew,

J. HAWTREY.

“Our name is well known in Normandy—D’Hauterive. My kind love to my dear Cousins, in which Mrs. H. truly unites. We were right glad to see dear Ed. in Paris. Should he revisit Paris my Son will esteem it a high favour if he will kindly call and see him.

“Adieu, Beloved Aunt.”

Addressed :—

“Mrs. Hawtreay,
Parade, Hastings, Sussex,
Angleterre.”

FROM MY GRANDMOTHER, MRS. WATSON, TO MY MOTHER

“July 5, 1816.

“MY DEAREST ANN,—I have been waiting this some time in hopes of getting an answer to my last, not knowing exactly where to direct . . . but I feel it long since I have written to you, though I have nothing very material to say, yet I know too well the anxiety of expecting letters and being disappointed, not to think you will be glad of a letter. . . .

“I was very glad to get Tom’s letter. . . . The Lord protect him, and give me the happiness of seeing him soon. We are going on very quietly here, where we must most likely remain till next March. . . . I wonder, my dear Ann, you

would have a doubt about my doing everything I could to secure you. I told you that, before I went to England, I settled my affairs, and you may be sure you were my principal care. . . . As to dear Edward . . . I trust God will enable me to assist him while he wants it; indeed, I would *detest* myself if I could be so cruel as to withdraw any little I can spare him, now that the dear fellow is in want of it. *No*, I shall try to make him feel as independent as I can, and though I know he feels *deeply* the disappointment he has had in spending, I may say, the last three years in hard labour in the hope of getting a provision for his family, and being disappointed in all the applications he has made . . . yet with that sweet, gentle spirit he possesses, he submits with cheerfulness, and feels confidence that the Lord will be his support, which I have not a doubt of myself. Without partiality, I never met his equal. He is greatly improved in his preaching, and the Lord assists him in his endeavours to be useful. We therefore trust He will of His great mercy guide and direct him where it may be His will that he should settle, and as his diligence is great, and his views moderate, I have not a fear that he will ever want a provision for himself or family. You would not believe what a quantity of vegetables he has cultivated in his garden. He thinks he will sell more than will pay the next year's Rent. I am so happy that it interests him so much. He also reads much more than he did. We had a little excursion last week. On Saturday we went to Abbey-Leix to meet Mr. Tobins, who preached there on Sunday. We were all highly gratified and edified in hearing him. He is a most powerful preacher, and shines in conversation; talked a great deal with Edward, and seemed much pleased with him. We went next morning to Mr. Hamilton's . . . they all pressed us so to stay longer amongst them that we could hardly get away. . . .

"You cannot think what an interesting child little George is, but cannot speak a word; he sings, and does whatever he is bid, and plays a hundred tricks. . . . I have not got any of my letters yet from my dear pets. May God bless them all is my constant prayer. Ever, ever yours, H. W."

Little George would be her grandson, and the grandfather of the Mr. Watson now settled in America.

The following letter, addressed to my father, shows the condition of things in Ireland in 1825 :—

“WATERFORD, *Janry.* 18, 1825.

“Your letter has come to hand to-day. I am aware of the anxiety under which you have written. I know the country pretty well and am persuaded that the united influence of unprincipled demagogues and popish priests has wound the unfortunate and superstitious peasantry to such a pitch that they are prepared for anything; yet I am not of opinion that their leaders intend any general attempt at rebellion. . . . As for ourselves we feel we are in the hand of God. . . . I am somewhat marked too, having had the honour of being particularly abused at the anti-Bible meetings held in the R. Catholic Chapels in consequence of taking rather an active part in our late discussions. Your dear boy is everything you could wish. I dare say you heard that he spoke at the late Bible Society meeting in Ross. I followed him, and it gave me no little pleasure to second the resolution of your son, he whom I had so lately played with as a child! His address was admirable and gave general satisfaction. Believe me, with unimpaired affection, truly yours,

“THOMAS WAUGH.”

At the end of a year at Perrier the family returned to England, and one dear little boy, George, who had fallen into a delicate state of health at the *Lyçée*, where the life was too hard for him, caused very great anxiety to his parents. In the move to Manchester, where my father was sent by the Wesleyan Conference, it seems that my uncle Stephen, the Vicar of Broad Chalk, was very kind, sympathising, and helpful; and I should wish to give portions of letters addressed to him by my father—some written in much anxiety of mind.

The first letter is labelled by my uncle as follows: “On his road to Manchester.”

“DEVIZES, *Oct. 19, Friday.*¹

“MY BEST-BELOVED OF ALL BROTHERS,—How shall I address you? how express to you my thanks for your delicate and kind attention to my temporal wants? and how find words to tell you of all the mercies of God to me and to us all up to this part of our Journey? Well, I had best give you a journal from where we parted. You went to Chalk, and I, sorrowing, to Mrs. —, where I found a seat. Into the cart I went. I laid my head on a Pack, and wept. On my arrival at the Inn near old Sarum, a man took the sack away on which my head lay, and gave me another and a better, which was a feather bed nicely packed. All at once the idea came into my head that, could I get such a bed as this for dear George packed small, he could lie on it. Full of this, I arrived and found Edwards (the doctor) dressing my darling. I had eaten nothing since morning, and was fatigued. I found to get Mrs. Johnstone’s carriage would, after all, be the easiest way and cheapest, so I came off at 5 in the morning in a cart, stopped at Old Sarum, and walked round the Fortifications, then proceeded on; called on Gilpin; found him just setting off to call on me; took a little breakfast, and found by his map a shorter way to Birmingham, viz., to leave Gloucester on the left, and go by Marlborough, Cirencester, &c., but could not determine; went to buy a bed, and was recommended to procure one on purpose. I ordered one just the size of his mattress. This was in due time procured, and a most delightful bed it is, well stuffed with the best goose feathers; cost £2, 7s. 7d. This done, went to the Lamb (Inn); no Parcel; had judged it best to get Mrs. Johnstone’s Coach, and all being ready, a quarter before one set off; felt heart sinking, for the coach was under weigh; must go, happen what will. At every turn I thought of you; here you drove me in the Gig; there the milestone 3 and 4; there the Trees. At length a well-known horse and man and hamper; ’twas James, and a note from Ann, saying that Dearest Stephen had sent the kindest of letters and £10. O! what were my feelings? I thought at first that I had incautiously given

¹ The year, I believe, was 1821.

some hint, and this deeply affected me ; for, believe me, such a thought never came into my mind—far, far from it. I know if you were wealthy you would share with me, but your Living is very, very puny, and many outgoings. I was affected. Tenderly I thought of you and beloved Marianne, and all your kindness from the moment of my landing until this hour. It overpowered me. . . . May God bless and reward you. This I will say—Never was help more timely acceptable, for my expenses are tremendous—Edwards' bill, £3, 15s. ; Mary Cove's, £5, 11s. ; and first stage, £2, 4s. 6d. Well, I reached Amesbury. Dear George never looked so well since he came to England, at least to Amesbury. We lost no time. I ate a morsel, and then arranged the things in the coach. . . . Off at length we were, George in the coach. It moved, it shook. George gave a wince or two. We were then on stones. When we got on the Road, in a moment I knew it would do. He bore it uncommonly well, and was delightfully easy, so much so that I took liberties, and at Stonehenge actually got out and surveyed the huge Antediluvian Monument for the first time in my life quite close ; stayed five minutes ; resumed my place. . . . Our darling has had a good night, but oh ! he is very, very ill, and never can recover ; his breast is corroded, and his knee in such a state as really pierces my soul to look at it. Alas ! alas ! Well, we are going on. . . . help us by your prayers ; we need them. May the God of mercy be our help . . . and yours.—Believe me ever, ever your aff., J. H."

I have a very old sheet of paper labelled "George's first letter." It must have been written about the year 1820, when he was ten years old. It is addressed to his eldest brother Montague.

There is not much of general interest perhaps in the letter, but it has a flavour of that far-away time when the family lived in the little country village of Perrier, in Normandy. It is a remembrance of the much-beloved child who did not lead the life of a happy, healthy boy long after the letter was written, and it shows the loving affection of his character.

“PERRIER

(I don't know the day of the month.)

“MY DEAR MONTY,—I will commence my letter from the instant you left. . . . We were happy enough untill Emily, Harriet, and Anna were all gone to Mrs. Trenchant. . . . Oh! Mamma has just undressed the baby and put him into a tub of water, and he splashed so much that she was obliged to hold his hands and feet together. Now, again I will renew my first conversation. After they went, Edward and me went out and played, and at last ran into the Farmer's, where they were going out for the Cows, and we went too, and that kept us untill six o'clock, and we went in to our blackberry pudding, and found it done. The next day we went to Mrs. Hammond's, and played till near one o'clock, and after we came to the long garden with Colin and heard the rumbling of a carriage, and Colin lifted me up, and I saw Mr. Harley and his two Sons, Mr. Hormond, Mrs. Hormond, and Emile. We stayed some time with Colin, and then went back to the farmer's and went to the orchard, and then went off with the cows; but, to tell you the truth, we were very unhappy till the family came back. *Write me a good many letters*, tell me how you like the School, and other things. I must finish now, as it is late. Mind and write to me often, and that is all I ask you.—I remain, your affectionate Brother,

“GEORGE.

“We are just off. Write to me often. The beefsteaks are coming in for our last dinner at Perrier before we go to School.”

I have one or two other letters written by George before he became such an invalid, and will give some extracts.

The first, I think, is addressed to his father's mother, and shows the difference between the style used in writing to her, the grandmother more feared than loved, and that in which the mother's mother, much more loved than feared, was addressed:—

“May 16, 1820, PARIS, RUE DE PLUMÉ.

“MOST HONOURED MADAM,—I take this opportunity of writing a letter to you, Mam, wishing [you] to come here if it

be convenient to you, for you would be astonished to see all the fine things that there are here. We went to a place where there are all sorts of Animals, &c., &c., and to another place where there are Galleries of Pictures, the most beautiful you can think of, and again to another place where there are Gardens most beautiful, which are surrounded with statues [*sic*] most elegantly done, of the Gods and Goddesses, and all great men. We have been at Versailles, and seen the most beautiful Gardens in all the World, and parks, and fishponds filled with fishes, which, when you throw a little bit of bread in, it is worth your while to see the scramble for it, they snap it out of one another's mouths, and it is sometimes quarter of an hour before one has got it for good. Then the Palace of Versailles is as beautiful as any in all the World, but not so large as the one of Paris. There are in the Gardens above 1 hundred Basins from thirty to forty feet round, some of them are surrounded by statues, and filled with spouts that spout from twenty to thirty feet high, and there is one that spouts ninety feet high.

"We have seen the King and all the Royal Family nearly. Six or seven months ago the Duke and Duchess of Berri went out in the Park of Versailles to hunt. . . ."

(Then a square marked by black lines is made on the paper, and within as follows. Here and above I give occasionally the original spelling.)

"About a month ago the poor Duke of Berry was assassinated or stabbed by a man. It was very late Sunday evening that he was going to a Ball, and just as he was stepping into the carriage a man stabbed him and ran off, and began to cry out 'À l'assassinat! à l'assassinat!' and the Guards seeing a man crying out 'À l'assassinat,' and running away, they stopped him, and he owned that it was him that killed the Duke."

"He has not been executed yet, because they do not know that there were not conspirators, for the Duke received a note

the day before which told him not to go to the Ball. And the other night he was heard to mention in his sleep the name of a man, and the next day at his trial he was asked if he had no conspirators, and he answered no. And they said: 'Ah! you wretch, such a man has been here and revealed it all to us,' mentioning the name he said in his sleep. And he cried out: 'Ah! the wretch, it was him, it was him, I always suspected would tell you of it.'

"A fortnight ago it was Mr. Salques' birthday" (I think the name was Monsieur de Salques) "or the Master of our School's birthday, and we had all sorts of fireworks. I had 20 squibs, and there were such beautiful fireworks as ever you saw in all your life, I think.—I am, Madam, your most humble Servant,

GEORGE HAWTREY.

"Answer this letter as soon as possible it be convenient to you."

There are two other letters addressed to his brother Montague. In one dated Perrier, October 22, he tells how much pleased their father had been with a letter from Montague in Paris. How he and his brother Edward had lost their way in walking out to Perrier from Caen. He asks Montague to "give my love to Miss Cook, to the Duke and Lady Barrington, to the two boys, and Harriet and Emily's love to Adèle de Castres." And says: "I would have already wrote to you a good many times, only we have so much devoir to do." . . . "I expect that very soon we will have Gardens, and then Mamma wants us to make a house big enough for us to go in in the cold dreary winter mornings; she thinks it would be very nice for us to sit in when the winds are howling outside, and to have little books to read when we have nothing else to do."

Another, and the last, is dated

PERRIER, 1820, CHRISTMAS.

" . . . I have not much to tell you about; however, by rumaging my brain I may find something. I will tell you about me in the infirmary when I was there. I went through starvation for the first day, I was there from 4 o'clock in the

evening. I had nothing until 8 o'clock next day, when I had in the morning a little bowl of soup, about three inches round and an inch and a half high, and I had for my dinner and supper the same thing the second day. I had it too only at breakfast, and dinner, two roasted apples. I had a *bain de pied* the first evening I went there, and that took away the fever; and the next day I had a large nice piece of bread and a little jam on it. After that, one evening that there were me and another big boy with the servant and a little boy there, me and the big boy were to have *gouter* together, the man instead of making it for us two, he made it for four, so that we had both of us two whole apples roasted instead of one; and an immense large bit of bread that was intended for four was given to us two. We have now for breakfast in the morning nice bread and milk, and after that we have toast and butter. We toast the bread on the fire, &c. . . .

"We are all very much obliged to you for your letter, write as often and at all the opportunities.

"Mama has just read your last letter as we were seated quite comfortably about the fire, and were all wishing for you to be among us to make our joy exquisite, especially that of Mama. . . . Write to me often, and ask me a great many questions, and then I will have more to tell you about. One of the French boys asked me if I was a Christian (meaning a Catholic). I answered him yes. Then take your hand-book to be ready to come to Mass presently. I answered, I am not a Catholic.

"*The Boy*.—'Then you are not a Christian.'

"*Me*.—'Why can't I be a Christian as well as you, although I am a Protestant?'

"*Boy*.—'Because you are not baptised.'

"*Me*.—'I was baptised as well as you when I was a little baby.'

"Then the boy ran away. Another time, as I was walking by a Cross, the boys told me to take off my hat. I said 'No, why do you take off yours?'

"*The Boy*.—'I take mine off in respect.'

"*Me*.—'In respect to who?'

"*The Boy*.—'To that Cross.'

"*Me.*—'Then why don't you take off your hat to that tree—it is of wood that it is made as well as the Cross.'

"*The Boy.*—'No, because the Cross is fait comme un image de Jesus Christ, et nous l'adorons comme lui.'

"*Me.*—'However, Jesus Christ has forbidden you to adore Him like that.'

"*The Boy.*—'Where?'

"*Me.*—'In the Second Commandment.'

"*The Boy.*—'Oh, but you know that there is no rule *règle* general without exceptions, and that is one.'

"*Me.*—'But that, that God commands is not like a *règle* general, at least it is without exceptions; for if a King was to order a thing to be done, you would do it without excepting. How much more God then.'

"The boy mumbled something that I did not hear and went off. . . .

"I am, your affectionate brother,

GEORGE.

"Those two lines of French were put by mistake, as I thought I was writing in French."

CHAPTER XXX

MEMOIR OF GEORGE HAWTREY

THE next manuscript from which I will give extracts is a memoir of George, written by my father for a periodical of those days, called *The Youths' Instructor*.

". . . One of the finest, healthiest, and most promising of all my flock," he writes, "was our dear George.

"I well remember (on its being announced to me at 5 o'clock in the morning by my mother-in-law that another son was given me) exclaiming 'Thank God, here is another Preacher.' It did not appear, however, from any remarkable indication of piety during his early years, that I had spoken by prophecy—for his tempers were very violent, and often caused his mother and myself much pain. I felt it my duty to

correct him, which had its use, but the tender admonitions of his mother were always sure to prevail, and when the paroxysm was over he would weep, lament his fall, and promise amendment for the future.

“The year in which I was stationed in Paris, my children had the advantage of attending a good school very near my dwelling; and here it was that George gave early indications of considerable ability and talent. He was studious and attentive, and promised to be a scholar, and I believe he was never happier at any period of his life than during this year. In blooming health, with rosy cheeks, without hat, gloves, or great-coat, he stood the severe winter of 1820, when the rapid Seine became a promenade for thousands, without a cold or slightest indisposition; but on my removal to Normandy, it was necessary that my sons should be sent to School, and as there was none nearer to us than Caen, three of them were placed as Boarders at the Lyçee, or Royal College, in that Town. They all appeared to be very well pleased with their situation, and, once a fortnight, used to walk out to Perrier, a distance of five miles, to pass the Sunday with us.

“It is now more than a twelvemonth since we noticed, without any apparent cause, a heaviness and languor in George’s eyes for which we could not account, but, as he did not complain, we took no notice of it for a time. As, however, he appeared to be delicate, though, as I have said, naturally one of the most robust of all my children, I mentioned it to the Provost (of the Lyçee), who very kindly ordered him the most nourishing diet the College could afford, at the expense of the house, but all would not do. He lost his appetite and activity, and instead of taking exercise, as he was wont to do, in the fine open Play-Ground, would sit silent and alone in the Cloisters. On Shrove Tuesday last year he and his Brothers came out to pass the day with us at Perrier. The weather was very severe. They were wet through, and my poor boy suffered acutely from the cold, of which he was at that time peculiarly sensible. We then determined to keep him with us for a few days to see what change of air and home might do, but though he was very happy with us he evidently drooped,

nor could he rally, though we tried all we could to make him comfortable. After waiting a little longer I determined to consult Dr. Denmark, an English Physician resident at Caen. What he prescribed did not succeed, and he had recourse to something else, and went on again prescribing until he had nigh gone through the whole Pharmacopœia, but all in vain. My poor boy drank all the nauseous draughts he ordered without a murmur, and got no better. The Doctor was perplexed, but expressed his hopes that as the fine weather advanced, sea air and sea bathing might do him good and produce appetite. As we were at no great distance from Lyon on the coast we went thither. We bathed him and did all we could, but in vain. His illness increased, and in a short time he was unable to walk. During all this time there was no murmur. . . . He was patient and resigned. He delighted in prayer, and as long as he was able, always knelt down, though I told him it was not necessary, that the Lord did not require it of him, as from the increasing debility and the afflicted state of his emaciated frame, it was extremely difficult for him to place himself in that position. His headaches were so violent that they almost took away his senses. Of their severity some judgement may be formed when I add that they totally deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes, which was so completely obscured that he could not, when closing the other, discern the light of a candle placed before him. Whatever he took was rejected. . . . Dr. Denmark, at length, who had paid him every attention, told me candidly he was in a very poor way, and if ever he recovered it would be with great difficulty. He also recommended his removal to England.

“Though we had been expecting this blow, yet it stunned us when it came. The Conference having appointed me to Manchester, there was nothing to prevent my proceeding thither, but as my wife was not ready to accompany me immediately, and the Packets sailed but once a fortnight, we judged it best that I should precede her with our poor Invalid, and that she should follow me with the rest of our Family by the next Packet. I accordingly took my poor boy, our maid, and two more of my Children. He bore the passage well,

though it blew very fresh, and by the Blessing of God we arrived in safety at Portsmouth the 1st of September. My friend Mr. Chubb introduced me to a medical gentleman, who pronounced at once upon my poor boy's case, and said he would not be long with us. I confess I was not at that time fully prepared to meet the event. The thought of losing him was peculiarly trying. Hope would sometimes dart a ray through the dark cloud, yet I could not but see that, humanly speaking, his restoration was next to impossible. We were now in the month of September, and until the arrival of his dear Mother and the rest of the Family, I had taken a lodging at Southsea. And here I would with gratitude express the great obligations I owe to Mr. Henshaw. He was unremitting in his attentions to me in this trying hour. He asked me if I had acquainted my son with his situation. I replied that I had not, that from everything I had seen in him I had no doubt of his being accepted of God through the merits of a Saviour. He had never murmured. He had borne with astonishing fortitude and resignation sufferings such as I had never beheld, and, in one so young, never expect to see again. He was ever anxious for prayer, lamented his former errors, and had wept at the remembrance of them, and I thought that it was not necessary to agitate him by announcing to him that he must die, when, too, I myself had perhaps a latent hope that he might be spared. Vain hope ! *Heu spes Suorum irritas !* I am, however, thankful to God for the occasional support that faint hope then afforded me. At that time I had never lost a child. I knew not what it was to lose one. I had as yet never seen death in my family, and was not fully prepared for its approach. My kind and sympathising friend, however, urged me to a disclosure. I listened to his arguments, and after combatting them awhile, yielded to their justness and propriety, and as he affectionately offered me his aid, I left it with him. My boy's poor mother was not yet arrived. I sat by his bedside, my feelings nearly overpowering me, when Mr. Henshaw, in the gentlest manner, after proposing a few questions to him, told him it was probable that he would shortly leave us. He was evidently surprised, but not

alarmed by the disclosure, and after a little further conversation Mr. Henshaw prayed with him and left us. I now considered the difficulty removed, and took courage to speak to him more openly. I told him all hope of his restoration was at an end, that his sufferings would soon terminate, and that he was going to exchange affliction for everlasting bliss. He heard me without any symptom of fear or alarm, and replied to my questions as satisfactorily as I could wish. Anxious, however, to know how all was within, I added : ‘George, my dear boy, if the Lord were pleased to restore you to health do you think you should be good and become a new creature ?’ ‘No,’ said he, ‘I fear I should be as bad as ever.’ ‘Then, in that case,’ I replied, ‘it would be better that you should go now when you are prepared ?’ To this he assented. ‘And would you be afraid to die ?’ I added. ‘No,’ said he. ‘Why not ?’ I continued. ‘Because,’ he replied, ‘Jesus died for me,’ assuring me that he was perfectly resigned to the will of God, though, on my asking him which he would rather, go or stay, he frankly told me he would rather recover. . . .

“On my asking him if he thought his sufferings would atone for his faults, I shall not soon forget the expression of his countenance when he instantly replied, ‘Oh ! no, no.’ He was much affected at what he had heard, and wept a good while.

“A few days subsequently to this, Mrs. Hawtreys and the rest of my family arrived ; and then I saw the goodness of God in having brought me to England when he did. For, had I continued a week longer in France, I should in all probability have been imprisoned and detained by the Government, a complaint having been made against me by the Romish Priest at Lyons for circulating religious Tracts among his parishioners ; and, though in the selection of these care was taken to distribute such as might the least offend their prejudices (the subject of one being a letter from Pope Pius the Seventh, recommending the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and another containing extracts from the prefaces to different editions of the Douay and other French versions of the Bible), yet the blind man so loved darkness rather than

light, that he declared to his congregation that what these tracts contained was no better than deadly poison, and forbade their continuing to read them on pain of his severest censures. This only increasing their desire to eat the forbidden fruit, several of his flock came to me begging a tract, and having a plentiful supply, I distributed some among them. The *Prêtre enragé* complained to his Bishop. The Bishop, not more enlightened than the Priest, wrote to the Government; and the Government, forgetting their former liberality to me in Paris, sent an order to the Mayor, the Marquis de Lyon, to arrest and prosecute me; and he was actually enforcing the order, when he heard, to his surprise and mortification, that I was out of his reach and safe in England. Thank God for England; happy, blessed, highly favoured England. Oh! how little do her sons know how to estimate their blessings, who complain of hardship and injustice under her admirable constitution and just laws.

“It now became a serious question with us what we were to do. To remove my dying child seemed next to impossible, leave him I could not, and yet how could I any longer absent myself from my circuit? I had received the kindest assurances from my Superintendent, the Revd. Mr. Newton, that I need not hurry or put myself to inconvenience. As, however, contrary to the expectation of us all . . . although (George) was much worse in body, yet in constitution he was a little better, I consulted with Mr. Henshaw, who advised me to proceed to my circuit, and leave the event with God. This, therefore, I determined to do. We accordingly set out on our journey, having hired a caravan to take us to Salisbury; and dear George, supported by pillows, lay on a mattress. The undertaking was evidently too much for him; the fever raged high, and it was with great difficulty he came to the end of the first day’s journey; but to go on was at that time impossible. What were we to do? In passing through Southampton I had secured the whole Coach for the following day as far as Bath. To remove him was hopeless. There was no alternative, we must part! My beloved wife, notwithstanding her expected confinement, consented to remain behind and

nurse him herself, while I proceeded with our little ones to Manchester. After a distressing night, the dreaded morning comes, the trying hour approaches, the coach was momentarily expected. He knew it, he felt it; his father was to leave him, to leave him at an Inn in Salisbury. The Coach arrives, it is at the door, we can delay no longer. We fell on our knees by his bedside, and I offered my Isaac up to God. My tears run down while I write. I tore myself from him. My Children were already in the Coach; I followed them, and it drove off. But oh! had I then known what was to follow, how could I have left him? He was convulsed, his poor Mother thought him dying. 'Run after the Coach,' she exclaimed. 'Stop it. Call him back!' They were only prevented by the noble and heroic efforts of my suffering child. 'No, no, no,' was all he could by a struggling effort say, and that he did say. Yes, he whose heart was knit to mine, who never expected to see me more, who was then to all appearance dying, knowing what my struggle had been between duty and affection, would not, in the midst of his sufferings, permit me to be recalled. 'No, no, no,' he uttered, and was obeyed. The Coach hurried me away, and many miles were soon to separate us. Happily for us, my Brother's residence was but a few miles from Salisbury. His tender attentions to us abated somewhat of the distress we felt at this time, and which would otherwise have been almost insupportable. Understanding that there was a man of medical skill (in my son's complaint) living at Amesbury, but a very short distance from Salisbury, the day after my departure, my poor dear boy and his Mother went thither, and he was put under Mr. Edwards' care. After my arrival at Manchester I waited with considerable anxiety the arrival of a letter. The account was not favorable; his constitution was so weakened that no hope could be given. He still, however, lingered, and, at the end of three weeks, his Mother, who felt her own health declining with her continual watching and fatigue, wrote to beg that I would return. Even in this his present debilitated state, his death was not immediately expected; and it was absolutely necessary that he should be

removed without loss of time, as a little later it might be impossible. But how was it to be done? I consulted with my brethren. They relieved my mind as to all uneasiness connected with my ministerial duties, though it was the time of visiting the Classes; but how my suffering boy was to bear a journey of between two and three hundred miles, and in what conveyance he was to be brought, I knew not. It was necessary, at all events, that I should join them without delay, and I set out immediately.

“On my arrival the change I perceived in him for the worse was evident. The deep melancholy of his face I shall never forget. My leaving him, though he was resigned to it, had struck him with a grief that was but too apparent on his faded cheek. All my hope now was that I might be able to bring him alive to Manchester, could he but bear the journey, which we proposed to make by easy stages. A coach was hired for the first day, a small feather bed was made for him, on which he was to be lifted in and out of the Carriage, and we were to move on slowly by ten or twenty miles a day, as he might have strength to bear the fatigue.

“Friday, October 19th, we left Amesbury. My precious child bore the journey better than I could have expected, and we reached Devizes that night without sustaining any injury. The greatest difficulty was to get him in and out of the Coach, for the least alteration of his position gave him the most excruciating pain. . . . The commiseration of the attendants at the different Inns where we stopped on the road was excited, and every assistance that they could afford us was cheerfully and readily administered.

“We proceeded to Chippenham, and the following day being Sunday, afforded him a little rest. I preached twice at Chippenham, and on Monday we continued our journey. The change of air was of use to him, and, thro’ Divine mercy, we did far better than I could have ventured to hope. By easy travelling, and having fortunately procured a Coach at every place where we required one, we had got on as far as Wolverhampton without hurt or accident. We left this Town in the afternoon, and, when about four miles on our way, a

circumstance occurred of which I can never think without a feeling of terror, considering the situation in which we were placed, and gratitude to Almighty God for our preservation. The driver, having stopped at a small house on the road, had left his horses in care of an old man, who appeared to have no understanding or consciousness of what he was doing. In a minute or two afterwards, the Coach door being opened, the Carriage moved on. I concluded the driver was on the bar, and had forgotten to shut the door. Mrs. Hawtreay, in much alarm, cried out: 'Stop the horses!' On this I looked round, as I was seated with my back towards them, and found the postilion was not in his place. I instantly perceived our danger, but not until the horses, which were very high-spirited and fiery, had considerably quickened their pace. They had struck out of the road on which we were going, and were taking a new direction in a cross road. Finding they were not checked, they increased their speed to a gallop. What could I do? We were on the very edge of the ditch—I do not think a foot from it. The door, as I have said, being open, I thought of jumping out, but abandoned that thought directly. My wife held the two young Children, who screamed with fright. I halloed to the horses as if to stop them, and my darling boy lay still and silent, waiting the event which every moment I expected would terminate in a dreadful manner his sufferings.

"Perceiving a woman who was walking towards us on the road, I beckoned to her and pointed to the horses, but she saw it would be her death to face them, for they were at their utmost speed, and so let them pass her. There was a turn before us on the road and what beyond it I knew not, but it was evident I must do something or we should perhaps be all destroyed. We had gone a quarter of a mile without accident, and I could not but consider this as a favorable indication that God would save us. But how? was the question. There was but one way, and I determined to try it. Through mercy it succeeded. I got out of the front window, passed over the bar, which I clasped with my left arm, stretched forward, and, through Divine Goodness, was enabled with my

right hand to reach the reins, which were hanging down between the horses, and trailing on the ground.

“In a moment they were under command and the carriage stopped. Never shall I forget that deliverance. At all times to be overturned in a coach when going at full speed is terrific, but in our situation, with this afflicted sufferer lying on his bed, sustaining not only the violence of the shock but the confusion of others falling upon him, or of his being thrown out of his position anyhow, is so dreadful that I cannot now reflect on it without adoring the goodness and mercy of God, who suffered no evil to befall us. To Him be all the praise. The road was narrow. To turn the carriage without going into a field was impossible. The horses, though under command, plunged furiously. The driver, as much terrified as they were, now came running to us, and a Gentleman of great respectability residing in the neighbourhood, a Magistrate, who happened to be walking that way, perceiving the danger that we had been in and our present difficulty, kindly afforded us his assistance. We drove the coach into a field of his, turned it round, and went back to the place from whence we started, where, after I had cleaned my hands, face, and clothes, which were bespattered with mud and dirt, we all bowed before the Throne of Grace, and returned our thanks to Almighty God. The people of the house meanwhile were as much astonished as the Maltese when they saw Paul shake the viper off his hand unhurt.

“At length we arrived at Manchester, and the journeyings of my dear boy were ended for this life. Our only aim and desire now was to make him as comfortable as his situation would admit. Though he had borne the journey so much better than I could have expected, yet after his arrival the symptoms became every day less favorable; his sufferings increased, and to such a degree that to alter his position or remove him from his bed to the sofa was a work of considerable difficulty. I never before saw one so afflicted, yet not a murmur escaped his lips. He could not, indeed, restrain a cry when he was moved, but it was the cry of suffering, not of impatience. Young as he was, in him, it was evident to all,

Patience had a perfect work, and by suffering he was perfected. Religion now was his only delight ; it was the theme on which he dwelt. We could not pray too often by him, and never shall I forget the devotion he on those occasions invariably exhibited. To all my questions his replies were most satisfactory, and now when I asked him whether he would rather go or stay his reply was, 'Oh, I would rather go, for I know I shall go to Heaven,' and 'My Dearest Boy,' I have said, 'do you think the Lord has pardoned your sins?' 'Yes,' he has replied, 'I know He has.' He had no doubt of it, and had no fear whatever in the thought of dying, but longed for it. How very tender his conscience was at this period will appear from what I am now going to relate. He had been rather better for a few days, and his appetite had returned, for he had frequent changes, and was yet to linger some weeks. Some of us had expressed a hope of his recovery, and our medical attendant admitted that there were favorable symptoms. But while conversing with him he suddenly burst into tears. 'What are you crying for, my love?' said I. 'O Papa,' he replied, 'I am afraid I shall get bad again.' Conceiving he was alluding to his bodily state, and that he fearfully anticipated becoming again worse, I said, 'Leave that, my dear child, with the Lord ; you are in His hands.' 'Oh no,' he continued, 'I do not mean that I shall get worse in my health, but that if I should recover I am afraid I shall get naughty and wicked again.' I comforted him, however, with the assurance that God was all sufficient, and could, and would, preserve him, let the issue be what it might. But the time was now fast approaching when no favorable indication was ever to feed the most sanguine hope, and certain it is that his anxious mother had indulged an expectation that he would yet be restored. I felt it my duty, therefore, to assure her that such an expectation was altogether hopeless. He was sinking fast under his accumulated sufferings, yet still he lived, retained all his senses, and in any little interval of pain would converse with such sweetness on his experience, acknowledge with such gratitude the goodness of God in having afflicted him, as he was thereby brought to an acquaintance with religion, testifying

at the same time such unaffected horror when looking back at his former state, that we were soothed. 'Oh, Papa,' he has said to me, 'what a mercy that I was not taken away at the Lycée ;' then he would weep, and continue, 'I was beginning to be wicked at the Lycée, to play on Sunday, and speak bad words. Oh, I thank God that I was not called away there?' And knowing that prayer was at all times offered up for him in the Chapel, he always expressed his most devout and grateful acknowledgement thereat, and believed it to be a very principal reason of his being kept in such mental peace and patience, and earnestly begged that the prayers of God's people might be continued for him. On one occasion this dear child, when I had been speaking to him of that rest which remains to the People of God, said with some earnestness, 'Papa, what kind of a place is Heaven?' I replied to his question by referring to the 21st Chapter of Revelation, of which I read the first verses, but while reading the 8th verse, which so fearfully describes the character and fate of those who will be forever excluded from its felicities, I was interrupted by perceiving him extremely agitated and crying. Surprised at this, and well aware that this awful portion could in no way apply to him, 'My dear child,' said I, 'what is the matter ; why are you so distressed ? This does not belong to you, my love, you are going to Heaven.' 'Oh, Papa,' said he, 'that's the verse you made me learn in Canterbury when I was naughty.' I had forgotten the circumstance, or I should have carefully avoided an allusion to anything which at such a time as the present could have pained his mind ; but it immediately recurred to me that for a fault he had committed, poor little fellow, about three years before, I gave him, after having corrected him, that portion of the chapter to learn, that the dreadful end of the disobedient and wicked might be impressed on his mind. 'My Dearest boy,' said I, 'God has forgiven that fault and you would not do so now.' 'Oh, no, no,' he replied, still very much agitated, 'indeed I would not.' Little agreeable as it was to me to see him so distressed, yet I could not but rejoice when I perceived how great a horror he exhibited at the recollection of a past fault, which in truth was the act of an

infant, for he was but nine years of age at the time, and which, after I had punished him and he was penitent, gave me no more concern ; it appeared, however, that he had not forgotten it, nor had he forgiven himself.

“The time of his departure was now fast approaching. His nights were dreadful, sleep fled from his pillow. When I have gone to his bedside at different hours of the night hoping, by his silence, he was taking some repose, I have found him awake, seeking a little sleep in vain, but there was seldom a complaint from him, and never on any occasion a murmur, so that I have been astonished at the strength of his resolution, his manly fortitude, and his perfect submission to the Divine Will. The Friday before his death Mr. Newton called. After some conversation with him he prayed, and bid him farewell. My precious boy thanked him, and begged that he might call again.

“Saturday he was worse, he shrank from the painful remedies it was found necessary to administer, but yet patiently submitted to them. On Sunday I was somewhat dejected to see him so long afflicted, the subject of so much pain, and that we could afford him no relief. Deeply affected on his account, I returned home after morning preaching at Grosvenor Street Chapel ; his dear Mother had remained with him, and had made him as comfortable as his situation would admit.

“I was exceedingly struck with his appearance, it had something in it Angelic, he was free from pain, and at this time his complexion was beautiful, with the sweetest smile upon his languid cheek. He looked at me with such fondness that I could not help asking him why he fixed his eyes so attentively on me. He replied, with the most endearing sweetness, ‘Because I have no pleasure so great as to look at you ; I do so love you, Papa.’ Dearest boy, it was the last time I was ever to see that face look so lovely. That evening he grew much worse, so that at length I heartily wished for his release, and in requesting the prayers of the congregation for him, I earnestly besought God that his sufferings might soon terminate, and that it might please Him to take him to

Himself. To this the whole congregation devoutly joined an earnest Amen. And our Prayer was heard.

"He passed that night without sleep; in the morning his pulse was very feeble. We endeavoured to render his situation easy, but to no purpose. To my question, 'Do you feel any easier?' with his voice *entre coupée*, he replied: 'It is impossible for a person to feel easy when he cannot breathe.' . . . Having obtained a little ease, he expressed his thankfulness. I could perceive him engaged in prayer. I knew his end was nigh; he was sensible of it himself, and said to me: 'Papa, when do you think that I shall die?' 'Leave that, my dearest boy, to the Lord,' said I, 'you are in His hands, and He will release you in His own time, and will take you to Heaven.'

"It was my turn to preach at Hulme that evening, but I sent word to Mr. Collyer, who kindly undertook to have my place supplied, so that I could remain by my Child, and give him my individual attention. To his dear Mother, who was anxiously watching him, he said: 'Mama, there is but one thing in the whole world I want.' 'What is it, my darling?' 'A little drop of cold water.' 'You shall have it.' To which he replied, as she was bringing it, 'Take care, Mama, what you are doing, you know it might hurt me,' willing even then to deprive himself, rather than run the risk of hurting himself, for our sakes. He received, however, a few drops, and was content. . . .

"It was about a quarter past six, he was perfectly sensible, but his breathing more difficult. I went to prayer, in which he joined with great earnestness, and to every petition most distinctly said Amen. When I arose from my knees I asked if he were happy. He said yes. 'Do you know that Jesus has blotted out your sins?' Yes. 'Do you know that you are going to Heaven?' Yes. And oh, said he, 'I wish it was come, I wish I were there.' His dear Mother had left the room, she was afraid to trust herself with him at this moment. 'Ah, my beloved boy,' said I, 'we shall soon be there, all of us, you are only going a little before us.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and Papa (said he), it won't seem long to me when I am there till you and Mama follow me.' 'Ah, my dear boy,

I continued, 'what a mercy that you were not taken away at the Lycée.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I thank God that I was afflicted.' 'Why,' said I, 'my Beloved?' 'Because, because,' he endeavoured to finish the sentence, but was not able. 'Because you would not have been fit for Heaven if you had been called away then?' 'Yes,' said he, 'that's it.' Perceiving that his Mother was not by, he said, 'I daresay Mama will be very sorry.' 'My love,' I said, 'she will rejoice in your happiness; do you wish to see her?' 'No,' said he, meaning he would not distress her, but added just afterwards, 'Tell Mama I am happy.' I left him for a moment to comfort his afflicted Mother, and I desire to be abundantly thankful to my Good and Gracious God for the support He gave us in that hour; in fact, there was so little of what had the appearance of death, that I felt a joy at the thought of his approaching bliss which is indescribable. His Mother could not resist going once more to take a last farewell. She gently lifted him on the pillow, and kissing his cheek, said:—

“ ‘Our sufferings here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.’

“ . . . Wishing to have a lock of his hair, under pretence that it was falling into his eyes she cut one off from his forehead and gave him the parting kiss,” . . . then “fearful of the consequences to herself if she remained any longer by him, she once more retired, to see him no more alive.”

(Something distressed the dear little boy, which could not be removed, and) “he showed a disposition to cry, but on my saying ‘My love, the Lord sent it you, and it is a sign that you will soon be with Him.’ ‘Oh, very well,’ said he, and was perfectly submissive and resigned. He never spoke again. . . . I fell on my knees, the moment was come. ‘Lord,’ said I, ‘Bless my Child. Oh! remember him in this hour.’ He could no longer say Amen. The nurse and maid were in silent prayer weeping near his bedside. I continued offering up my petitions, and every moment fixed my eyes on his. . . .

“All was silent. I dared scarcely breathe myself. At length, is he gone? said I. Yes, he is gone. He is entered

into Glory. His sufferings are ended, they are past for ever. I remained for a minute or two on my knees. I seemed to dread lest I should disturb his sweet slumber. Is it possible? is his spirit really entered into Glory? Is it no longer my darling whom I see? Are these only his mortal garments which he has left for a season, to resume them again when this mortal shall have put on immortality and death is swallowed up in victory! . . . I arose and went into the adjoining room. I saw my beloved wife and Children all on their knees in prayer. I approached her. 'My beloved,' said I, 'about five minutes since our darling Child entered into Glory. Come and see his remains. He suffers no more.' She accompanied me. As yet no hand had touched him. He was in the position in which he lay when his happy spirit took its flight to Glory and to God. We approached the bed on which he lay. He appeared as in a gentle sleep, nor did we feel, when contemplating him, any sentiment but gratitude and joy. To know that all his trials, sufferings, and pains were ended, that the spirit which so lately animated the clay before us had now entered into life, and was present with the Lord, that the last tear which should ever tremble in his eye was wiped away, that he should never more experience sorrow, nor crying, nor pain, was indeed consolatory. It was about the time of preaching at Oldham Street, and knowing how kindly all our friends had sympathized with us, I sent a memorandum to the Chapel to announce the event, and to offer up our unfeigned thanks to God that our dearest Boy was released from all his sufferings and afflictions, and was entered, in the full triumph of faith and confidence, into the joy of his Lord.

“His remains were interred at Cheetham Hill, with the following inscription on his gravestone :—

“‘Sacred to the Memory of George Hawtreys, son of John and Ann Hawtreys, who departed this life Dec. 3, 1821. Aged eleven years and 8 months.’”

CHAPTER XXXI

END OF SOJOURN AT MANCHESTER

I HAVE a letter from my father to his brother, the Vicar of Broadchalk, written about two months after George's death, on the 12th of February 1822.

In it he speaks of the proposed return of his two sons Montague and Stephen from France, and of his idea of sending Montague to Cambridge to Downing College. (He, however, Stephen, and Edward were at Trinity.) My father continues thus:—

“ Well, you see, the Lord has in the midst of just chastisement remembered mercy, and we have a little Babe who has just been christened Georgina, to perpetuate the recollection of him who will never be forgotten. Oh, the wound! the deep incurable wound! But do not misunderstand me, no; the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Ann is very well again; indeed, I never knew her so well after any confinement, and the Babe is a very sweet and lovely infant. Johnny is growing, I think, more interesting and lovely every day. He is a beautiful Child. Eddy is under my tuition, and begins to write Latin phrases, and I think will be clever. . . . I am to-day at Altringham, a sweet place 8 miles from Manchester, in the country part of my circuit. Next Sunday I have to preach, would you believe it, at *Preston*, where I was in '99 and 1800, 22 years ago. What a change now! Oh, to Grace how great a debtor! Nature rather recoils at going thither where I was well known, and am still, I imagine, remembered.”

The next letter, or rather collection of letters on the large single sheet which in those days lessened the expense of postage, tells of the arrival of Montague and Stephen. It is addressed to their kind uncle and aunt at Broadchalk, by whom it seems they had been received when they came over from France. The letter is dated from Bridgewater Street,

Manchester, and I think is written on April 10, 1822. Montague writes :—

“MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT,—I suppose before this reaches you it has occurred to your minds that this is the day we are to give you the account of our voyage and arrival at Manchester, and that after the little disturbance of our ideas by the meeting and first sensations we felt, and the different and new and wonderful things we have seen and heard since we arrived here, they are now settled into a sort of calm in which they can contemplate and describe them with sufficient accuracy. Well, then, we left you with our hearts full of thanks, fuller I can assure you for my part than I can express, and proceeded with the wind right in our teeth through Warminster and on to Bath; we had no outside of the coach adventures, but took up on our way a number of Schoolboys going to spend the Holidays at home, whose minds did not seem to lead them to seek their amusement in any other subject of conversation than boxers and boxing gloves and boxing matches. When we arrived at Bath we found that the coach would take us on from that town at as little expense as from Bristol, and would save us the expense of going there . . . I then took a walk about this celebrated town, and think that if it was built on a hill instead of in a valley and not continually buried under a cloud of smoke, it would be very handsome . . . it is our arrival at Manchester which is to give you the most pleasure. I must just tell you that before we left Bath we went to see our old Friends Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh . . . who received us with true Irish joy and hospitality. Bath, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Worcester passed, we came to Birmingham with the simple adventure of being once nearly overturned. . . . We breakfasted at Wolverhampton, took a cake out of the prog basket at Congleton, and at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon entered into the long-looked-for Town of Manchester. One of the first objects was ‘ipse Pater,’ and then our friend Harry Courtney. We went home in a coach with Harry, Papa being otherwise occupied. The first person I saw was Anna at the window, the next Mama with little

Johnny, who ran downstairs to see me, then Harriet and Emily, who ran out of the school room on hearing the rattle (as they expressed it) in the hall. . . . I was only desired to begin this letter and I have now almost got through it, and others remain who all wish to say something to uncle Stephen."

FROM STEPHEN

"MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT,—I find that M. has taken away all my news in giving you the whole history of our journey, but what remains I will tell you. Really the more I think the more I am puzzled to say anything about the journey, so I must speak about Manchester. It is a very large Town, and not so smoky as I imagined. . . . M. has just glanced at two accidents we were likely to have . . . as we were going down a pretty steep hill with two fiery leaders, they tried to spring up upon a very high bank, but one of the leaders had his head took between the two wheelers and so that hindered us tripping over. But I must stop, every person wants to write so I must finish."

Perhaps for the moment the younger of the two brothers had been made (by the two years sojourn in France) almost more fluent in his French than in his English. Next, in very neat, young-ladylike handwriting comes the following:—

"You see, as usual, my dear Aunt, I come off but second best, and have but one line left in which to thank you for your very kind present. Altho' you may consider it a trifle, I am very far from doing so, as indeed was it so in itself the knowledge of who it came from would be quite enough to endear it and render it valuable to me. I am very sorry, my dear Aunt, to be so limited, as Papa says he must write to my Uncle. I can only beg you to believe me, with love to my dear Uncle and yourself, your very affectionate Niece,

"ANNE HARRIET HAWTREY."

Anna, for she was always so called to distinguish her from my mother, was a very elegant, pretty girl, fresh from France and sixteen years of age.

In the dusky town of Manchester she was called down-

stairs one day to receive some visitors ; and entering the room, dressed in a pink print dress, she curtsied to the two ladies. They were quite surprised—it was to them a vision of beauty. They were not the only persons to be impressed ; but (and perhaps luckily for her own family, who, one and all, found place in her large heart) no response was awakened in her by the devotion of the friend whose love she could not return.

The concluding passage in the letter is from my father to his brother :—

“EVER BELOVED,—Ten thousand thousand thanks from a heart that loves you as he loves his own soul. May the Lord repay. Yes, they came in safety, and may their being with us be the means of their eternal well-doing. How kind you have been to them ; they are deeply impressed with a sense of their obligation to you . . . if Stephen gives his preference to the Church, I shall not be the one to prevent him, and if God makes his way plain to be your loving Curate at Chalk, such an appointment in the direct order of His Providence must meet my hearty concurrence. He has certainly a tender heart. We had a weeping time this morning when I was reading the memoir I have drawn up of George. I think you will drop a tear over it, and I have wetted it with mine. Oh ! how precious is Religion—how precious are our hopes : when I think that every day is bringing me nearer, is not this cheering ? How swiftly ten years have passed, I am now *forty* : more than ten years since you were converted, and but as yesterday when planting the first trees at Sidbury in 1809, where did 1820 appear to be ?—as remote as a century ; and only then, Monty, Anna, and Stephen, George not even born, and now 1822. Well, blessed be God, in a few years we shall be out of this miserable and wretched world, and safe in that eternal world of joy. Oh, that all my Children may be made partakers of His Grace. Pray for them, best beloved of dear friends and brothers. How deeply your kindness has penetrated my very soul. Indeed, and indeed, it was not my intention to tax your kindness with the journey of my dear boys home ; but as

you have laid your injunctions on me, I can only thank you and bless you in saying that every intercourse with you and beloved Marianne binds you nearer and nearer to my heart. My children all love you, and little Johnny, who is a beauty, smiles when we talk of Uncle Puncle. Well, this is the way to bring up children, not in that awful distance which some have most unwisely adopted, but in all the confidence of love. When shall we meet: oh! blessed thought that we are sure of meeting in that City which hath foundations. May we be kept humble, simple, childlike: a few more rising and setting suns, and all will be well. Ten thousand thousand Blessings be your portion; think of us and love us, and pray for us, for your prayers are heard; and with dearest love to you and Marianne, Ever, ever yours, J. H."

I next copy part of a letter which was addressed to Mr. W. Windsor, a Wesleyan and the "Leader of a Class." The Wesleyan congregations, where they wish to join a "class," are placed under the direction of some one of known experience and piety, and under the supervision and guidance of this "class leader," they meet from time to time. One of the members of Mr. Windsor's class writes the following letter to him:—

"MANCHESTER, *April 21st*, 1822.

"REVD. AND VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I hope you will excuse, but read a few lines designed to the Glory of God. The author of these lines was born in Chester, of poor parents. My mother died when I was about 12, leaving me, their only child, with my father, who was much given to drink, therefore took little care of either himself or me. I came to Manchester as soon as I could to a sister of my mother's, intending to get my living in service or the manufactory, but being unaccustomed to either was much embarrassed in getting my living, my aunt caring little about me. During this time the Spirit of the Lord strove hard with me, and I often attributed it to His Goodness in preserving me from an evil course. At length, I went to live with a widow who was in Society" (this expression means, was a member of the

Wesleyan Body), "which was my first knowledge of the people called Methodists. I joined Society about the year 1798, but not seeing myself a lost sinner I soon fell back into the world. But my sins now became too heavy for me to bear, and I determined to seek that Salvation which alone could make me happy.

"I therefore joined a Class in the year 1808. I sought the Lord with as much earnestness as I thought I could for about three months. When I was meditating on the shortness of time and the length of Eternity, I thought: 'Lord, what am I doing in this moment of time, and have not a title to Heaven?'

"I was determined, if it was possible, to know my sins pardoned, to live no longer in that state of unhappiness. I instantly went to my knees and prayed that the Lord would forgive my sins, and give me to know that I was a child of God. I wrestled for some time in an agony betwixt hopes and despair, but it came into my mind: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' That moment, I was enabled to cast myself on the merits of Christ. My load of guilt was gone, and I felt joy and peace unspeakable, loving God and my neighbour. I retained my confidence in God for some years, but feeling the depravity of my heart, began to live by feelings, and at length concluded I was not a child of God, insomuch that I went into despair and entirely lost my reason; was obliged to be bound in chains at the Hospital. But, glory be to that God who hath the secrets of all hearts in His Hand and knows how to deliver His Children out of temptation, He was with me, and brought me out of the horrible pit and set me firmer upon the rock than ever. But I have still felt the rebelling, though not the reigning power of sin which has been the occasion of stirring me up of late to seek that holiness of heart which I believed to be my privilege, but often doubted if it was retainable by such an unworthy creature as me. I still continued pleading with God until April seventh 1822; being Easter Sunday morning, I went to Chapel, where our minister, Mr. Hawtreys, delivered such a sermon on the Resurrection of Christ and the privilege of Believers, as I believe I never heard before. This, by the

Grace of God, renewed my engagements with Him in fervent prayer that He would sanctify and cleanse me from every remaining evil, and blessed be that God who is always nigh to them that call upon Him, He answered my prayer in such a clear manner, that left me not the least doubt upon my mind. I awoke on the morning of the 8th of April with the latter part of the 2nd verse of the 554th Hymn strongly impressed on my mind, and with the words, such a ray of Divine Light shone into my heart, that dispersed every doubt and every depravity from my heart so visibly, that I both saw by faith, and strongly felt, and still feel its influence. Oh! the mercy and Love of God to the children of men, and even to me, one of the weakest of all His creatures. . . . I now dread nothing but sin, and depend wholly upon His promised strength and grace to support me under every trial. I feel His grace already communicated in such humility of mind, strength of grace, reliance upon God, and peace and serenity of soul that I cannot express. The carnal mind, which formerly would have warred against the Spirit of God, seems entirely done away, and my heart created anew in Christ Jesus my Lord, to whom be Glory both now and for ever. Amen.

“(Signed) SARAH ROBERTSON,

“Of Brother Windsor’s Class.”

The foregoing letter seems to be that of a person who would have made good use of a good education. I have not copied it exactly, “I” she writes “i” or “y,” and the spelling is sometimes faulty and the capitals misplaced.

Mr. Windsor sent the letter to my father, who, I can well believe, read it with the deepest interest, as the experience of the writer must have reminded him of his own. And he must have thanked God that he had been led to preach such a sermon as brought light and comfort to her. I find the letter amongst a few others that he had preserved, with the following words in the enclosing sheet addressed to Mr. Windsor, who, however, seems to have left the whole with my father:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER WINDSOR,—Pray take the greatest

care of this blessed letter, for I have no copy. May it be abundantly blest to all your precious members. I am your affecte. Br.,

J. HAWTREY.

"BRIDGEWATER STREET,

"*Sat. Oct. 11th, 1823.*"

FROM MY FATHER TO HIS BROTHER

"MANCHESTER, *Febry. 8, 1823.*

"O Beloved! I am concerned to tell you that it is pleasing to our Heavenly Father to put another cup of sorrow into our hands. Our precious little Henry has exhibited but too certainly the signs of having the same fatal, I fear, disorder which removed his angelic brother."

(A description of the child's condition follows, and enquiries, to be made of the doctor who had attended George at Amesbury.)

"The dear child is the very image of what our ever-beloved George was—same in form, person, beauty, temper, disposition, mind—all of which adds to our present pang. . . .

"I received your last kind letter. I am sorry ever to have a different opinion from one I so venerate as you, yet I must say, when souls are perishing, and Salvation is offered by one whom God has sent, it is hardly wise to refuse it merely because that individual be of the tribe of Benjamin or Levi rather than of Judah or Issacher, for assuredly our Lord looks not at these distinctions. Forbid him not, said He, when correcting the intemperate zeal of His Disciples.

"We certainly droop a little on account of our precious Henry. It is now about a month since the first indications showed themselves, tho' it is some months that he has not been quite well. His spirits are good, face in general pale. Lord have mercy on us; pray for him and us all. Pray let me hear soon. You can judge of our situation, and may the God of Heaven bless you both, is the prayer of your ever affecte. Brother,

J. H.

"All else well, and in much and kind love."

The next letter, from the same to the same, is sad, because the little girl mentioned in it died, to the great grief of all. She seems to have been a very sweet little child, and much beloved; a picture of her remains, representing her asleep on a pillow, with pretty auburn hair and a child-like lovely face. It was really taken just after her lamented death.

“MANCHESTER, *Nov.* 12, 1823.

“MY DEARLY BELOVED,— . . . My time is so occupied that when nothing particular occurs you may take it for granted my silence means ‘All’s well.’ Last week, however, we had a little exception. Our precious Babe Georgina very nearly gave us the slip. She was seized with a violent inflammation on the lungs and fever, but the Lord had mercy, and, though we feared that she would go, and truly our sorrowing was much, yet God had mercy and she lives. I expect her home to-morrow, for I am sorry to say I am obliged to have two establishments—one here and one at Southport, 40 miles distant, by the sea-side, where my dear little Henry *must* stay all the winter, and, as we are unwilling to leave him alone, we have sent three other children—Emily, Harriet, and Johnny, together with Margaret and Miss Chalmers, as the lodgings are very little more for four than for two. This illness of my dear little boy has cost me near, or rather full I believe, £50. All the summer he was out at lodgings in the country, and our different journeyings to and fro to see him, all this has been a weighty expense to me. . . . I am happy to say the use of the means has been sanctified, and the darling’s health is astonishingly recovered, and I have no doubt of his final recovery if we keep him by the sea. And my own opinion is that if I had never left Portsmouth, and had persevered, my darling George would have now been alive, for I heard the other day of such a case as fully justifies such a supposition. I cannot bear to think of” (the doctor’s treatment). “Oh! to this hour my wounds bleed, and I need grace to say ‘Thy will be done.’ But was it God’s will? No, no! it was that much-mistaken Quack’s, and no one’s else. But he meant well, poor fellow! and I must forgive.

Monty is well—hard at work. Stephen is becoming truly pious, and will one day, I expect, be Fellow of St. John's. Anna and all the rest well. . . . At the Speeches Monty unquestionably bore off the palm. The Warden, Dr. Calvert, presided. Well, thought I, I have seen you somewhere. . . . Ann, sitting by me, told me he had changed his name from Jackson to Calvert. Would you believe it? the very Jackson I was so intimate with in Paris 20 years ago, who you knew at Cambridge. . . . If Monty becomes Fellow of Trinity and Stephen of St. John's they will be in a very creditable and respectable as well as lucrative line, and Stephen gives promise of being a scholar. There are not three more excellent Children on Earth than Monty, Anna, and Stephen; they fear God, they are all that is good, pious, and amiable. With so many children and so large a circuit, I must, of course, be much more occupied with temporals than you, but I bless God my Soul is healthy. Adieu!—Ever, ever yours,

“J. H.

“Kindest love to Marianne. I have no longer to add to her dear Mother. No, she is entered into rest, and we shall go to her. Where I shall be next year I know not. Sometimes I think of London; sometimes of Leeds, where there is plenty of work and a good School; sometimes of Hull, where I have been invited; and sometimes of some place by the sea-side for little Henry's sake. The Lord will direct.

“Have you seen Monty's Speech yet? It is worth the reading, believe me.

“We have sent a Missionary to Jerusalem.”

From the same to the same, two months later:—

“MANCHESTER, *January 9, 1824.*

“OH, MY BELOVED BROTHER,—Death is making awful ravages in my domestic circle. Since I wrote to you” (the letter here referred to appears not to have been kept—at least I have no intimation of the death of Georgina except the mention of it in the present one)—“Since I last wrote to you

Ann presented me with the loveliest of little Babes, and it now lies dead in its cradle! It expired this morning at about half-past one. It has been ill not more than about a week, and was only fifteen days old. I was called up last Sunday morning at about 2 o'clock to baptize her, as she was then thought to be dangerously ill, and I gave her the name of Theodosia Georgina—the first to intimate my resignation to the Divine will should she be called away *Θεῶ δόσις*, and if she was spared that I might ever remember she was *Θεοῦ δόσις*; the latter Georgina, in remembrance of my ever loved and still lamented Georgina.

Heu spes suorum irritas.

We grieve, we sorrow submissively. My poor, dearest Ann has gone through much, yes, very much, but is as well, all things considered, as could be expected. In addition to this, the state of my beloved Monty's health is truly alarming. He has very bad symptoms, such as faintness, dizziness, and violent palpitations at the heart, and general debility, and my poor little Henry threatened with the same complaint which killed our lamented George. But we rejoice in sorrow. Eternity is more than ever valuable, Heaven more than ever precious, and to know that I have already three safely landed there is indeed joyous, and pass a few swiftly fleeting years and we shall meet again. But oh! how our hearts do bleed within us. The loss of this precious Babe coming so close on the heels of the other is almost, I was going to say, too much, but no; let me not say that. The Lord knoweth how much we can bear, and He is very pitiful and kind. From my dear Sarah" (his sister, Mrs. Bird) "I have sad tidings of poor dear Bird. He appears to be sinking fast. Well, well! we must look above this vale of tears to yon celestial Hill. Oh! my Brother, my heart sighs. Suffering humanity! What must sin be which caused such misery, and has required such an atonement to expiate."

There follows here a passage which I do not like to withhold, so curiously characteristic does it seem to be of my grandmother in her relations with my father, and, indeed, of him also.

I have already spoken of her peculiar character. She seems to have been so far out of sympathy with him that her passing visits—for she came to him or to his neighbourhood from time to time—were not always productive of comfort, and his quick, impulsive temperament I suppose was sometimes strained. On this occasion he writes thus to his brother :—

“I have had some letters from my poor dear Mother. . . . Bowed down with grief when she was passing through here, after a sleepless night, my child expiring, I went to the Inn at five in the morning to see her off. Affected by my sorrow, she said some kind things, and I added that I was sorry for ever having displeased her. On this she took my hand, kissed it with rapture, and did not let it go till the Coach drove off. Now so far all was well, but little did I expect such a consequence from these premises. She has been writing. . . . Speaking of the Prodigal’s repentance, ‘His haughty spirit would not be subdued till his Father afflicted him, then he arose . . . forgive? Yes, yes, the Prodigal shall be forgiven, &c.’ Just as if I had nothing upon my conscience but my wickedness to her, whereas, poor dear Mother, of all my sins that is the easiest for me to bear. Make no remarks to her of what I say, nor should I mention this to you only that I conclude she will say something to you. I think it well, therefore, to inform you how matters are without meaning any disrespect to her or to excuse myself where I have come short to her, far from it. I am aware of many things which I could have wished from my soul had been unsaid and undone. Adieu, adieu ! pray for us. The day after to-morrow I have to place Theodosia at the feet of Georgina, on the coffin of my George !—In kindest love, ever, ever your affecte.,

“J. HAWTREY.”

After so much sorrow and bereavement as we read of in the above letters, it is very pleasant in the next to find a ray of brightness. The last was written in January 1824, the following one in August of the same year—to the same.

“MANCHESTER, *Aug.* 14, 1824.

“MY EVER DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—Your most kind and truly affectionate letter, which does honour to the heart of the writer, exceedingly gladdened us all last night, and we consequently anticipate with feelings of unfeigned joy the real happiness of again seeing Broadchalk and its beloved inmates after so long an absence. We are under some little perplexity as to the time of going and the road we are to take. We have, however, determined at length that it shall be by Bristol, and as we are of opinion that with children so young, ‘as they are tender, that if we should overdrive them,’ not one day merely, but two days or three days, they might die, we, therefore, think it may be best to tarry one day upon the road, which will afford a day’s repose to the children. Thus, then, our present plan is to set off on Friday next, so as to arrive at Bristol on Saturday night, then we may tarry there the Sunday, and proceed to Sarum on the Monday by the coach, which arrives at, I believe, 3 or 4 o’clock. And so, according to your most kind and affectionate invitation, we shall, *Deo Volente*, be all together under your loving and truly, I may say, blest abode, next Monday week, which will be the 23rd Instant. But still I have an idea that there is a shorter and a cheaper way, did I know whether there are any coaches which run that way, I mean from Birmingham to Oxford, from Oxford to Salisbury. If I thought there was a coach that way I should prefer it, but I question if there be, and thus I suppose it will be the Bristol way we shall go.

“Since writing so much I have been called away, and now, ever beloved, with grateful, fond, affecte. heart receive my thanks, and those of all my family. I write in much haste to save the post. Give me credit, therefore, for more than I have said in returning you our warmest, truest, and sincerest affection for your truly kind and affecte. invite, which we accept with all thankfulness. Margaret left us in Dublin. Her mother, after 11 years’ absence, pleaded maternal right to detain her, and we could not oppose. We have at present no servant, and shall not get one, I presume, until we get to Portsmouth. . . . Adieu, adieu! A short week will see us

once more altogether again. Oh, what will be my feelings at seeing the Steeple again? To Amesbury I could not go! That would be too much. Indeed, Portsmouth will be a trial, but Henry is his living image both in body and mind, and if the Lord spare him, we shall have our darling over again. This is as much to Marianne as to you. Adieu! My colleagues are two men of a thousand. How you will like them! You shall come to Portsmouth and see them very often. Adieu!—Ever, ever,
J. H."

Here is a sensible, kind letter from one who was intimate with our family in early days; it is addressed to

"Mr. Montague Hawtrey,
Grammar School, Manchester,"

and dated Sept. 24th, 1824.

"DEAR MONTAGUE,—I have just received a letter from your father, and am glad to hear that he and the rest of your family have arrived safely at Portsmouth. . . . I trust that they will soon experience much benefit from the change (from Manchester). I am surprised to hear that you propose going to Waterford instead of to Cambridge. . . . If you possess all the qualifications necessary for Cambridge, why should you defer going there? When a person having attained your age (19) has got over the difficulties of the classics, and is tolerably familiar with six books of Euclid and the first part of Wood's Algebra, he is well prepared for the University—such at least is the opinion of Fellows and Tutors at Cambridge; they like a man to go with a good foundation for knowledge in his mind, and they assist in raising the superstructure, but if you go on with the building yourself . . . without their superintendence, it *may* be that when they come to inspect it they will order to be pulled down and cleared away as rubbish what it has cost you time and labour to erect. . . . I hope that you will consider the matter fully and deliberately before you alter your original plan . . . if you are resolved to wait another year, I should also think it more improving to read with a Cambridge

Wrangler than a Waterford Philosopher, however exalted the genius of the latter may be. Should you go to Trinity in October, pray take the enclosed to Mr. Thorpe . . . he will deliver to you some desks and other articles which I left for that purpose. I hope that your brother Stephen is well and making a steady progress.—Believe me, sincerely and affectly. yours,

H. COURTNEY.

“When you go to Cambridge, pray do not suffer any day to pass without taking *at least one hour's exercise*; you will find it an economy of time to do so. There is a very pleasant walk to Grantchester, another to Trumpington, a third to the Observatory, and a very retired one on the Wimpole road.”

Part of a letter from a friend of my brother Montague, one of his school-fellows at the Collège de Louis le Grand at Paris. The handwriting is beautiful.

“SAINT BRICE, *ce 1me Septembre* 1823.

“Avoues mon cher hawtrey que tu te dis à toi même : ‘c’est à présent à laplace¹ à me demander grace et pardon pour un aussi long silence et pour une réponse si tardive à une lèttre datée du 28 Juin qu’elles raisons pourrat-il me donner ?’ Qu’elles raisons mon cher Hawtrey ? d’excellentes, c’est que je n’ai reçu ta lèttre que le 15 aout parceque tous le monde était à la campagne et qu’on ne m’a remis ta lèttre que quand j’ai rejoint la famille. J’espère bien que désormais notre correspondance ne souffrira plus une pareille interruption. Enfin mon cher hawtrey me voila sorti du collège, me voila comme on dit, bourgeois de la Capitale, et libre comme l’air, dieu merci . . . le collège n’a jamais été de mon gout—quels desagréments, quelle servitude ! ou nous rendrait ennuyeuses les études les plus agréables. Je suis las de voir qu’on ne prétend mener l’enfance et la jeunesse que . . . comme des chiens par des coups de bâton. Oui, l’éducation . . . aujourd’hui dans le premier college de France . . . ne vaut absolument rien : c’est le triomphe du despotisme . . . il n’y a dans les collèges, ni religion, ni mœurs. Tu

¹ Laplace is a proper name, the name of the writer, but he spells it with a small *l*.

vois mon cher hawtreys, que quoi-que sorti du Collège, je n'en vois cependant pas les choses plus en beau (mais elles) me font goûter davantage mon bonheur présent. Ah ! que je suis heureux ! Je n'ai rien à désirer si ce n'est que tu sois toujours aussi fortuné que je le suis maintenant ! tu connais mon goût pour la campagne ; et bien j'y habite, et cela dans le plus joli pays de la France dans la charmante vallée de Montmorency à 5 lieux de Paris ; l'air est d'une pureté et d'une fraîcheur admirable. Les paysans ont tous l'air content et joyeux, ma foi toute l'imagination de Rousseau dont le célèbre hermitage est à 50 pas de notre maison est restée au dessous de la réalité. Pour tout dire en un mot j'étais en enfer—aujourd'hui je suis dans un paradis. Veux-tu de petits détails sur mon train de vie ? je suis levé à 5 heures du matin, et couché à 10 heures : un grand verre d'un lait, trait sous mes yeux, pris matin et soir me fortifie l'estomac ; en ami je te recommande cette partie de mon régime, c'est l'utile mêlé à l'agréable. Après cette petite cérémonie, je vais respirer l'air en plein champ, je me promène sans fatigue dans de belles plaines embellies par un soleil levant et rafraîchies par la rosée : J'ai un livre sous le bras, mais je n'en fais pas toujours usage, plus souvent je laisse errer mon esprit, enivré de bonheur, ou je cherche quelque paysan de bonne mine que je fais jaser, à qui je demande des détails de son petit ménage, et c'est moi qui retire le principal fruit de la conversation ; je me fais expliquer mille choses sur l'agriculture, dont je n'ai jamais entendu parler que dans les Géorgiques, et j'admire comment les préceptes d'un poète sont souvent d'accord avec l'expérience. Je le tâte aussi sur la politique et la religion, et j'ai le plaisir d'entendre des choses pleines de bon sens. . . .

“ Je rentre à 10 heures du matin pour déjeuner je cause en famille jusqu'à midi, puis je vais travailler au Grec, au Latin, à l'histoire, à la philosophie, &c., parceque je dois passer un examen appelé bacchalaureat, exigé de ceux qui se destinent au droit, je travaille dis-je jusqu'à 5 heures $\frac{1}{2}$, je dine, nous allons tous nous promener dans les jolis environs jusqu'à huit heures ; nous finissons ja journée par un jeu, qu'on appelle le jeu de loto—c'est un jeu qui ne fatigue guères la tête et

auquel le plus petit enfant est aussi savant, que le plus grand philosophe ; personne ne se ruine et tout le mond est content. Tout le monde est couché à 10 heures precises. N'est ce pas là une vie de chanoine mon cher hawtrey ? n'est elle pas digne d'envie ? elle n'est pas difficile à mener. Quiconque à une petite chaumière dans un joli pays, quiconque aime le travail, quiconque n'est pas trop fier pour ne pas dédaigner la conversation d'un bon paysan, quiconque à une bonne famille, bon déjeuner, bon diner, bonne santé, peut acquerir un pareil bonheur—je te le souhait, mon cher hawtrey. A présent il faut que je répond un peu à ta lèttre, tu me demande des détails sur le Collège pour te rafraichir l'esprit sur des idées, que tu regrettes. Ah mon cher ami que veux tu que je te dise ? qu'elles idées veux-tu que je reveille en toi ? ne te fais pas illusion, quand je te retracerai tout ce qui s'est passé pendant tou séjour au collège, quand je te ferais un tableau des désagrémens que ton âme anglaise fière et libre a du y éprouver, et des douceurs que ton bon cœur a du trouver dans la societé franche et aimable de tes camarades, pourrais je faire renaître les sentiments qui t'animait alors : non, mon cher ami tes réflexions ne seraient plus les mêmes ; souviens toi de ces vers de Boileau : *chaque age a ses chagrins, ses plaisirs, et ses mœurs*. Console-toi donc de la perte de tes jeunes idées ; il n'est pas en mon pouvoir de les faire renaître pour toi ; tâche d'en acquerir chaque jours de meilleures et tu ne les regretteras. Ce que tu me dis de la manière dont il faut faire la philosophie est très sage, mais le plan est très difficile à suivre ; pour faire la philosophie en s'étudiant soi même, et en méditant sur les actions des autres il faut surmonter bien des difficultés, et s'y adonner entierement : ce qui est assez embarrassant dans l'état ou se trouve un jeune homme qui a bien des études à courir. Je te dirai aussi quelque chose sur le plan de vie que je veux embrasser ; ah mon cher hawtrey, tu as bien raison, que d'obstacles se présentent des l'abord ! avec la grace de Dieu j'espère redoubler de courage et . . . je n'ose achever, ni promèttre beaucoup, tant je suis faible j'aurais bien besoin de ta présence et de la force de ton exemple. Janin est en vacances dans son pays ; il reviendra à Paris vers le moi

d'Octobre pour faire son droit. Destainville et Boitard, qui ont quitté le collège avec moi, se mettent décidément dans l'université; tous les deux m'ont parlé beaucoup de toi et le premier attend impatiemment le moment où tu lui écriras. Au concours général cette année, c'est encore notre Collège qui a eu la supériorité; c'est nous aussi qui avons eu le prix d'honneur de Rhétorique; c'est un élève que tu n'as pas connu, il se nomme Drouyn de Luys (adresse moi toujours les lettres à Paris).

"Ton meilleur ami,

ALEXANDRE LAPLACE."

This letter, on a square sheet, considerably dilapidated (after its existence of seventy-five years), is addressed carefully thus:—

"To Master Hawtre,
 bridgewater street, chapel house,
 Manchester,
 Angleterre."

And the postmark is se. 8, 1823, the price marked upon it being 1s. 11d. At that time Montague was eighteen, and Mons. Laplace probably about the same age. The handwriting is well formed and excellent. The two friends met in France later, when come to man's estate. I remember a little scene described by my brother, which took place in the garden of Mons. Laplace; he, Mons. Jules Janin, and Montague being present. Mons. Janin, swinging himself round by a sapling, was, if I remember right, saying, "Pour bien écrire, il ne faut jamais réfléchir!"

"Mais mon arbre Janin! mon arbre!" expostulated the master of the house.

Many years after this, when Mons. Laplace was pursuing the work of his life as "avocat" at Dijon, Montague and his wife, on their way to Switzerland (in 1854), passed through and stayed at that place. The train went no further in those days, and it was an opportunity for renewing friendship. My brother and his wife were passing along one of the streets, and his wife said to him: "Should you know Mons. Laplace?"

"Yes," replied my brother, and looking up, "and there he is!" added he. They met, and stood still.

"Je dois reconnaître cette bonne figure!" said Mons. Laplace.

"Hawtrey!" answered my brother, and then I fancy there was a fraternal greeting. I know that both then, and again, and again later, not only Montague and his wife, but I myself, and others of the family, have experienced the most generous hospitality from both Monsieur and Madame Laplace, at Dijon, Versailles—to which place he retired from his profession—and Paris.

To go back for a moment to earlier years, I remember hearing that my eldest brother had drawn a picture in words, for Mons. Laplace, of our mother. His friend asked, was there indeed *no* flaw in her character? Well, my brother admitted, perhaps there was—"Elle a un peu trop de générosité dans son économie."

"Mais mon ami!" exclaimed Mons. Laplace. "Ce n'est pas une femme, c'est un Ange que vous peignez-là!"

CHAPTER XXXII

PORTSMOUTH, SHERBORNE, MAIDSTONE

THUS, from Manchester the family moved to Portsmouth for a year, my father being sent thither by the Conference. This was a most agreeable change after Manchester; and here a friendship was made with Mr. and Mrs. Webb, which was a great pleasure to our family. Goodness, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, and love of music were to be found within the hospitable walls of Mr. Webb's house, Marmion Place, which made the society of its inmates very agreeable to the members of our family, old and young; and the bouquets of myrtle and clove carnation which kind Mrs. Webb used to give to Anna recalled with touching and pleasant association to her mind the pomegranate blossom,

with its leaves, gathered for her in earlier days in the gardens of the Duc de Castres in Paris.

From Portsmouth, my father and the family went to Sherborne, and there the youngest and last of the large family of thirteen children was born, and from thence the elder sons, Montague and Stephen, went to Trinity College, Cambridge.

A letter from the Provost (then assistant Master at Eton) to my father, dated Eton College, December 5, 1826:—

“MY DEAR COUSIN,—It gave me the truest pleasure to hear from you, and the more so as your letter contained so many circumstances of happy promise for the future. I congratulate you sincerely on Mrs. Hawtrey’s safety, and on your new daughter; and last, but not least, on my friend Montague’s success, which, as Trinity is now, is not a matter to be thought lightly of.

“And now I could find in my heart to make you ‘remove Master’ just for one week, and it should be the last week afore the Holidays, in which you should have all the regular exercises of your pupils, besides eight or ten others to send up for good.

“You might have a notion how impossible it has been for me to thank you for your letter until this day.

“With regard to little Johnny, I think it of the utmost importance that he should be in the fourth form when nine in College books. He would gain nothing by coming to Eton before the Christmas Holidays, but the sooner he comes in Janry. 1828 the better. . . . He had better read Cæsar, for it is the plainest and easiest book for a boy in the language, but Keate must have been in a capricious humour to make it a *sine quâ non* for the fourth form. . . . The course you mention will be sufficient, for the absurd rules of the Greek Grammar cannot be dispensed with. Some years hence, I should hope, people will find that they begin language the wrong way, when trying to teach grammar before words.

“I cannot however help thinking that if you make Johnny go through the Gospel of St. John with Hamilton’s Key according to his method, before you made him learn

the Grammar, that he would learn it afterwards with much more profit. The best thing he can know by heart is Ovid.

"I cannot add another word, but my kindest regards to every member of your family, in which my sister heartily joins, and that I am, my dear Cousin, most affecy. yours,

"E. C. HAWTREY."

The letter is evidently ended in the greatest haste, but there is yet an addition:—

"P.S.—I am at liberty in about a week, and shall then be with my mother at Hastings, No. 3 Croft."

A letter from John when he was a little Eton boy, in September 1828:—

"MY DEAR MAMA,—I am very happy here, and I find that it is always better to learn my lessons than to go and play and not learn my lessons at all.

"I am very happy here; indeed, I have twice as much play as I had last Half, because I learne my lessons very well before I play. The time seems to fly to me since I have tried to learne my lessons. Eton seems quite a different school than last Half.

"I cannot write to you any better letter than this, but if you call it a very stupid letter, I cannot help; it is the best I can write.

"I do not know what your direction is exactly, so mind you write it plainly on a part of the letter away from the rest of the letter.—I remain, your most affecte. Son,

"J. W. HAWTREY."

From my mother to her sons when they were reading at Budleigh Salterton:—

"*Sunday, July 27, 1828.*

"MY BELOVED SONS,—You will have heard perhaps that Papa is down for *Camborn*. We received a letter yesterday morning with the intelligence—not at all expected by Papa. Mr. Sutcliffe says the places Papa wished to go to—London,

Brighton, and Bristol—are all closed up ; but that, by a sort of impulse, the Brethren assented that he was the very man for Camborn. Now, as we have been praying for direction, and that the Preachers might be directed for us ; as the poor Cornish miners have been praying for the last three months, and as it has been entirely without our seeking or desire, we must believe it is the appointment of God, and that one thought must level all our objections. So that, though naturally most opposed to my wishes, I would not have it changed on any account. I have no doubt the mountains will be removed that appeared to me so formidable. At all events, I hope by the grace of God to take up the Cross, if there is one, and I must confess the distance from you and our darling Johnny still looks painful. However, even here we shall be better off than we should have been last year, as you will be together, and not far from Johnny.

“We shall meet in the long Vacation, and I hope, if Montague takes up Pupils next year (Cornwall being the fashion with Trinity men), he will come near us. I cannot enter into the temporals of the plan to-day, but only beg you with me to consider it as of God, and rest satisfied.

“I do not say that we shall not ourselves pick up a pebble and view the grand cliffs and sweet village, and dip the Babe in the lovely ocean at Salterton. That is, I would if I thought it would not occupy dear Montague more than the hours now devoted to recreation. We might stop a week, but even this I would deny myself rather than run a risk for him. So I must leave it ; only hint the expedience of working most capitally now, that, by laying in an extra store, there might be a little draw without loss. I go with Papa to Bristol to-morrow, and meet there, as I believe I told you, Anna, Edward, and Johnny, with whom I return the next day, and you shall in due time have the account of our meeting, journey, arrival, and interview with the Babe, and all other interesting things.

“Work, Stas, my man ; be serious . . . do not be thinking about our stopping at Salterton in any way but to serve to quicken your diligence now, and to serve for a subject of a

little pleasant conversation when you walk. God bless you, my beloved sons. May we all live more to God than we ever have lived, and no doubt wherever we are we shall be happier. The sea is within two miles of Camborn, so we may have it for an evening walk, and I dare say we shall know many nice people and be very comfortable. Good-bye.—Ever your most affectionate Mama,

A. H."

My brothers were reading at Budleigh Salterton in the summer of 1828—it must have had for them all the charm of an old home, as the family had lived there when my father ministered in Mr. Lackington's Chapel. The plan for going at this time to Cornwall did not take place, I believe.

Another letter from John William Hawtrey; Greek and Latin seem to have crowded out English in the dear little boy's education.

"ETON, *Feb.* 15, 1829.

"MY DEAREST MAMMA,—I have now got the pleasure of wrighting you a long letter.

"You must not expect this letter to be a very sensible letter, but I am going to write you anything, as I know that you would like it.

"I have just escaped a most unpleasant thing and wicked thing, that is, being sent up to Windsor to get some sock for some fifth form to eat, but most happily I have escaped such a wicked thing on a Sunday, because last night I had a very bad cold and a cough, and my tooth began to pain me very much, and so I asked Miss Tucker to let me stay out, and she said that I might, and I am very glad she did, because she has saved me doing such a wicked thing. I am very sorry, but I have been once in the —— (*sic*), but you must know what the reason is. It was because the evening I wrote to you last I went to my tutor's after 4 o'clock, but when I went to my tutor's I took my Greek Grammar and began to learn it, but as it was the Syntax, and so it was very hard to learn it, so when I went to say I could not, and I had to say first, but I intend to try hard and never get in the Bill again.

"I have not above 3 minutes more, but everything is all

wright but the cold and toothache. Send me my parcel soon or a letter. Do not be long about it. My love to all at home, and give the baby a kiss from me. I beg you will tell me if there is any thing the matter with any one of the family. —So I remain yours truly,

“JHON WILLIAM HAWTREY.

“*Nota Bene.*

“Write soon. I shall be expecting a letter every day or a parcell.”

This is directed to:—

“Mrs. Hawtreys,
At the Revd. J. Hawtreys,
Numb. 2 Holland Terrace,
Maidstone, Kent.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

MONTAGUE HAWTREY

AN early letter to my father from his eldest son Montague:—

“CARDIFF, *April 20th*, 1825.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Having arrived so far on my journey to Sherborne, I suppose you will be pleased to hear from me. On Wednesday evening last I received all your letters, being then at Mullinabro, and next morning came into Town and expeditiously prepared for departure. On Friday I received a letter from Evans . . . which came very opportunely as a reinforcement to your arguments, and I received a little parcel from Grandmamma containing your letter to her. . . . On receiving these I determined to depart as soon as possible, sending my heavy things by a trading vessel to Swansea, and going myself by Milford. Finding, however, that I could not be ready for the packet on Friday evening, I determined to take my chance in the Swanage vessel with my trunk and books. We set out on Saturday morning, and after a tedious

and sick passage arrived at Swansea, and on the Monday Evening following I found myself under the kind roof of Uncle William. . . . I feel on the whole pleased with the present plan, because you have appeared to be so evidently directed to it, and because it rather coincides with my wishes (tho' not perhaps with my reasonings). I give no particular account of my proceedings in this letter, but shall write rather more fully when I shall have arrived at Sherborne. I have received a letter from Laplace. . . . I spent two or three days at Mullinabro as pleasantly as I could without the company of the young ladies; they unfortunately were in Town the whole time with a sick Aunt. John Hawtre Jones and I are great friends—not more so, however, than Humphrey and I. They were much pleased with the Pedigree which I left for Miss Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Waugh desire their love to you and the family, so do all the friends in Waterford. . . . I desire my love to all the family, and remain, My dear Sir, your affectionate Son,

M. HAWTREY."

Mrs. Jones of Mullinabro', the mother of "John Hawtre Jones," was one of the five daughters of the Rev. Ralph Hawtre Jones and descended from the parent stem at Ruislip.

From Montague, giving some early Cambridge experiences, to his Father :—

"TRINITY COLLEGE, *December 18th 1825.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Our regular labours of the Term have been over for some time. On Tuesday last the lectures finished, but there was a kind of general run of business which did not end till yesterday; to-morrow the college will be thoroughly cleared of all its non-reading and most of its reading members, of the first year that is to say; and we who are either too far removed from home, or have any particular object before us, as Craven, Bell, &c., or who have no inclination to go away, shall then have the college clear and be ready to proceed forward. I am now for once going to try a new method of work, at least new to me, altho' I suppose all men

have used it at one time or another. . . . Aristophanes has been recommended to me as a good preparation for the Craven; so I intend to set to work on Monday morning and to read away as hard as I can at Aristophanes, and see how much I shall be able to get through by beginning in the mornings and reading on for 10 hours; that is, of course, with interludes—I mean 10 hours as the work of the day. . . . I received your letter, enclosed in a short one from Mr. Butterworth. . . . I expected it was an invitation, and began to repent of what I, perhaps, rashly said in my last letter to Mama about staying up the whole vacation. When, however, I opened it, my mind was again made easy by finding that Mr. B., from various family and domestic circumstances, could not receive me at his house. . . . I am not sure that my determination to stay up the whole time was not a little rash. Even Goodehart is going down for Christmas day, which day will, I am afraid, be very melancholy here. When Goodehart said that he was going down for Christmas day, I told him I thought I might go down with him; but then the idea of only going down for a single day would be rather preposterous; but on second thoughts (for one thought brought on another) I began to consider whether it would not be as well to go down and spend one week at Charles Hawtreys,¹ and whether this little diversion would not rather be a benefit to me than otherwise. These thoughts continuing to grow upon me, I went yesterday to Way's, after dinner, to consult with him and to know what he was going to do. . . . Way is going on Wednesday, and strongly advises my going, if only for a week; he says it enlivens one, and I recollected that this is probably the only interval of relaxation I might have between this and the examination.

“ . . . This morning, however, I breakfasted with Valentine, who is very much altered for the better. He is an exceedingly quiet, reading man, and goes regularly to hear Simeon. . . . He is going to try for the Bell, and I hope he may get it. He strongly advised my not going. . . .

“Selwyn (whom the Johnnians consider to a dead certainty

¹ The Rev. Charles Sleech Hawtreys, first cousin to the writer's father.

as already in possession of the Craven Scholarship; Trinity men are equally certain that a man named Lee will get it)—Selwyn goes down for a few weeks. But it is useless to go on in this strain. As Way goes down on Wednesday, I think of writing by him to Charles Hawtreys to ask whether it would be convenient for me to go down and spend a week with him; and then if everything is plain, and you approve of it, I propose going down on Saturday and returning the Monday week. I shall be very much obliged if you will answer this, so that I may know on Thursday or Friday what your opinion is, and you must not imagine that I should be disappointed if you were to say that you thought it better for me to stay up and work, and if you were to encourage me to go to it manfully and to think of nothing else, I assure you it would not in the least disappoint me. . . .

“ . . . I now go to your letter. Perhaps I was wrong in saying what I did to you at first about the situation of a Sizar. It is all, however, I think, no more than true, and I repeat that, if I had the sending of any one to the University, *I should send him as a Pensioner*; but as I do find myself thus cast among the Sizars, perhaps it may be my duty to submit. Perhaps if I were to become a pensioner I should miss the first year's Scholarship, and then, oh douleur! only one chance more, and I so much greater an expense to you. . . . I heartily wish that I may be placed upon the foundation this time; and if, by any application to any one, I could further it, I think I would apply. . . . It would be a very awful thing for me to apply to the Master¹ about it; but if it was not improper, and you wished it, I think I should have the courage. Scholefield did not know who I was. He will, however, know enough of me and my exercises soon, as he will be our examiner, both in Craven and College examinations. . . . As to supper parties, I have been most pressingly invited to one on the 29th of January, to meet Kennedy of St. John's, at Luscombe's—it is Luscombe's father's birthday, and he always keeps it. . . . I confess I should like to meet Kennedy, and I believe it will be the very day on which our

¹ Of Trinity College.

examination for the Craven ends. I can hardly tell you anything about Euclid or the Play. . . . In Euclid we have been going straight on, and doing no deductions. He did give us two deductions the other day, and another man and myself were the only individuals who brought answers to them. My answer to the proposition: 'How many different triangles can be drawn in a polygon of n sides, by lines from each of the angular points to the others?' was $n - 2$. $n - 2 - (1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + \&c. + n - 4)$. This I believe to be perfectly correct, but was not Higman's way, and he would not of course take the trouble to examine if mine was right. My answer to the other was right. As far as I can see at present, I should not think arithmetic was of that wonderful importance. Let Stass do 3 short sums a day steadily, and let the sums be in addition the first day, subtraction the next, and so on till he has gone through all the scientific rules of arithmetic; then let him begin again, still doing 3 a day, and I will engage to say that he will know enough arithmetic when he comes up. . . . I really do not quite know yet about the Aristophanes. . . . There is a very good one already published by Mitchell, with a vast deal of information on subjects connected with Greek history. . . .

"I think I have now answered the whole of your letter, and shall continue on the ends to Mama.—I remain, my dear Sir, your very affectionate son, M. J. G. HAWTREY.

"MY DEAR MAMA, — Hayes, my walking friend, is a very nice man, rather inclined to be *tant soi peu*, frivolous; was at Eton, and the Etonian is still most evident in him, altho' he has left it for 10 years. Since that time he has been in commerce on the grand scale, has travelled in Germany, the West Indies, America, &c., but is still quite boyish. His family mixes in the first Society in Bath. He reads pretty well. Smith, whom you desire me to avoid, I have a higher opinion of than of any man I know at Cambridge; his principles are excellent, and he is a very religious man, tho' not devoted to Simeon. His father is a member of Parliament. He is a nephew of Sir Sydney's. He was born at Constantinople;

and now what chiefly excites my pity, he labours under a complaint contracted by over-exertion in rowing, which entirely prevents him from work, and will perhaps soon carry him off. I have a high opinion of him. Walker I have begun by degrees getting acquainted with. The other evening he was for about a quarter of an hour in my rooms regularly chatting. As we live in the same staircase, we frequently accommodate one another with coals, &c. If he was not going down this vacation, I should immediately propose reading with him. I must now bid you all good-bye.—I remain your affect. Son,
M. H.”

I cannot tell what my dear mother's objection to “Smith” was. After this warm defence of him, we will hope it was waived.

The position of “Sizar” was one that only those would enter upon for whom a University career was desired in face of the necessity for practising rigorous economy. This was my father's position. He ardently desired the best education for his sons, but could not afford to give them the comfort (socially) of entering as pensioners like other young men of their class.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“TRINITY COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE),
20th *July*. 1826.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Such has been the state of general excitement this day that it would hardly have been wonderful if, touched by the common feelings, I had given up reading for one day, and, immediately on my return from the Senate House, sat down to tell you all. However, I have put it off till this Evening, and although I cannot yet send you one of the printed letters, nor indeed is it yet known how all the men will stand, I will now mention the occurrences of the day. You must know, then, that this is the day on which those placards, commonly termed the brackets, are put up in the Senate House. On these are placed the names of the several candidates for Honours, according as they have acquitted

themselves in the Examinations of the three first days, in lots of 6 or 7 each, sometimes more, sometimes less; and on this day each lot is examined separately, and they are then placed in regular order. . . . And now I must go back a little to tell you how the Johnnians triumphed before the time in the certainty of having at least one Senior Wrangler this time. Hymers, Metcalfe, Miller, Moseley, were names on which the Johnnians so confidently depended that in all conversations on the subject it seemed to be only which of them was to be chosen. Then there was Clinton of Caius, and Hanson of Clare, who each had his many partisans. Poor Trinity for once hung her head and mentioned no name, so that it was quite a surprise to me when Evans said rather triumphantly and with a kind of supercilious air the other Evening: 'I suppose Hawtreys will say that Law is to be Senior Wrangler?' 'Oh, no,' said I, 'I have not the least hope of any Trinity man.'

"Well, this morning I walked out after Chapel rather with the hope than with the expectation of finding out how the men stood on the brackets. I was anxious about Marsden and also about Goodhart. When I got to the Senate House I found the doors crowded to excess. At first I supposed it was only the πολλ men going in to their morning's examination, but when the doors opened and there followed the heavy rush of all the men, among whom I distinguished not only those of all years, but also some Townsmen, I concluded that the Brackets were then exposed inside to public view. And soon from those within resounded the names 'Law! Law! Law!' followed by another shout of 'Hymers! Hymers! Hymers!' then 'Law! Hymers!' and we were as much at a loss as ever. Were they bracketed together, or how was it? At last I got in, and squeezed up to the pillar where the Brackets were suspended. Whewell was endeavouring to read them aloud, but interrupted by the great uproar in the whole place and the reiterated shouts of 'Louder! louder! Begin again!' As it was quite impossible to learn anything there, I moved away, intending to come again when it was a little more quiet. I mingled in the body of the Senate House, and soon met Goodhart, pale as a sheet and in anxious trepidation.

I asked him where he was. He could not precisely tell. I shortly afterwards heard one of the Examiners tell a man definitively that Law was Senior Wrangler, bracketed *by himself!* . . .

“I will not detain you any longer with telling you of my little triumph over Evans, but hasten to give you the Brackets as I since copied them:—

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1. Law, Trinity. | } (There follow other names,
chiefly in groups; alto-
gether 17 Sets.) |
| 2. Hymers, St. John's. | |
| 3. Metcalfe, St. John's. | |
| 4. Hanson, Clare. | |

“ . . . Law is the son of a tailor in Cambridge. He is” (here follows a very peculiar expression which must have quite another meaning in University parlance from that usually attached to it) “a degraded¹ man owing to very bad eyes, which almost hindered him from reading for a year. He was obliged to learn mathematics by getting his sisters to read to him; he is a most meritorious man. Hymers is a proud man, but one who has injured himself by hard reading. Metcalfe, a most conceited man. Hanson, Sizar of Clare, . . . much injured by reading. M., formerly of Trin. Coll., Dublin, a man of much merit. Moseley—French Mathematics is the name by which this man is well known. He was a long time in France, and studied mathematics there; many thought he would have been Senior Wrangler . . . much put back by ill health. . . .

“I must now bid you all good-bye. Our examination begins on Monday!—I remain, your most affect. Son,

“M. J. G. HAWTREY.”

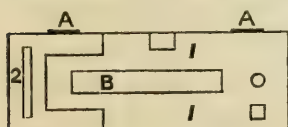
FROM THE SAME TO HIS MOTHER

Written from Trinity College, Cambridge, in February, 1826, when he was twenty-one.

“I cannot resist the strong inclination which I have to begin on this evening a long family letter, to be continued through the whole of the examination for the Craven, and

¹ *i.e.* a man who has deferred his examination for a year.

sent when it is over. I have just had the very great honour of walking arm in arm with a senior wrangler and a third wrangler through the streets of Cambridge—I mean Challis and Newton. I met them both at Mr. Ranken's to-day, who, I much regret to say, for my own sake, is going to leave this for Bath very shortly. Challis is about up to my shoulder, and is the very model of one of those little modest diffident Methodist preachers who sit silent and scarcely dare to look at the company. Newton is a tall, white, sleepy-looking man. Both of them innocent in the extreme and both Simeonites. I also met (at Mr. Ranken's) Fitzgerald, commonly called Miss Fitzgerald, a Fellow Commoner of Trinity, and the second most effeminate man in the University; the most effeminate is T., *alias* Miss Dodo, who, you may observe, is the last man but one of the *οἱ πολλοὶ* in the newspaper. Roche, the fellow commoner, has feminine features, but is not effeminate in manner. Fitzgerald, I find, is a Simeonite. You must not suppose I mean anything soft when I say that men are Simeonites. I only mean that they attend his ministry. . . . I begin again on Wednesday evening. When I went in I found I was late; all the men had come. This is the shape



of the examination room. A, A are the two doors of entrance, but I went in by the one leading not into the body of the place, marked 1, but into a little gallery, separate from the rest, marked

2. The Vice-Chancellor, who was the examiner of Monday, beckoned me to come round, but then immediately said: 'No, no, sir; stay where you are; they shall take your paper.' About this time another man had come into the part where I was, and as soon as the man came to me with the writing paper, a third man followed, who addressed me with such a good-humoured, kind, smiling face that I really thought he had been an old friend. He perceived that I had no examination paper and told me of my deficiency, and at the same time beckoned to the man to bring me one. I thought I had seen his face before, and immediately it occurred to me that it was Selwyn, the Etonian of St. John's, who is universally

expected to get it. You cannot think how pleasing his consideration was to me; the idea of being thus separated from the *profanum vulgus*, and finding myself thrown as it were with probably the cleverest of them all in a kind of little elevated Tribunal, quite raised me in my own estimation, and gave me a degree of superiority. As soon as I got my paper I found that it was two strapping bits of Greek prose, each occupying a side of one of those examination papers. Well, I covered one of them—did not even look to see what it was; I then read down the other—found it was all come-at-able but one word. I then passed over it again, and translated each sentence as I went on. I made a guess at the word which I did not know, and, as most such guesses are, it was wrong. It will, however, have its use, for it will show the examiners that this was a bit of Greek with which I was not before acquainted. It was out of Thucydides, where Nicias appears to be giving his reasons for not abandoning the siege of Syracuse. I then looked at the other bit, and soon found it was the very thing I had been secretly longing for—a very hard metaphysical bit of Plato, such as I knew would try many a pretty versifier to the very quick. I read it down and found that I knew all the Greek words, but could not make the least head or tail of the sense. However, I tugged hard at it, and I think managed to make it all out pretty well, but I confess it was not very intelligible, and I must also own that I made a most shameful oversight, for which I shall not soon forgive myself, and which I discovered when merely reflecting on the thing as I sat before my fire after the examination, and you will, I hope, attribute it to the rapidity with which I was obliged to work, to have any chance of finishing in time, when I tell you that the translations occupied 4 immense pages of foolscap paper, and of these we had to write fair copies all in somewhat more than 3 hours; the fault was calling *δεσμωτήριον* prisoner instead of prison. An instant's reflection would have shown the error. But this was not all. I had to write my fair copies in very great haste, and even so could not get through them in time. The Vice-Chancellor appeared again. He came up to where we were; insisted on having our copies,

for the other man (not Selwyn) was in as bad a plight as myself. 'Will it not be possible to finish the fair copy?' 'No, sir—no, sir; that would not be fair to the others.' 'Then shall I give the foul copy?' 'Do just as you please, sir, only give it to me, and sign your name there, sir; put it all up in another sheet, and sign your name on the outside.' So thus I had to hand over my pretty mess for the inspection of all the great men in the University. However, on the whole, I have much reason to be thankful, for what a chance, that in two such great pieces of Greek there should be only one word which I did not understand. We were told that the Bishop of Bristol, Kaye, would examine us next day at the same hour. That evening I dined with Ranken, but I must tell you that I left my Greek with Marsden, at his request, that he might con it over. He says he thinks the bit of Plato about the hardest thing he has ever seen. The next morning we went again, and the lively little intellectual Bishop, who was senior wrangler and senior medallist, came and gave us as subject for a copy of verses, *Nautae mari glaciali hyemantes*, 'Captain Barry shut up in the North Seas.' This I turned into 51 hexameters, with some of which I was pretty well content, with others not so, and as I am determined you shall know all, both bad and good, I made one—one—very bad fault; called a ball (to play with) *pīlum* instead of *pīlam*. . . . I say it in speaking of the games which these men used to play on the ice to keep themselves warm. We had five hours for this exercise, one hour of which I employed in writing the fair copy to make sure. This morning we were examined by Dr. Havilland. He gave us as subject for a theme, *Vera gloria radices agit atque etiam propagatur; ficta omnia celeriter tanquam flosculi decidunt; nec potest simulatum quidquam esse diuturnum*, or something to that effect. I am more pleased on the whole with my theme than with anything I have yet done, and you will allow that the first 2 hours and a half of the time were not misemployed when during the last hour and a half, for we had four hours, I was employed in writing out the fair copy as fast as I could. My theme occupied about three sides and a half of foolscap paper. This day we

were told by the man who attends the place, that the Greek Professor would examine us to-morrow at 10, and next day at 9, and now you may be sure that we are in for Greek iambs and Latin lyrics with a witness, which reminds me that I ought not to be writing this now, but preparing for them. To-day the woman of the place came in to settle the stove; the place was as silent as death at the time. I do not know exactly how it was that she expressed displeasure at the men having touched it, or something, but there was a little titter at one end of the room, which soon burst into a general laugh, in which all the men heartily joined, though they did not know what it was for. I believe that this burst of spirits was of great use.

“*Thursday morning.*—The most dreadful difficulty is over. We were seated when Scholefield came in and distributed papers to each. I looked at mine. On one side I saw a fearful set of English verses to be turned into iambs; on the other, a set of Greek verses in a metre and a dialect with which I was by no means conversant. I determined to do the Greek first—that is, the Greek into English. I read it over once, and could not make the least sense of it. Horrified I turned to the iambs; my apprehensions were fearful. I however set to, and worked with all my powers, and did them as well as I could—many. Had I had as much time as I could have wished, I should have done differently, but I managed to complete them in 2 hours and a quarter, 25 in all. I then wrote them out in half-an-hour, and flew at the Greek. This, too, I made out pretty much to my satisfaction, and there was only one thing to which I could not give a probable meaning. On the whole, as far as I have gone, I have every reason to be satisfied; not that I feel at all *exalté*, or that I think I have done remarkably well, but that I have got on so far through a University Scholarship examination without anything to make me repent of having sat. I have bungled, and I have made my blunders, and many there may be which I have not perceived, but still I have got through, and I feel quite disposed to have another try next year, with *rather* more

chance. But oh! how little, how bare a chance! They say—not the *men*, but the *Fellows*—that this year is superior in Classics as it is inferior in Mathematics. Martineau sat within two of me to-day (for somehow he has got into our little tribunal), and he turned off the Iambics in high style. I have reason to think that neither of the men on my right or left hand did any—that is, showed up any. I am going to wine with Evans to-day, and Selwyn will be there.

“*Tuesday afternoon.*—It is all over; the Craven Examination finished this day!! and I do not intend to do much this evening. On the Friday we had a paper which floored me—one piece of Greek from the ‘*Eumenides*’ of Æschylus, another from Pherecrates, a comic poet, then several *cram* questions, and besides all this, a very long chorus to be translated into Lyrics, the latter half *also* into English prose. I did the Lyrics first, and not till then did I perceive how much easier a metre the Sapphic is than the Alcaic. The latter half of the chorus was almost unintelligible, and so were the two pieces of Greek, and I was obliged to cut every one of the questions. On Saturday we had a long extract from Tacitus to turn into English prose, and some English prose to turn into Greek prose. Tatham, the public orator, put off examining again till Tuesday, and this day we had a piece from some satirist to turn into English, and some English prose into Latin prose. I was, on the whole, rather pleased with to-day’s work. Now that this is finished, I must turn to and read Mathematics, for I have totally neglected them lately. I have at last received the Bill, and was not a little startled at its amount; but, on looking into it, found that it could not have been less, and that the expenses were such as might necessarily have been incurred the first Term. When I got it, I confess that I had some hopes of being able to tell you, in sending it, that I was, or was likely to be, on the Foundation. I had fondly hoped that in consequence of this Scholarship Examination I might be brought into notice so far as that at least I might be so placed, and the prospect was very specious. But when I saw the other men move off from our table, and myself and my fresh companions remain behind, the charm

was broke, my beautiful castles vanished, my conceit humbled, and I, for the first time, began to think that unknown and unnoticed I went into the Examination, and unknown and unnoticed I should come out of it; and my gloom on being convinced of the sober truth was so much the greater, as I had from the very first somehow imagined that I would hear of how I had done in some way or other; and so I thought that although I could not tell you I should be on the Foundation, nor distinguish myself at the Craven, yet I would go quietly and diligently forward, with as little expense as possible, for the next Terms. . . . I confess, when I saw 'Rent, $\frac{1}{3}$ of a year, £6' (in the above-mentioned Bill), I thought it looked as if Higman intended that the next 2 *thirds* I should be on the Foundation; in which case, for the remainder of the year, I should only have £2 to pay instead of £12.

"*Wednesday afternoon.*—Messieurs et Mesdames, J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer que je suis sur la Fondation. Yes, this day I begin to be somewhat of less expense to you than I have been. It's a fact, I have already dined at the Foundation table. Three days ago Higman met me as I was going into Hall, and told me he had strong hopes of being able to get me on, but could not be perfectly positive. To-day the Steward came and said to me while I was sitting at the old table: 'Pray, sir, is your name Hawtrey?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Then will you be so good as to go to the other table?'

"To-morrow lectures begin again, and now we shall enter into the old round of business—I hope, on my part, with renewed exertions. . . . I am now quite losing the Sizar-feel. Hayes said the other day he wished he had been entered as one merely for the advantage of dining at 4 o'clock instead of 3.

"Mr. Butterworth spoke very kindly to me, and said he hoped to see me some other time. I did not see the Ways in London except by accident; we met Sir Geoffry Way in a Church. Mr. Scholefield is considered a severe, pious man, a Calvinist, but one who does not wish to bring forward his opinions. I like him, for I believe that, though severe, he is

sound. Trinity is like England with respect to religion, St. John's like Spain or Italy. . . . Queen's is fast losing its religious name. . . . I had capital skating one day. Went about 4 miles down the river, and enjoyed the reward of courage; for, while the others were working down the beaten track, I launched alone on the pure green ice, and on more than one place was the first to make a path. We had the Hallelujah Chorus the other evening in Chapel, and since have had 'Hear my prayer,' and this evening we had Luther's Hymn. There is one little boy who sings enchantingly—a very little fellow, in fact he does the whole himself. Tell me, what do you propose doing next Summer, and then when you propose doing it? When do the Holidays begin at Lyons? I think I shall want as much *stirring* and *exercise* as I can get.

"Well, I expect a long and interesting letter from you all soon. I think this and my two former—my last is the newspaper—deserve an interesting answer.—I remain, your ever affectionate Son,

"MONTAGUE JOHN GREGG HAWTREY."

This letter is labelled on the outside "Single sheet folio paper," and addressed—

"Mrs. Hawtre,
Sherborne, Dorset,"

where at that time the family home was.

FROM ANNA HAWTREY TO HER BROTHER
MONTAGUE

"SHERBORNE, *February 9th* 1826.

"MY DEAR MONTAGUE,—Mr. Courtney *tout d'un coup* has determined to go to Cambridge, much to *our* satisfaction, as we think it will give *you* pleasure to see him.

"We were . . . delighted with your most interesting letter. The surprise was as great as agreeable when we found that you really were on the Foundation. I must confess,

notwithstanding the high opinion I have *ever* entertained of your abilities, I never felt so sanguine as Edward, who to this hour bets upon your getting the Craven. . . . Yet I could not help having a secret hope that some notice would be taken of your having tried. That hope is now realized, as we certainly must (must we not?) attribute your getting on the foundation to your having attempted the Craven. We are longing to know who gets the Craven. We are all for Selwyn. We also wish to know whether the merit with regard to each other of all the Candidates will be known.

"It is no use to try to tell you any news about this place. In Sherborne one day passes away like another. . . . I often envy you; you ought to be very happy. What would you do if you had been an unfortunate girl, born to live and die unnoticed and unknown?"

"You see I am a little melancholy, but indeed I have no right to be so. When I think of the real misfortunes of others I should be not only satisfied, but grateful for the many blessings I enjoy. When I think of the poor Cavanaghs, the poor Miss Jones', what a dreadful blow to them must not the death of their Brother have been! I assure you we all felt it more than I can tell you. Even Edward, who was staying at Uncle Stephen's when he heard it, assured me he could eat no dinner that day, and even Uncle Stephen laughed at his feeling so much for a person he had never seen.

"Adieu!—Your affectionate Sister,

"ANNE HARRIET HAWTREY."

FROM MONTAGUE

"TRINITY COLL., *Sunday, April 3, 1826.*

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—Yesterday I had the very great pleasure of receiving your Family letter. I was very much obliged to Emily and Harriet for their share of it. I have now just come from hearing poor old Mr. Wesley play on the Trinity organ. I remarked during Service that the Anthem was not played by the ordinary hand, and could not help observing there were many more ladies present than usual.

I mentioned the circumstance to Hayes, and he said it was because that famous organist Wesley was playing. I therefore remained in Chapel while the concluding piece of music was performing, and then determined if possible to see the representative of the Wesley Family. I pushed up, surplice and all, into the Organ Loft. There was only very little light, but I managed to see his side face, which was like that of the family, and his short stature and white locks brought the idea of Mr. Wesley strongly to my mind, particularly as I had just been reading a sermon of his. . . .

"I am getting on pretty well, but I have nothing to felicitate myself upon, and I do not know that with regard to the work I have much to blame myself for—still, however, I have much to do, and that of no pleasant nature, before the Examination. I hope that I shall be able to work diligently. At the same time, when we have so little time, great errors may be made in not working at proper things. If I have time to get up all I have in my eye, I shall have done as well as I can. There are doubts, but hopes. . . . I take regular exercise; indeed I could not work without it.

"Poor Marsden! that idea of *Settling*!! it always puts me in mind of little particles flowing about in a vessel of liquid for some time, then sinking down inert to the bottom. I hope I shall never settle, with all my heart. May my life be one of action and energy to my last. . . . We have just got four weeks now to the Examination. As a preparation for the result I read over occasionally page 100 and 2 or 3 following of Thomas à Kempis. Hayes . . . knows Walker, and was told that he was afraid I should not get into the first class. If Walker trembles, what can I do? Why, only consider that it is the safest way to tremble too, and work under the idea that it is an undertaking which will require for the next month the exertion of every muscle of the mind. Now I am come within a short space of the 1st goal in that hard race that Mr. Lyon said I had to run, and now I feel that every moment is precious—every moment, whether by *recreation* or *study*, should be made to tell at the examination.

"I have had a long Evening with Dunn since I wrote, a long and a pleasant mathematical one; quite put me in mind of John Smith—he is like him in many respects; but when I considered that with all his cleverness and acuteness, for he did display much in throwing light upon some trying questions which I put to him about the differential calculus—he was only Junior Optime—I could not help thinking that it was indeed an honour to take honours at all, and that the men who did so were like the fine progeny of Berecynthia of whom Virgil has said, '*Quali Berecynthia Mater Centum complexa Nepotes Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.*'"

"It is now 7 o'clock. To-night I fag hard at a chorus of the Play, into Latin Alcaics. I am in hopes I may be able to do them all, and that will be a lift to me in the examination.—I remain, your ever affectionate Son,

"MONTAGUE HAWTREY."

FROM MONTAGUE TO HIS FATHER (age of writer 21)

"TRINITY COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE),
September 7th 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . I cannot possibly give you the real standing of the Prizemen, for I cannot find it out. I have, however, had this classification given as true: Hoare, Soames, Kerr, O'Brien, myself, Phillips, &c. Malden is very well for the first and second year in Mathematics. I am still doing the differential calculus with him, and am getting on in it much better than I expected I should. In classics I am going on with the '*Phædo*,' which I do not like at all, not being accustomed to the style of Plato, but I find it more teasing than difficult. . . .

"I shall probably, if I occasionally call upon Mrs. Dornford, see her son one of these days, who is fellow and Tutor of Oriel, and shall be likely to find in him a man at least of rather a more generous and less Oxonian turn of mind than O. He was formerly of this College—first-class man—scholar. Then, seeing the distress of the Country at the time of the Peninsular War, gave up all his prospects and

became a Volunteer. Afterwards, when the war was over, as he could not be admitted again to his former place in Trinity, he went to Wadham College, and was elected from that College Fellow of Oriel. . . . —I remain, my dear Sir, your ever affect. Son,

MONTAGUE HAWTREY."

FROM THE SAME TO HIS MOTHER (on the same sheet)

" . . . I have so calculated the Coaches that any day in the year, if I set off from here (Cambridge) one morning, I could dine with you (at Sherborne) the next day, and if I set out from Sherborne at 11 o'clock, I could arrive here for tea the next evening. . . . The suite of rooms which I now occupy is very handsome, just such a one as I should like to receive you into on your visit to Cambridge. It consists of no less than six chambers. . . . I believe I could have it if I chose, as the present occupant is not likely to come back, and I have the right as first-class man to choose . . . whatever unappropriated rooms I please. If I should find a little recreation necessary this winter . . . it is home I had rather go to than anywhere else. . . . I never go *on* the water—no inclination—bathing delightful. I beg you will not allow the disappointment caused to me with regard to a longer stay in Wales to give you the least pain, as I am *completely* satisfied on that head. Do not suppose that I say this merely to ease your mind. I assure you that is not the case, but I am, and not without reason, thoroughly and completely satisfied about it. . . .—I remain your most affecte. son,

M. HAWTREY."

FROM MONTAGUE TO HIS MOTHER

"TRINITY COLLEGE, Nov. 28, 1826.

"I certainly do owe you a letter, and however pressing my other duties may be, this debt must be discharged. I have been very much engaged till within a few days.

"I had intended not mentioning to you or Papa or any one *what* it was that I was engaged in, but I have changed my mind. As Papa is so interested in all I do, I will tell him the

circumstances of my labours, and will not cautiously defer mentioning my contest until I can inform him of my victory. Such a plan might suit very well for one who was sure of success and who wished to make the announcement more joyous by being more unexpected, but as this is not quite the case with me, I will let you and Papa participate not only in the happiness of success or the sorrows of defeat, as it may turn out, but you shall also know my anticipations, and the struggles of my contest.

“What I have been engaged in is an English declamation. The prizes are three—one a Silver Cup of 20, two of 10 pounds each.

“An English declamation prize is a thing which you may well believe I would not let slip through my fingers, and so I tried for it with all my might. Chatfield was the one to declaim with me, and at my suggestion we fixed upon the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I spoke in favour of him. After considerable research I collected the necessary books to read and devoured them. I then got Burke’s *Speeches* and the letters of Junius, and last of all, fortunately or unfortunately, I thought of that noble panegyric of the Prince de Condé by Bossuet, which is considered one of the *chefs-d’œuvre* of the French language, and I got a good deal of help from it with regard to fine phrases and ideas in praise of a great General. At last I began to write, and, while so engaged, *at times thought I was sure of victory*, at others that *I was sure of defeat*, and this, to tell you the truth, is the way in which I generally feel about all my things. However, that I might *be sure* to say nothing extravagant or bombastic, I thought I would get some sensible, simple-minded, not critical, ingenuous freshman, to whom I might read it over, and who might suggest anything that struck him. Such a fair-minded individual I found in the person of honest Tate. He suggested some alterations. I saw the force of his remarks, and made them. I had finished the declamation on Tuesday at about 12 at night, and had to write it out, get it by heart, and recite it in Trinity Chapel before the College on Wednesday at 6 o’Clock in the Evening. I laboured hard on Wednesday, but,

notwithstanding all my labours, had only time to write it and rush into the Chapel. As I entered, the men were rising from their knees, and I had instantly, out of breath as I was, to proceed forward, mount the rostrum, and begin. Well, at first I felt a little. Fortunately I had been practising the first part of my declamation pretty frequently before I had written it out, and so was able to get on pretty well without referring much to my paper. Indeed, I got on in that respect much better than many, who make no scruple of reading it through; but I *had hoped* to be able to give it out well, and to do justice to it. In this I was disappointed. I cannot, however, blame myself much, as it was necessary to give *every moment* I could to the *composition*, which, after all, is the thing that counts, and my declamation consisted of 22 pages of closely written letter paper, and I had only one fortnight to read for it, and write it, and all. You may well suppose I did not recite one quarter of it. This is never done when the declamation is long. Quarter of an hour is the most that any man can venture to take, and mine would have taken 3 quarters of an hour to recite. I was told that my voice completely filled the Chapel, which I was very glad to hear, as I have never heard a man declaim yet who could be heard at many yards' distance.

"When I was running up to my room after it was all over, I met Walker, and he said: 'Well, you gave us a most splendid declamation.'

"I thought he was rather in joke, but he assured me he thought it was the best he had heard. This, from Walker, I thought was very flattering. There is only [one other] besides Walker who has given me an opinion about it. That is Young, who got the second declamation prize last year. He said that he could not venture to say much about [it] from having heard only a part of it, but he thought that in the beginning I had not *prepared* my praises of Marlborough's military talents sufficiently by stating of how much consequence, and how praiseworthy, *military talents were*. I see my error, and only wish I had seen it before. . . . I quite come into the plan of a short visit immediately after the examination and

working hard at Classics afterwards, but I may have to stay a few days, perhaps a week, after the Examination to try for some prize or other. These prize compositions occur so frequently that it is almost as much as one can do to write for them all: this Term an English declamation and a set of Lyrics—I shall write about 30, subject Delos; next Term, a Latin declamation and set of Hexameters, about 140; third term, set of Hexameters and pentameters. These are merely college Prizes. Then there are all the University prizes besides.

“ . . . It would amuse a mathematician to hear a dream I had when I was in the thick of declamation business, and was at the same time busied with mathematics. I dreamed that I had to praise some man’s character, and was trying to do so by taking a point in his character and making it the origin of three rectangular co-ordinates and proving that his character was admirable in each of these directions. . . . If she [his little sister] be called Florence, there is a double reason for her being called Molesworth, for Florence is not a Colclough name, but one which has descended to us *through* the Colcloughs, and she is not descended from Florence Colclough, but she *is* descended from *Florence Molesworth*, the said lady being precisely her great-great-grandmother. . . .

“I cannot tell for certain Martineau’s place or Walker’s, or in fact my own with certainty. . . . I *must* now conclude.
—Ever your affec. son, M. HAWTREY.”

Part of another letter from Montague, characteristic of the writer—young, intellectual, aspiring, modest; perhaps thwarted by the narrowness of his and his family’s means:—

“There is only one thing that tends to make me unhappy now . . . namely, the almost *positive certainty* that if I had followed Papa’s advice about becoming a pensioner and trying for a scholarship, I should now have been scholar of Trinity. The men of our year elected are M., C., S., P., and W.!! I have no kind of doubt but that, had I begun from last Christmas, I should have beaten this man easily. The only

thing that supports me is this—I refused it ; and I refused it from a feeling of honour. I considered it dishonourable to desert my flag, such as it was, and dishonourable after having had the benefits which I have received from the college, to step in and prevent others from having a share, and I cannot consider *that* a disgrace which I did through a feeling of honour. I have no more doubt of my being a scholar of Trinity this time [next] year than I have that I am now a Sizar.

“ You seemed in your last to think slightly of what I said in my last about my wish to become acquainted with Cavendish, and to think that I had *no right on that ground* to regret being a Sizar. But if you reflect that (whether madly or sensibly I pretend not to say), when I first thought of coming up to college, my great wish next to that of obtaining honours was that I might be thrown in the way of men of noble birth and noble sentiments, and that I might by my abilities, and by establishing a character of honour and respectability, gain their esteem and friendship ; when you reflect that it was the dread of being irrevocably *ipso facto* expelled from such society and such acquaintance . . . by the very circumstance of my being a Sizar, which alone set me against it ; when, in addition to this, you reflect that at the moment of my coming up to Cambridge I find in my own year, of my own standing, exactly such a one as I had pictured to myself, heir to the first title in England, and at the same time reading as hard as any man of his year, associating, not with the silly and extravagant, but with the cleverest men of his year, and noted for the greatest regularity and propriety of conduct of any man in college ; when again you reflect that I cannot conceive of anything in this universe which could have hindered E. H. from introducing me to him but the circumstance so often alluded to, since he—E. H.—seemed to take a pleasure in speaking to me of him as one of the best and most meritorious he had ever had under his care, and mentioning that it was the great advantage of Oxford over Cambridge that there was there, what he seemed to think did not exist at Cambridge, a society composed of clever and diligent men, in which noblemen and others freely associated together without

reference to rank or other distinction than that of abilities—when you consider and reflect over all these things, and think what effect the consideration of them was likely to have upon a mind like mine, you will, I think, grant that it is natural for me to feel a little, and anxiously to hope that some circumstance may yet happen which will make him not altogether spurn my acquaintance.

“The man has altered my picture a little, and it is now a greater fool and more contemptible ass than ever. I shall put myself under penance for being silly enough to have it taken at all, and am now convinced that it requires mind of a most superior description to render mind in a painting, so that I do not intend to have mine done again till I can afford to get it done by Sir T. Lawrence, if he and I live long enough. . . .—I remain, my dear Mamma, your most affectionate son,

“MONTAGUE HAWTREY.”

There is a postscript to his eldest sister, ending: “Good-bye; I must read hard for the first class, and a high place in it. Tell Mamma I am quite happy, and only want encouragement to keep it up.”

The letter was probably written in 1827—April 29.

FROM ANNA

“SHERBORNE, *February 11th* 1828.

“MY DEAR MONTAGUE,—I am very sorry, indeed, to hear of your headache, and sincerely trust it does not proceed from too hard study. You must be careful on this point, taking plenty of exercise and always leaving your window open when you go out. I wish you had more airy rooms. We were very much interested by Stephen’s account of his visit to you.

“I cannot tell you—now that I am really *at home*—how glad I am at having gone to Cambridge. Indeed, it sometimes appears quite like a dream, and I can scarcely make myself believe that I have really walked under the old Monkish Cloisters of Trinity! but when Stephen tells his

stories and I find I can follow him from College to College, from Chapel to Chapel, from Hall to Hall, and from walk to walk, I then am convinced that it is no delusion of the imagination, but that I am really personally acquainted with all those places of which I have so often heard you speak. I have also seen—

The distant spires and antique towers,

and did—

From the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of Grove, of Lawn, of Mead, survey.

I have, indeed, seen Eton, and it is enough to say it equals my expectations. I like our Cousins¹ very much indeed. They were . . . most kind and affectionate. I was perfectly at my ease with Miss Hawtreys, but felt a little of the awe which we do for very clever persons towards Mr. H. . . . I felt I was addressing a person who understood every subject of conversation perfectly well, and who could discover the slightest mistake you might make, whether on the subject of Painting, Poetry, Paris, Politics, Pedigree, or anything else you please. . . . I never saw a house that so completely came up to my idea of *comfort*. We arrived on Tuesday evening and left them Thursday morning.

“On Wednesday, the 23rd of January, we all drank a toast after dinner, which was no less than your Honor's health, success, prosperity, and many happy returns of your Birthday. . . . I cannot exactly recollect what introduced the subject of C. However, Elizabeth began to speak of him. She said she was very sorry her Brother was not able to introduce him to you, as he was a very nice person and she was sure you would like him, but they were more precise about etiquette at College than anywhere, and if Mr. Hawtreys were to introduce you, he would feel that C. felt *obliged* to

¹ Edward Hawtreys, Mary, Laura, and Elizabeth. Edward was at that time Assistant Master at Eton, afterwards Head Master, and then Provost. His eldest sister, Elizabeth, kept his house. Mary and Laura were probably at this time living with their mother at Hastings. These were all first cousins of and contemporary with my father, though younger than he.

know you, as having been introduced by *him*. . . . At the same time, she said he was very desirous you should be acquainted, and had been talking to her of the possibility of introducing you thro' a friend of his, private Tutor to a young Nobleman, who was a friend of C.

"So you see they think of you with great interest, and speak of you with kindness and affection. . . .

"Papa has sent for my letter, so I must conclude, and remain, your affectionate Sister,
ANNA."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

Also from Sherborne, possibly the same year

"Oct. 13th.

"I have at length found an opportunity of sending you the card-racks; you may perhaps find them useful. Whether or no, I thought you might like to preserve the little drawings, as they are really a curiosity, being done by Grandmamma at the age of 77. I fear you will think my part of the work very clumsily done; you would have reason. . . . My apology must be the very great haste with which I was obliged to do them. Adieu.—Ever yours,
A. H."

The "C." mentioned in the former letter was Mr. Cavendish. The writer, from hearing her brother mention the name without the "Mr." before it, would have fallen into the same way herself. He was a person about whom great interest was felt at the time of taking his degree; for he was both a gifted and, I believe, an earnest aspirant after the highest honours the university could give, and he was also heir to the Duke of Devonshire. If examiners *could* have stretched a point, perhaps it would have been in favour of so estimable a person, and one who was in so high a position. Another competitor for the same honours, and at the same time, was an unknown young man of the name of Philpot, of whose family connections I know nothing except that he was the brother of a chemist in Guernsey, with whom my family used to deal when we lived there.

I think Montague, our eldest brother, took his excellent though less ambitious degree at the time that these two in the forefront of the first ranks were pressing neck to neck for the degree of Senior Wrangler. And from this circumstance it happened that my mother and Anna were both in Cambridge and in the Senate House on the day when the degrees were given. Interest was intense as to who would be Senior Wrangler. There were no telegrams in those days, but a coach and four was in readiness to dash off to Chatsworth, to the Duke of Devonshire, with tidings. And then (when the supreme moment came) those in the Senate House saw advancing alone the pale, unknown stranger, Mr. Philpot, to receive the high honour that he had won for himself; and, strong as may have been the feeling for Mr. Cavendish, the sight called forth the most enthusiastic acclamations, and even tears.

With respect to the acquaintance between Montague and Mr. Cavendish, I believe they were acquainted; and I can remember Mr. Philpot in later days, when a great Don at Trinity, coming to Guernsey to visit his brother, the chemist, and that both the brothers dined with us. I once again saw Mr. Philpot, many years later, distributing prizes at Rugby, when he was Bishop of Worcester.¹

FROM MY MOTHER TO HER ELDEST SON

“MY DEAREST MONTAGUE,—You must have been much annoyed by the little packet you got the other day, so short and unsatisfactory. Curtis did not send up your letter until about 5 minutes before 9 in the morning, so that we had scarce a moment to send any kind of answer to you. I do hope, however, our counsel was unnecessary, and that you have been guided to do that which is best for you. Papa and I have had much talk about you and your prospects, and I do trust all will turn out happily and comfortably for you. Do, my dear Montague, always endeavour (even in the darkest moments) to look with confidence to that God who can and will make a way for you *if you trust Him*. . . . After you left

¹ Appendix F.

I sat for some time thinking what counsel I could give, and, while meditating, happened to take up a ticket which lay on the table, and find in the blessed assurance on the ticket (as the text) all that is needful to comfort: 'He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee.' The evil is our stupid unbelief that prevents our laying hold with confidence, with certainty, on those gracious promises. Seek more earnestly, my dear Montague, for that religion which will enable you to look to God as your Father and Friend. . . .

"Six hours' occupation would leave you a good four for Blackiston. I am very anxious you should get steadily on with that, as assuredly not an hour is to be lost there. What can you do (until you get information by reading) even as to taking one single step on towards your future hopes? God bless you."

FROM MONTAGUE TO HIS MOTHER

"May 21, '27.

"This will be, I suppose, the happy last letter for this time, and I am sure I am not sorry now that things have determined for my going home, and I do entertain hopes that . . . I may be able to do nearly if not quite as well as here, but I must be left quite to myself, and you must have that top room arranged for me. . . .

"I have not, you may well suppose, time now to answer your letter at length, and I shall so soon, please God, have an opportunity of speaking to you, that it is not worth while. Our examination begins this day week, and continues, with the omission of one day, till the Saturday following. I *could*, by now taking my place, set off on Monday morning, but I do confess I should like to stay and know my destiny.

"As you say that you pray for me, I beg you will continue to do so, for I have every need of the prayers of every one who can pray for me, and whose prayers are effectual.—I remain, your ever affectionate Son,

"MONTAGUE HAWTREY."

Part of a letter from her eldest son to my mother from Cambridge:—

“The Examination is over, and I am very deeply dejected. If I was to allow myself to give way to my feelings, they would be acute. But it is some advantage in the misfortunes of life to be possessed of that magnanimity which enables a man to see his hopes blighted with as much composure as if he had hoped nothing, and of that elasticity and vigour of mind by which he is kept from yielding to despondency, and urged by failure to more determined efforts; these qualities of mind I trust I do possess in some degree. One of my hopes is blasted; to the other I still adhere in some degree. I have lost the Declamation Prize, and scarcely dare hope to be in the First Class; a very marked deficiency in some of my subjects and many things make me fear the result of the Examination. However, I do trust that I am quite resigned to the will of Providence. I entered upon this week with a prayer that *that* Will might be done, and I now close it with the same.”

FROM MONTAGUE, AT CAMBRIDGE, TO HIS MOTHER

“*February 20th 1829.*

“MY DEAR MAMA,—I suppose you will consider a letter as indispensable on the last day of the Examination, and I therefore will not omit sending you one. Yesterday we had in the morning Greek Iambics; evening, Herodotus, Thucydides and Aristotle—this morning Latin Elegiacs and Heroics; evening, Juvenal and Lucian. All through I have not met with one single thing that I had read before. In this I believe I am almost singular—and I can only say that, considering I had never seen the things before, I did them very much to my satisfaction, but not so well, certainly, as if I had seen them. I am now come to the end of my labours as far as these immediate pursuits are considered, and I now feel disposed to begin with renewed vigour and read either Blackstone or Classics; for my own part I confess I had rather read Classics, and if that should be the determination, I should be content to stay here, with the exception of a day or two for a hasty visit home, till the trial for the Downing Fellowship.

This is, I know, a thing a great way off, and, as yet, wrapped up in obscurity, and it may seem wild in me to be talking about it as of a thing to come in the regular course of events; but if I, while it is at a distance and in obscurity, read for it as if it were a certainty, shall I not have a better chance than those who are not perhaps aware that such a thing is going to fall, or that they are looking upon more as offering a vague chance than a thing to be built upon? There is a principle in my nature which says, 'Let your hands hang down. You have been unfortunate, you must be so, you can never be otherwise; take your rest, and be content with mediocrity.' But this is a principle which I hate, and do not recognize—a voice whose inglorious murmurings I indignantly stifle—and be its suggestions true or false, whatever may be the result, I will fly in the face of them. My mind is then made up. If—upon the serious advice of men in whose advice I can put confidence—I see reason to alter it, I shall be willing to do so; but the classical tripos having finished to-day, to-morrow at my, ere now, long-accustomed hour of six o'clock, I shall begin to read for the Downing Fellowship, as I have been given to understand that I dare not hope for anything better in the Classical Tripos than a tolerable second—but this may be fairly accounted for by my not having seen the things before. If, however, I now continue to read on, besides increasing my actual strength in classical knowledge, I shall have read an immense quantity of things which are now quite unknown to me. . . . You ask about Edw. Hawtreys when here. Nothing particular happened but that he called on me at Stephen's rooms in the first instance; afterwards I met him at the door of King's hall, standing among a number of Fellows, and he asked me how you were, and Anna, and Stephen. He then congratulated me on my place, and when I said that my place did not deserve congratulation he looked surprised and intimated that he had been misinformed about it. I then told him what it was, and he said, 'I do not know what you may think, but in my time that was considered a very great honour.' [Montague was second in the second class of the

Classical Tripos and third Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos in 1829.] He afterwards called on me, and I asked him how Elizabeth was, and his family, and after a little vague conversation about the occurrences of the time, he went away. I asked him to breakfast, and he promised he would come. I then asked Cavendish and Hallam to come and meet him. Cavendish, who was just in his glory, having obtained the first Smith's prize (and Philpott the second), told me that he had met Ed. Hawtreys, but he was engaged on the day for which I invited him. Hallam came, but not so Ed. H.; he had had his business unexpectedly settled, and had gone off instantly.

"We shall soon have the place quite destitute of Bachelors—Hoare, Martineau, Walker, and other names well known will have disappeared from the University—those only of old names remain who are going to try for the medal. The result of the Classical tripos will not be out for some weeks, but when it is you shall know.

"My best love to all at home, and believe me, ever your most truly affectionate son,

"MONTAGUE J. G. HAWTREY."

The above is directed to "Mrs. Hawtreys, Maidstone, Kent," to which place the family had removed from Sherborne. Later they were for a time at Sheerness, and after that in the Isle of Wight. The Wesleyan Conference, who were considerate in their appointments, probably sent my father there on account of Edward's delicacy of health.

A letter from Montague to his two brothers, Stephen and Edward, at Cambridge, written during a short absence from that place, in July 1830:—

"DEAR STAS AND NED,—I am very sorry that I have been so busy lately that I have been prevented from doing what I intended—that is, give you an account of our visit to St. James's. These wonderful affairs in France have put everything else out of our heads; even the *bonhomme* of King William is forgotten for the *bonasserie* of King Charles

and the marvellous elevation of King Louis Philippe. There have been no accounts from Cherbourg yet.

“We did not wear knees—that was quite unnecessary; we even went in boots. It was only the asses who wore knees, except, indeed, those who, like Cavendish, went in full court dress. We waited about an hour or so in the fine suite of rooms belonging to the new club house, much amused at the moving scene around us, and the various costumes, from gown, band, cassock, hood, &c., down to the simple black suit, for there were all these varieties; and intermixed with these the showy Doctors’ robes, but no noblemen. We occasionally recognised an acquaintance. After waiting, we observed a move downstairs, and following it, perceived ourselves transposed into a room in which a beautiful cold collation was spread. As there seemed to be no difficulty about sitting down . . . (altho’ I confess there was a little twinge felt as to who was to pay?), yet I made the best attempt I could to shift for myself, and managed to get a few slices of tongue. Well, we at last moved off, and after much waiting were ushered through a long suite of rooms into the presence. At first I could see nothing but the King’s cocked hat, as he read his reply to the address, but at last I pushed up close to the circle of Dons and Doctors, and saw everything. The Dukes of Wellington, Sussex, and Gloucester were the most remarkable personages besides the King. The King’s speech on the occasion of the Queen’s being introduced to receive the address to her was too good ever to be forgotten. There was a little hesitation, and then the King, bending slightly forward, said:—

“‘If the University of Cambridge will wait one minute, Her Majesty is in the next room, and will come in immediately. If we were living in ancient times, and were all Roman Catholics, it would not perhaps be right for me to speak of introducing a Lady to the University; but as we are all now, thank God, good Protestants, there can be nothing improper in my doing so. I have no doubt that you are quite as virtuous as your predecessors, and there can be no greater advocate for virtue. But, as I am sure you would much rather see the Queen than see me, she shall come in.’

“With this he rose briskly from the Throne and went into the next room, whence issued the Queen, very much embarrassed. The Duke of Wellington turned on one side, and got quite red at the King’s undignified speech. I suppose you have had a good deal of stir at Cambridge lately owing to the various elections. The Methodists have completely turned Lord John Russell out of Bedford because of what he wrote about them. About the middle of the election he made the *amende honorable*, and then they came in in shoals and brought him nearly in, but the Mayor had the casting vote, and gave it against him. I hope you are both getting on very well. I don’t at all see why Stas should not be Senior Wrangler; but, *bonâ fide*, if you work wisely it is within your reach—you know I told you so before you went to Cambridge. However, I tell you candidly that this depends as well upon your *not* having such men as Airy¹ in your year as upon your own fagging steadily on. Ned’s situation I look on as most enviable. Yours. Adieu. . . .”

The letter is sent by private hand, and addressed to:—

“Stephen Hawtrey, Esqre.,
Trinity College,
Cambridge.”

It was written in 1830, the year after the writer had taken his degree, and when beginning to study law in London.

My eldest brother took his degree at Cambridge in 1829, and then read for the law. His religious, upright, intellectual turn of mind had made him, while still a boy, much respected by his young brothers and sisters; and I remember hearing his old French schoolfellow, Monsieur La Place, in middle life, describing with much *bonhomie* how, when they were at the College of Louis le Grand together, “Il m’avait tâcher de convertir—moi, le reprobât!” And in a letter from my father, written during a passing visit to Paris in 1836, about fifteen years after the family had left France, I find the following testimony to Montague’s character from another

¹ Astronomer Royal.

fellow-student, Mr. Jules Janin, sometime editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*:—

“On Saturday,” writes my father, “Janin called on me. He is one of the most striking men I ever beheld. He spoke of Montague in raptures—said he ought to have remained in France; that if he had, he would have risen to the highest eminence in literature, and would have been Professor of Rhetoric. He said he considered his Latin was better than Boitard’s; it was more the Latinity of Tacitus, nervous and *mâle*. He said he used to tease him at Louis le Grand. That poor Montague used to get up often at midnight to pray, and he, Janin, did his utmost to disturb and interrupt him in his devotions, and Montague would promise to give him his Breakfast the next morning if he would leave him quiet, and upon this Janin used to leave him alone, and poor Montague had the benefit of finishing his prayers in peace at the expense of his breakfast. Janin is a wonderfully candid man . . . frankly said he would not visit England, though he might have gone in the suite of Talleyrand, and is intimate with the Duchess of Sutherland and other great folks, because the Kitchen is so bad, and he should have been exhibited as *une bête curieuse*.”

In 1833, having given up the idea of the law, my brother was ordained, and entered upon his first curacy at Chorley, in Lancashire, whither long letters were sent to him from the family home at Pakefield, my father’s showing the greatest interest in his son’s opening career as a preacher, and other members of the family telling him home and village news.

Some of my father’s hints and advice I will give, as in these he speaks himself, and not only to his own eldest son, but to the children and grandchildren of that son, and to their contemporaries.

The following is a sermon which my father wrote to be a help to my brother in his very early days of preaching. The letter in which the sermon is written is dated July 1833.

“‘This is the condemnation, that Light is come into the World, and men loved darkness more than Light, because their deeds were evil’ (St. John iii. 19).

“The words are connected with a very interesting incident in the life of our Lord. He who came to be a Light to those who sat in darkness could not fail to excite general observation by the singularity of His life and by the wonderful works He performed. He who spake as never man spake must have had many hearers. He who could feed thousands with a few loaves of bread would have many followers. He who could cure the sick by a touch, cleanse the lepers, give sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, Life to the dead, would have many applicants for relief. He who professed to be the expected Messiah, assuming to Himself the high and distinguished title of being the Son of God, must have many observers. Hence His fame, we learn, was spread abroad in all that country.

“It is not therefore to be wondered at that, among many others, a certain Ruler of the Jews named Nicodemus should have entertained a great desire to see so remarkable a Person, and thus be enabled to judge himself whether His pretensions were grounded on truth, or whether He was one who deceived the people. But inasmuch as only the common people heard Him gladly, and none of the Rulers or Pharisees had believed on Him, Nicodemus, who was a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, the most August Council in their Polity, naturally hesitated in taking a step which would bring on him general animadversion, and not improbably contempt and odium. He therefore preferred the night season to obtain an interview with our Lord, which, while on the one hand it would screen him from public observation, would on the other afford him leisure and opportunity for conversation without the risk of notice or interruption.

“He who was at all times accessible afforded him the interview he desired, and at once without hesitation introduced His visitor to an acquaintance with the nature of [His Kingdom], and of the prerequisite to an admission into its distinguished privileges. The doctrine of the new Birth was a novelty which perfectly astonished and bewildered him, as it does every unconverted man, for the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness unto

him. In His farther communications with Nicodemus, our Lord made known to him the matchless love of God in giving His only begotten Son, that all who believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life; declaring that God sent not His Son into the World to condemn the World, but that the World through Him might be saved.

"We have in this declaration of our Lord three things to notice.

"First, a most interesting fact announced.

"Light is come into the world.

"Secondly, a melancholy fact stated and accounted for, that

"Men loved darkness rather than light, their deeds being evil.

"Thirdly, the great principle of the Divine Judgement unfolded.

"This is the condemnation.

"I. Light is come into the world.

"This Light was the Lord Jesus Christ, who is to the moral world what the Sun is to the natural. One of the properties of Light is to make manifest. How well this will apply to the Sun of Righteousness, risen with healing in His wings, must be obvious to all believers in Revelation. He it is who has disclosed to us those things which were hidden from our eyes. And first as to the nature of God; for when the World by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. 'Lift up your eyes on high; behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number, that calleth them all by name by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power, not one faileth' (Isaiah xl. 26).

"Omniscient Spirit, trying the reins and searching the hearts, weighing our actions and ascertaining our motives. Omnipresent. Whither shall I flee from Thy Spirit, or whither from Thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost part of the sea, even there also shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill Heaven and Earth?

“ And if the Being of God is by this Light made manifest, so also is the Nature of man. Here we have his true History—what he was in his high and original formation, when God created him in His own image and likeness, pure and holy, without moral turpitude or defilement, and what he now is, the very reverse of what he was, a fallen spirit, bearing no longer the image of the heavenly, but earthly, sensual, devilish, and what he may become through Grace in his present probationary state, the child of God, and, as such, an heir of Glory, and what he will be hereafter if faithful to that grace so liberally bestowed on him, when the mortal shall have put on immortality. This Light also instructs us in *the means of his recovering*, for Christ is come to seek and to save that which was lost. He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. His death is our life. He has opened a Fountain in Israel for sin and for all uncleanness; and so efficacious is the remedy that though, says the Prophet, ‘ your sins be red as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ’ (Is. i. 18), for He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. He is the ransom, having paid the price that inexorable Justice had fixed for our redemption. On Him the chastisement of our peace was laid, and by His stripes we are healed. He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Together with the means of recovery, this Light points out to us the *rule of our duty*, the first of which is (and from which all the suffering of Christ does not dispense us) Repentance, whereby we forsake sin. ‘ Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish ’—a repentance which does such thorough work that it insists upon plucking out the offending eye, or cutting off the right-hand sin. His Light instructs us in all the various duties we owe to God, whom we are commanded to love with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourself, walking in all our Heavenly Father’s Commandments blameless as the only proof of the earnestness of that faith by which we are saved—which faith without this evidence is a mere notion, being, as St. James says, dead. If it be asked, Who is sufficient for these things? He acquaints us with the Great Source of

our help. Without Me, He says, you can do nothing, but, He adds, My grace is sufficient. He requires nothing that is not reasonable. His commandments are not grievous, being all founded in truth and equity, and in keeping of them there is great reward. And this Light, opening to our view the final purpose of the Divine Government, gives us timely information that God has appointed a day when He will judge the world by Jesus Christ, and when He will render to every man according to his works—that to him who, by patient continuance in well-doing, has been seeking glory and immortality He will apportion eternal life, while to them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation, and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil (Romans ii. 7, 8, 9).

“This Light is come into the world. Sin had involved in moral darkness the whole world. The Light shineth in darkness. Prior to His advent the Gentile world was in absolute darkness. Their state is fearfully described by the Apostle to the Ephesians as being at that time without Christ, aliens from the Commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. And, awful as is this representation, it is no less true respecting every individual who, whatever may be his profession, is still impenitent and unconverted, being under the influence of a carnal mind, which is enmity with God.

“And while the Gentile world was in darkness, the Jewish nation—the ostensible people of God—were no less so. Blindness, too, was theirs, though unto them were committed the oracles of God. Christ came to enlighten the whole world—all ranks in Society. With Him is nothing that is not known—all nations and peoples. . . . Oh! how much opposition is there not to the Gospel in the human mind. Ignorance is darkness, and how gross is not this darkness in which many sit. It is not necessary to exhibit as an illustration the condition of the heathen, to whom the name of Christ is not known. But oh! my friends, conceive the moral state of many in this favoured country, enriched with so many means of grace, in which the Light of Divine truth shines so brightly;

how many are there here who know not the Lord who bought them, and care for none of these things! But will God hold such guiltless? No, 'the time of ignorance God hath winked at,' but He now commands every one, everywhere, to repent. Ignorance of God and His Gospel has produced prejudice, and this has been a stumbling-block in the way of many.

"Have any of the Rulers believed on Him? was the question which prejudice asked of old, nor is this stone of stumbling so rolled away that the Gospel has free course to run and be glorified. Error of various kinds has produced superstition, while multitudes riot in sin and live in misery. Such is the darkness which prevails, and in which almost countless millions are still involved. But my text says: 'Men loved darkness rather than light.'

"At the first view we should almost pronounce it impossible, and yet how true. Do we need a proof? It is evinced by their neglecting the Light. The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. Men neglect the opportunities which are afforded them, and which are intended to make them wise unto salvation.

" 'Wisdom crieth without, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity . . . and fools hate knowledge? Turn ye at my reproof!' (Prov. i. 20).

"Wisdom indeed crieth without by her Prophets and teachers, who are lifting up their voice and crying:—

" 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the Waters.'

"But may we not exclaim with the Prophet in, alas! too many cases:—

" 'Who hath believed our report?'

"Not only do they neglect the Light, but they reject and sin against it. He came unto His own, but His own received Him not. Nor does His compassionate message meet with a more welcome reception than did its Author. The offers of mercy are rejected by multitudes, who say to God:—

" 'Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him? And what profit should we have if we pray unto Him?' (Job xxi. 14).

“And it is this contempt of His word and commandment, a crime almost unparalleled, that provokes the Eternal God to exclaim :—

“ ‘Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at nought all my counsel and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh, when your fear cometh as desolation. Then shall they cry unto Me, but I will not answer. They shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me, for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. My wisdom and My counsel they despised, and would none of My reproof.’ And this melancholy fact is thus accounted for : Their deeds are evil.

“That which caused their Redeemer to shed tears of sorrow and wrung from Him great drops of blood, which ploughed His back with scourges, which crowned His Head with thorns, which pierced His Hands and His Feet, which nailed Him to the Cross, which gave Him over to a horror of mental darkness, extorting from Him the cry, ‘My God ! My God ! why hast Thou forsaken Me ?’—*that* they love ; that sin whose wages is death they love ; that which must presently overwhelm them with unutterable and endless woe they love, for truth is unpleasant to them. It alarms them, and well it may. They desire peace and security, and the light of truth they cannot endure. It embitters sin. It makes it unpalatable, for it condemns them, destroys all their hopes of future happiness, for the soul that sinneth it shall die.

“And this leads us to consider, in the third place, the great principle of the Divine Judgement which this unfolds.

“This is the condemnation. Yes, this ingratitude, this neglect of God, this preference of darkness to Light, this condemns them now, and shall condemn them for ever hereafter. This is the cause of their condemnation, for they are without excuse, as it is the property of Light to inform the Judgement. ‘If I had not come and spoken to them they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin.’ This

is also the great aggravation of their guilt, because sinning against Light supposes a greater contempt and despite of God's authority.

"That servant who knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, nor did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes, for unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required, and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more. Hence the conduct of those who thus manifest their utter indifference to the all-important consideration of their soul's salvation does not admit of those excuses and pleas to extenuate the offence which sins of ignorance do; moreover, it argues a love of sin without disguise. Ignorance may have excuse, this has none. And this will be the cause of self-condemnation, for in that day we shall know the blessing of the gift we have rejected. Little as he that rejecteth the Light may esteem it now, the day will come when he will know the value of the gift he despises.

"Evangelical light is a very rich favour and mercy of God to men, and the greater the mercy the greater the sin in abusing it. Such unhappy characters will remember how often they have sinned against conscience, and then will their conscience also condemn them, and this will be the principle on which Angels and men will acquiesce in the final condemnation of sinners. Hence we see that no one will be finally condemned because he was once a sinner, but because he refused a Saviour, because he would not be saved, but preferred a course of iniquity and sin, whose wages is death, to a life of piety and true wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. And hence we learn that no man can be saved who rejects Christ, for there is no other name under Heaven given unto men whereby we might be saved, but only the name of Christ Jesus our Lord. And if *He* is rejected, there is no other sacrifice for sin. But he who receives Christ shall enjoy the divine favour here, and eternal and imperishable glory hereafter. Permit me then to intreat you seriously to consider these things. God has provided a Saviour for you. He has sent a message of mercy to you by the preaching of the Gospel. This is your day of Grace. Let

me intreat you not to make light of it. Remember, as we read in our morning Lesson—

“‘I must,’ says Christ, ‘work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work.’

“We have all a work to do. O what a work! to work out our own salvation, and to make our calling sure. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Let me hope that many of you, O friends! have not only pondered with all seriousness these important realities, but that you are walking in the Light; that you have tasted the good word of God and the power of the world to come; that you know the truth, and feel that the truth has made you free. As then you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, let me entreat you so to walk in Him, endeavouring to glorify God in your body and Spirit, which are His, that when He shall appear you may receive the Crown of Life that fadeth not away.”

My father adds: “If it affords you a little assistance I shall be glad, and may the Almighty God give you His Blessing, and make your word a Blessing to very many souls. We shall hope to hear something to-morrow; we have not forgotten you, but have borne you up in constant prayer, and shall continue to do so, and may the Almighty God be with you. I hope soon to hear that you are a better preacher than ever I have been. I have no better advice to give you than what Adam Clarke said to me when I entered the Ministry, ‘Live to God, and He will take care of your soul.’ Farewell! The Lord God bless and keep you. Amen. I shall hope to hear [all particulars] this week of your ordination.—
Ever yours in true affection, J. H.

“PAKEFIELD, *Sat., July 13, /33.*”

The sermon and letter are written on one large folio sheet, folded into itself and directed on the back to “Rev. Montague Hawtrey, Post Office, Chorley, Lancashire.”

Here are a few lines from my mother to her eldest son, written probably the same year, but not dated.

"Not having heard from you takes away all my Spirit in making up this parcel. . . .

"I trust, with the Blessing of God, your letter will tell us that all is well and you are happy. Cultivate cheerfulness and a degree of Society; do not take a morose or sullen view of religion, as many have done, and mix up their own natural temperament with what they teach as the will of God. The unencumbered religion of the Bible is lovely, harmonizing the dispositions so beautifully, and teaching such *perfect* reliance on the care and love of God, that happiness must be the result. May you ever find it so, my dearest, dearest Montague, not alone to your own comfort, but to the advantage and instruction of others."

I have introduced letters from my eldest brother. He was of a very intellectual mind, and very upright; respected by his young brothers and sisters, sincerely and deeply religious from boyhood. At Cambridge he had not the advantages which would have helped him over difficulties almost if not quite insurmountable to a man to whom was denied the precious help of a private tutor. However, his degree was a very respectable one.

As we have seen, he studied for the law, but decided eventually to take orders. He was curate first in the North at Chorley in Lancashire, at which time he and two of his sisters, who were with him, had a never-to-be-forgotten pedestrian tour in the Lakes. Later he was curate at Everton near Liverpool, then in London at Chelsea, and about the time of his marriage the Bishop of Winchester gave him the living of Rimpton in Somersetshire. He was also Prebendary of Wells and Rural Dean, and with his beloved wife saw children and grandchildren round him. He died in his eighty-first year, in December 1886.

CHAPTER XXXIV

VARIOUS FAMILY LETTERS

THERE is no date to the following letter, but probably it was written in 1829 or 1830.

FROM MY MOTHER TO HER SONS AT CAMBRIDGE

“MY DEAREST STEPHEN AND EDWARD,—You may conceive all I have to do just now, to leave everything fit for the inspection of an enemy (if we have one), besides trying to have things in order for our *first* appearance, and all to be done *sans l'argent*. Anna, I suppose, has given you an account of our expedition to Sheerness. I trust we may be happy there after a while. We must try all possible means to get into the house before our beloved Cambridge friends arrive, or they will scarce acknowledge us. . . . I trust any little remains of cough may be more constitutional than proceeding from the lungs, and that as you get strength it will gradually go off, but you must, for a long time, be very careful not to add cold to your cough. I suppose Anna has long since given you the full account of William's visit; it was most interesting altogether, and funny, as you may conclude, he being in high spirits. . . . We were very happy for two days, and sorrowful enough after. My poor dear mother! I never felt more parting from her. . . . The people at Sheerness seem very happy at Papa's being appointed, which I take as a good sign, and do trust we may be happy there. I had a very kind letter from Aunt . . . which I was rejoiced at, as I do mourn over an unkindly feeling between relations. Of course, I shall soon answer it in the same style. G. M. H.'s information about you was not very correct. Poor G. M. H.! It is hard to persuade her when she takes a fancy in her head. I wrote her a long letter about it . . . but all would not do. I have now only, my beloved sons,

to close this with tenderest love.—Ever your most affectionate
Mother, A. H.

“Your health is continually on my mind; do not do anything imprudent or likely to injure yourselves in any way.”

To Stephen my mother writes in 1831 :—

“Do not be discouraged about the scholarship; I think there is no doubt but you will have it. We pray that you may be helped to obtain it, and that you may be resigned to the Will of God, whatever it may be.”

Again, writing from Marmion Place, at Southsea, Mr. Webb’s house, she tells of Edward’s arrival there.

“The kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Webb is *beyond* anything I could possibly explain to you. Suffice it to say, their mind seems occupied but by the one object, that of benefitting him in every possible way.

“Mr. and Mrs. Webb’s kindest love to you, and congratulations on your having got the scholarship; Mr. Webb was always sure you would get it.”

In a letter from Stephen from Cambridge, May 1830, he sends to his brother Edward the Classical subjects for the following term, and adds :—

“I asked Thorpe for them when you wrote, because I said, ‘I have a brother coming up.’ ‘What, another!’ he said with great glee; ‘the more the better.’ So he is prepared to receive you. I don’t know whether I ever told you the conversation I had with Higman. We were talking a little about Sizars, and he said, ‘You are in very good society, Mr. Hawtreys, I believe, here at college. I mean your acquaintances are very high men.’ And then he congratulated me on it, and asked whether I found my situation any hindrance to it. However, it is impossible to retail a conversation in the end of a letter. I only mention it as a

proof of how the college have their eyes on every man, and that it is of the utmost importance to get a character. In the course of conversation I said to Higman, 'My father has a very large family.' 'Oh, your father is a most excellent person. Sir, I have the highest respect for your father.' In fact, Martin, Thorpe, and Higman are sincere friends to Montague and me. I hope the same affection will subsist between you and them; it will be quite in your power.—Ever yours,
S. HAWTREY.

"I hope you will be able to make this out. I have endeavoured to write legibly. Any idea of ever writing well I have long since given up as a lost case."

A LETTER FROM ANNA TO STEPHEN (written from
Chiswick, September 30, 1829).

MY DEAREST STEPHEN,—You quite mistake in imagining our dearest, best of Papas would be displeased at your coming on the third; quite the contrary, he only thought it was your particular wish to stay. He wrote such a sweet letter across your's, expressing great pleasure at your being able to meet us so soon.

"Oh, Stephen, every night when I lie down the last thought I have is how deeply we are indebted to God. What Parents have we not! The more I see of the world, the more I learn how to estimate them!

"I was obliged to leave off when I had written so far to go with Mamma to visit Mrs. Penny; you know she is Aunt Harwood's daughter-in-law" (I think she means step-daughter). "She is exceedingly kind. She begged we would write to you to ask you to stop there, which is two miles nearer London than we are—that we should meet you at her house, then take a nice walk in Kensington Gardens, and return to dinner (No. 10 Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington). We shall then remain here till early on Monday, at Aunt Harwood's. Poor dear Aunt Harwood suffers exceedingly, but is the picture of (I might almost call it) magnanimous resignation. Mamma sits with her a little every day.

"I am amusing myself here by reading Homer's *Iliad*, which to my no small satisfaction I found in the library.

"Mr. Penny has just been calling here to say Mrs. Penny will come to see Aunt Harwood to-morrow, and as she is a great invalid she will so knock herself up as not to be able to see company on Saturday, therefore wishes us to dine with her on Monday. I do not know that we shall. However, you must now come on to Chiswick at once. Order the stage to stop at the 'Roebuck,' Turnham Green, where we shall be looking out for you. Good-bye, my dear Stephen—à *Samedi* !
—Ever your most affecte. sister, ANNA."

I give the above letter chiefly because it speaks of relations on my mother's side who are unknown even by name to some of my nephews and nieces. But they have connections now living who are descendants of the Mrs. Penny mentioned in the letter, who was step-daughter to my mother's aunt, Mrs. Harwood—her father's sister. Mrs. Harwood was a good, kind aunt to my mother. Mrs. Penny's son, and his children, took the name of Harwood. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the two Miss Harwoods and their two brothers some years ago, when they took Church House for a few weeks in the summer of one of the early eighties.

Part of a letter from my mother at a time when she inherited a portion of the property of her father's sister, to whom she was much attached—her Aunt Harwood. My mother was away from home with Edward, who was in delicate health. The letter is to my father.

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—Your letter giving the account of yesterday has affected us all. How could you listen to W.'s economy for a moment and not go to see once more my poor dear aunt's countenance, now left to moulder in the dust! I quite feel a pang of sorrow on that account, and if I had known all, would most certainly have gone up with Montague, and am very sorry I did not.

"The gratification I might feel at my share of her property is very much damped by poor dear William and Edward's share being so little, and my only consolation is that

our dear mother, no doubt, will leave her part between them. As to being elated, my love, I am happy to say I felt the same conviction in my mind that we should not be forsaken, even at the moments of your most gloomy forebodings and anticipations, as I do now. And I trust and look for one of the most happy effects to me resulting from this—that of your not being oppressed by care. Careful, without care, fully expresses my sentiment on worldly money matters. I wish I felt it as fully on other points. My children, my children, there is my failing, but even there I feel a conviction that I do all that *tenderness, reason, and prudence* can suggest. I would fain say, Thy will be done. Our dear Edward's state is such as to make us rejoice with trembling; he has looked better these two days, walks a little on the Parade, drives out with Mrs. Ross or the Grahams daily, eats tolerably, but is oppressed in walking or reading, and perspires most painfully at night; my heart sinks each morning that I go into his room. He is taking a tonic and does not certainly cough much, so we must trust, with the blessing of God and great care, that he may yet be spared to us. I hope my sweet ones at home are all well; do not let them be too much with the D.'s or Mrs. J. It will make them idle.

“The Grahames (Claverhouse Clan) are nice acquaintances for Edward, very religious and very cheerful. . . .

“My sweet darling children, how I long to see you! If dear Edward continues to improve, I think I may slip away, even if I came back again to him, for he does not at all think he could manage long without me. Dear, dear Edward! Sometimes I am almost quite cast down about him, then I revive a little. He and Anna are out with Mrs. R. while I write you this long letter.”

Then follow a plan for coming home from Hastings and tender messages and words to husband and children. “Give my sweet darling F. more kisses than I can say. . . . Poor darling J., I do love you very much indeed.”

One of the few letters that I have from a very kind grandmother that I can hardly remember, addressed to my mother:—

"ROSS, *June 8, 1830* [probably].

"MY BELOVED ANN,—At length I am relieved from the very great anxiety I felt about our dear Edward. Indeed, I was almost sure you were ill yourself. Is not Anna with you? I know I am in her debt many letters, but she must consider how irksome it is to me to write. We were happy to find Edward was somewhat better. I trust this summer will bring him on.

"I had a letter from William saying he expected you in about a fortnight. . . .

"We think of going [to Feathered on the Sea] in about a week, but should you arrive before our return, we have got a good Lodgings there, and will make you comfortable, or if you preferred Ross, I would come and meet you there. But be sure, write and let us know all your wishes.

"Edward [her son] and his family are also to go there if they can get Lodgings.

"I was grieved to find that I did not mention our joy at the thought of seeing dear Edward [her grandson]. It was quite a forget, as I am delighted at the thoughts of his being able to come. Remember me to Mrs. Webb. Love to dear Edward, and Anna if she is with you.—Ever, ever your's,

"H. W." [HARRIET WATSON].

A letter from my grandmother, Mrs. Stephen Hawtreys, widow of the Recorder of Exeter, to my father. Written from Widmerpool, a parish of which her son-in-law, Mr. Bird, was Rector.

"*November 21, 1830.*

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I was willing to defer writing until I got to the end of my Journey, and here I am in health and safety, thanks be to my Heavenly Father and those of my friends who I know offered up their Prayers for my safety. 'Twas a long Journey for one of my age, but, strange as it may seem, but for my unlucky face I might pass for *half* my age, having no aches or pains or debility. I reached Widmerpool Friday Evening; found Mr. Bird tolerably well considering his many infirmities. I really think he may live on for many months,

if not years, or his medical attendant says he may go off suddenly. . . .

“I hope to have enough to keep little Pony and Chair. The former is now at the Farm till the Spring, when I hope to visit you and the good children, who I hope will thrive in their different callings. My kindest regards to them all. They cannot but think I am kind in purchasing land for their use and not mine. . . .

“I fear you must have gone through a great deal by what you write. . . .

“Let no worldly matter whatever make you unhappy, unless you give cause. Good people are born to suffer. . . .

“May every Blessing attend you is the prayer of your affec. Mother,
S. HAWTREY.

“What dreadful doings! They may in part thank themselves. Why not employ the poor instead of using these machines?

“Your next, should you be busy, may be filled up by Ann or one of her Brood.”

The land that my grandmother speaks of was purchased for £300, which she very kindly thus invested for the good of her grandchildren. A piece of ground that went by the name of “Egypt” was bought and planted with firs. An alternative purchase had been possible, namely, land in a fishing village. The fir plantation was chosen, and brought in but little. The fishing village has now grown into the popular and populous Bournemouth!

A letter from my grandmother to my father at Sheerness; the post-mark is 1831:—

“MY DEAR JOHN,—I have just received a letter from Sarah” (her daughter had now lost her husband, Mr. Bird), “who, to my surprise, tells me that she intends living the

rest of her life in Widmerpool, and boarding with her servant Ann, who is going to be married to a Farmer in the Village. She also informs me that she hopes I may like to take up my abode there too; that, till she has paid her debts, she shall stay at Mr. Wilson's, Upper Broughton. I fully purpose going Wednesday, and travelling short stages in my Pony Carriage, so that I cannot be there under 2 weeks. I also purpose being there one month, then of going to Sheerness to see you and family, and do hope to bring her too; but not under your roof, being too gay—that is, too noisy. But all is, I am persuaded, in the hand of God.

“Mr. Smith has acted wisely. . . . You may depend on his word, for a truer Christian cannot be found for Piety and Judgement; therefore all turns out by his means to surpass what you thought.

“I can write no more, as I am going to Charmouth to tell them about Sarah.—Ever yours, S. H.

“Let not money matters cast you down; act *you* discreetly. I fully propose being at Sheerness, and *hope* to bring Sarah with me.”

The writing begins to be frail. When my grandmother wrote it, she must have been about or approaching eighty.

The granddaughter of an old friend of hers has kindly written what she can recall to mind respecting my grandmother. She says:—

“My recollections of Mrs. Hawtreys are confined to nursery days, and I fear would have escaped me altogether but for the collection of her drawings on paper and vases which were treasured by my Parents and always shown to visitors, as also for the gift to myself of a pretty little tortoiseshell box, which for years was my chief treasure. I fancy her to have been an active old lady, very small, and dressed in black. I think she had a daughter who

married a clergyman whom she disliked, and that the name was Bird. And here ends all that I can tell you, excepting that I have heard her spoken of as gifted rather with talent than with common sense."

Her daughter, Sarah, had been an elegant-looking girl. She said to me once in her old age:—

"You would hardly believe it, my dear, but the ladies' maids would stand and watch to see me go upstairs at evening parties at Bath."

She was also musical, and had, I suppose, a sweet voice, judging by the fragment of it that I remember in her later days.

With all this, I suppose her marriage with a sincerely good country clergyman, without any pretensions to worldly advantages, and of what she may have considered a narrow evangelical type, may have caused my grandmother some disappointment. The views of her daughter underwent a great change after the days of those Bath evening parties, perhaps about the time of her marriage. One outcome of this we have seen in the dread of that early elegance which led to the dyeing of the red shawl brown! And let us hope that better fruits of that change of view than this touching act of self-abnegation blessed her life and her husband's!

From Sherborne the family had moved to Maidstone. On the way there it appears that they visited Portsmouth. I give here a letter from Anna, dated "Southsea":—

FROM ANNA TO MONTAGUE

"WISH STREET, SOUTHSEA, *Aug.* 27, 1828.

"I must give you some account of our late proceedings. Let it be from what cause you please, but certainly the poor Sherbornians did seem to regret us. . . . The Lyons were very kind. I told you they intended [to borrow a Piano for me; they did so—a beautiful new one. We went to tea; had a very pleasant evening. Mr. L. sang a great many things with me.

“We were all very much harassed to the last between his [Edward’s] staying or accompanying us. At length, the evening previous to our going, Papa wrote to Mr. Lyon saying Edward was not to stay. We felt many little pangs though, at quite giving up the poor school. Mr. L. wrote a most kind and friendly adieu, thanking Papa for the way in which he had ever spoken of the King’s School and its ‘unworthy’ Master. We went late that night to wish them good-bye. Mrs. L. was so affected that she cried all the time and could scarcely speak. Papa took one of his portraits to them. We then went to wish good-bye to the poor Evans’s and Dingleys—they, too, all much affected. When we came home we found a parcel from Mr. Lyon. It was ‘Wolff’s Remains,’ elegantly bound, and a note to Papa, saying he had nothing to offer him in return for his portrait, but begged he would allow *me* to accept that volume, whereby to remember Mrs. Lyon and himself. The poor Miss Wilmots were almost heartbroken. I had an invitation to go and spend some time with them, with the Fookes’s and the Evans’s.

“We settled to go by post-chaise to Salisbury to meet the Gosport Coach. We set off early on Friday morning; arrived at Sarum in good time, but, to our dismay, found the Coach did not come on that day, and we were obliged to come on to Gosport by chaises still, which, though a very agreeable, was a very expensive mode of travelling. We arrived about nine at Gosport; met kind Mr. Webb; drove down to the shore, and, as we stepped from the carriage, were saluted by all the Ships in the Harbour (nine o’clock gun-fire). It seemed so like old times. The darling baby (20 months old) astonished at all she saw—the boat on the water and all the tall ships. She looked up so *sensibly* at every one we passed; seemed to be examining every part, and at length said: ‘Big tree in water.’ Kind Mr. Webb had his cart ready for our things, and his gig for ourselves. Emily, baby, and I arrived first at Marmion. To describe the joy of Mrs. Webb, Harriet, Henry, &c., would be quite vain. She had not got

any Lodgings for us, but kept us all at Marmion. Papa and Mamma would not hear of this for more than a few days, so that yesterday a part of the family took up their abode in a nice little house in Wish Street, near the King's Terrace. 'Poor Montague and Stephen!' has been very often said by more than one since we came. Old Cawes and his daughter [a boatman employed by the family] have been in heroics. Papa preached on Sunday, and their faces shone with delight. The Tates and Inmans, Owens, Robinsons, &c., have all been to see us, apparently delighted. . . . The Parkses went to Cheltenham just as I left it; were great friends with the Colcloughs, to whom I introduced them. The Colcloughs gave them a party; had to meet them Lord Valentia, Lady Annabella M'Leod and her 3 Sons, &c. I had a long letter from Mary Colclough; they seemed to be getting some nice acquaintances. . . . —Ever your affect. Sister, ANNA."

From my mother to her sons, written at Maidstone, in December 1830, and addressed to:—

"S. T. Hawtrey, Esqr.,
Trinity College,
Cambridge."

"MY DEAREST STEPHEN AND EDWARD,—I cannot wait until Friday to send you this, as my mind has been much occupied about you all. I long most earnestly for this day fortnight, and shall be heartily glad when you leave Cambridge, where there is so dreadful a spirit manifested, and pray that no further alarm may occur until we have you safe here. Indeed the Country is in an awful state, and what will be the result is only known to the Author of all things.

"I also desire to give you a word of advice. I love bravery in *time of need*, but I dread rashness, and I am sure, in the midst of fire or sword, my *dear, dear* Stephen does not think what peril we are all in on his account, and what unconquerable sorrow any evil betiding him would plunge the whole family into. And as to Edward, I should never know

a peaceful moment if I thought he exposed himself in any way. He is not yet sufficiently established in strength or health to expose himself to danger.

"The Admiral was called up last night at 2 o'C. to get ships under way for the North with Troops. May the Lord have mercy on the land! . . ."

Then came injunctions as to the journey home of the brothers, with earnest directions as to Edward's travelling in the way that would most ensure his protection from damp and cold. Coach and steamboat were the ways in those days of making the journey from Cambridge to Maidstone.

"Montague is gone to Aunt Harwood's to find out who was her grandfather. Mr. Reind, from Falmouth, sent us a letter to enquire about our relations sixty years since, as there is an unclaimed fortune that belonged to a Nathaniel Watson, which, if we could show the slightest relationship, is our family's. So, oh! for a great-great-great-uncle Nathaniel!

.

"God bless you, my Dearest Beloved Sons.—Ever, ever
your affect., A. H."

FROM MY FATHER TO MY MOTHER

"SHEERNESS, *June 13, '31.*

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—On my return from Rochester this morning I received your kind letter, and entirely approve of your plan of coming here. . . . As you will see by the letter you received yesterday, I am quite disposed to go there [to the Isle of Wight] if God permit. I have consulted with Dr. Warner about it, who assures me the thing will be at once granted by the Conference.

"The dear girls are enchanted at the thought of going to the I. of Wight.

"I had a most affecting interview with one of the loveliest exhibitions of suffering yesterday that I almost ever beheld.

Miss Elizabeth Fisher, 16 years of age, sinking fast into the Grave, all patience and resignation to the Divine will . . . full of faith . . . full of love, and full of joy . . . her mother watching over her, while paroxysms of cough attack her, with the most placid submission.

"Here *is* religion. O may we realise more of its Heavenly nature !

"I am afraid my letter which you will have received yesterday will have appeared a very grumbling one, but I was very much dejected when I wrote it—expecting then to see you without delay, and praying that God will bring you and pussy [his youngest child] in safety, and that my dear Ned may go on improving, and above all that his affliction may be abundantly blessed and sanctified to him.—I am, with dear love to all, your very affecte., J. HAWTREY.

"The dear girls gave a party on Saturday, and no one to help them of the family. . . . They managed very well, and the party liked the cheap tea apparently, for they drank plenty of it.

"Jovy¹ knows nothing of your coming, and is to know nothing of it till you come."

While in the Isle of Wight a very grievous affliction befell the family in the death of Edward. He was at Cambridge and in his nineteenth year when the illness came upon him which led to his early death. He must, I think, have been one of the most qualified to shine in society of all my father's sons.

I have an early letter from him to my mother, written at Sandgate in 1829.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—As Montague, before leaving us, expressed a wish to hear the result of our yesterday's call, I accordingly, on returning from Mr. Noel's, comply with his request. At about 11 o'clock this morning Mr. Noel called,

¹ Henry, then aged eleven; so called because, on hearing, as a little boy, the history of Joseph and his brethren, he had said: "Poor Jovy!"

and remained about twenty minutes. He almost immediately began to converse upon religious matters; said he was very sorry at being about to leave so soon; he would be very happy to see me, and bid us good-bye. In about half-an-hour after, just as I was going out, I met him and his brother at the door. They had come to invite us to go with a party on the water, which invitation we accepted. In the boat was a lady, who I supposed was Mrs. Noel. . . . At the end of our journey, Mr. Noel invited me to dinner at 5 o'clock. I went. There were a number of ladies in the drawing-room, not one of whom I had ever seen before. . . . One elderly lady . . . came up and shook hands with me most cordially, and said she was very sorry she had so short a time to make my acquaintance, and seemed as if she was an old acquaintance of the family—the name Mrs. O'Brien; she lives at Dover. . . .

“*Thursday*.—Mr. Noel called this morning before I was up. I was rather fatigued with being out so much yesterday, and therefore was not down till later than usual. He called again at about eleven and was very kind, and told me that as the family were very ill where he had intended to have gone, he had deferred his journey for a week. Of this I was exceedingly glad, as much for Anna’s sake as my own, as she will like the ladies very much. . . . I think I am getting much better in health.—Your affectionate Son, E. H.”

The following is a letter from Anna to Edward, written, probably, soon after he had entered at Trinity College, Cambridge:—

“MY DEAR EDWARD,—I cannot tell you how sorry I was when I found that you were really gone to Cambridge, and that I had not even bid you good-bye. We did not miss you much at Sheerness, but after we came home it was quite doleful. Every time the door opened I looked round expecting you to come in, and it was several days before I could feel convinced that our family circle was reduced to what it was.

"We expect to know to-morrow where we shall go. I cannot help hoping it may be Chelsea, though I trust I shall receive as the appointment of a Superior Power whatever place the Conference mentions. . . . I am *very sorry*, my dear Edward, that you are obliged to be a Sizar; but indeed, indeed, when I think of Montague's *entré* to Cambridge, unknown, all the men up, everything to encounter alone, to make his own friends and his own name — when I think under these circumstances of the delightfully interesting letters he used to send home, never in the least degree alluding to his situation (for the first year)—he might have been a Fellow Commoner from the high spirit he wrote in—I feel half angry with myself, and jealous of the pity I bestow on you, who are in so different a situation. Indeed, I could so entirely appreciate the pleasures you so well described of lovely walks and peaceful study that I think I could gladly submit to anything in order to enjoy them, especially as this fatiguing, disquieting time of packing approaches. So that on the whole, whenever I begin by pitying you, I leave off by envying your happy lot. I hope you will in time feel it so yourself. . . . Take great care of yourself . . . remember a man who conducts himself, and looks, like a gentleman (and you have naturally a very patrician look), in a lower situation in life, is known to be by any judge much more decidedly and innately a gentleman than he who only makes the same appearance with all the extra advantages of situation.—Your affecte. Sister,

ANNA."

The following is a note from my grandmother, Mrs. Watson, to my dear brother Edward. I have said that my father, wishing to give his sons the best education possible, sent them to Trinity College, Cambridge; and poverty obliged him to send them as Sizars. I am afraid this was especially irksome to Edward, to whom my grandmother writes:—

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—We are happy to hear your health is rather improved; believe me, a contented *mind*, and to feel

an approving conscience before God and man, will support you under any vexations which we are born to feel in this world. Be assured any one that looks down on you is not worthy your acquaintance ; look to your brothers and see how they are respected.

“Banish *Pride*, my dear Edward ; it is your besetting sin. Think of our Blessed Saviour, who had not where to lay His head—how He commends humility and all the fruit of the Spirit, Love, joy, peace, *long-suffering*, gentleness, meekness, temperance ; let us not be desirous of vainglory. Lord bless you, my Dear Boy, and make you happy. Give my sincere Love to dear Stephen.—Ever your affectionate Grandmother,
“H. WATSON.”

In the course of a letter given above, Anna introduces a little sister-like cheering to the young brother Edward, who had so lately left home with all its interests, and who was himself “the flower of the flock.”

“You may be sure I thought of you when I saw our five fair Cousins, with the old Colonel, Admiral, &c. Poor Kate looked at us quite disconsolate, as if she wanted to know where you were.”

In a pocket-book of my mother's I find *two* copies of the following verses—one in Montague's handwriting, the other in Anna's. On neither paper is any mention made as to their author ; probably it was too entirely well known, in those early days of their grief, that they were by the well-beloved and tenderly-mourned brother Edward, to make any mention of his name necessary. The copy in Montague's writing is hastily written on the back of a letter in which Edward and apparently the doctor who was attending him are mentioned. Edward was probably in London for medical advice, and was wishing to return to the Isle of Wight.

I

“Come, Mother, come, Mother, no longer delay ;
Let us fly to the Land that we love.
The cough that annoys me will vanish away
When we get to the Land that we love.

2

“Come, Mother, come, Mother, ah ! why will you stay ?
Why hesitate longer to move ?
My strength, it is rapidly wasting away
While I’m kept from the land that I love.

3

“Cease, Mother, cease, Mother, to droop and to mourn.
As ever, list to my behest.
The health that is gone, it will quickly return
When I get to the land I love best.”

I find also in the same pocket-book of my mother’s some verses in another handwriting. These are written on a paper which had been the envelope of a prescription for “E. Hawtrey, Esqre.” The handwriting was no doubt this time his own. The prescription having been addressed to

“E. Hawtrey, Esqre.,
Mr. Urling’s, 224 Regent Street,”

and made up by a chemist in the Haymarket, shows that Edward, and without doubt his mother, were in London at this time ; the year was either 1830 or 1831.

The verses are entitled—

“FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

1

“Gentle Muses, kindly smiling,
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone.
Senseless lyre of mine beguiling,
Lend a portion of your own.

2

“Kindest Muse, awhile delaying
Pendant on your airy wing,
Comfort me by sweetly saying
You’ll not leave me if I sing.

3

"Stay, ah! stay. What, art thou going?
 Then depart, thou wayward maid,
 Partially thy gifts bestowing;
 I will sing without thine aid.

4

"I will sing of ears that listened
 To each whisper of the heart.
 I will sing of eyes that glistened
 At the then sad words 'we part.'

.

7

"But if e'er in after day
 She thinks with sorrow of the past,
 Cease then, cease the sorrowing lay,
 And sing the first love and the last."

I believe it was during this sojourn in London that a miniature was painted of Edward—a beautiful fair face, with light auburn hair and lovely blue eyes; the expression grave and calm.

His illness, I am told by one of my two remaining brothers, who was a child at the time, began, or perhaps began to be perceived, through his running after a coach at Cambridge, which he was anxious to overtake—perhaps to get away for the Vacation. He probably got heated and then chilled, and a cough settled on his lungs.

From Edward to Stephen, at Trinity, Cambridge, not dated, but probably written in 1830 or 1831:—

"MY DEAR STEPHEN,—This is to tell you it is of the utmost importance that the coat and waistcoat should be got, and that the coat should be black and the waistcoat should be a variegated silk or velvet, as I am sitting for my likeness, and the lady who is taking me says that black is the colour the coat should be, as it greatly adds to beauty of the portrait. I hope you are getting on with your examinations, and have

been bitterly disappointed by not being there waiting at the door, and being the first to hear of your success.

"Mrs. Haslop called here. . . . She seemed to think of you with great affection. She has invited us to dinner to-morrow. The Eton Hawtreys are here, and will be when you come. Miss Jones is the name of the painter. Mamma wishes to get your's and Anna's and Montague's taken. The price is 3 guineas. At what hour are we to expect you on Saturday? I have got Emily to write this, as I am lying on the sofa.—Yours truly,
EDWARD HAWTREY."

The other portraits were not taken. I have Edward's, which I have described. Mrs. Haslop was the mother of my kind friend, Mrs. Tebbs, now well and active, and in her ninetieth year (January 1899).

At Ryde there were some pleasant friends—the family of Admiral O'Brien, also the "five fair cousins" mentioned in Anna's letter above, the daughters of my father's first cousin, Charles Hawtreys.

At this time an incident happened which Anna never forgot. She, the eldest daughter of the family, was a very great stay to her parents, and, with my mother, one of the greatest helps to Edward in his illness. My father had to be very careful of his means. He wished very much indeed to give every possible advantage in the way of education to his sons, and now, in this time of illness, every alleviation that could be procured for him, was wanted for the beloved son Edward. Money was, therefore, more than ever precious.

At this time £10 (in a note) were entrusted to Anna for the payment of bills. She went out for this purpose, carrying the note in a small green silk bag; but when she came to want to change the note, the bag was gone. How she and the family grieved and sympathised together over this heavy misfortune may be imagined, and how also that bag was searched for can well be understood. But Anna did more than search. She prayed fervently that she might recover it, and she did. In the steep streets at Ryde the water in the side gutters flows quickly down, and passes through gratings at the foot of the

hills ; and in one of these gratings, some days after the loss, the little green bag was found and the note safe inside it.

From Ryde, Edward, increasingly ill, moved with his parents and the rest of the family to a country farmhouse called Northfairlee, I think not far from Newport.

The following letter from my father to his son Stephen at Trinity gives an idea of the work away from home which he occasionally undertook. The letter is written on 9th April 1830:—

“BELOVED STAS,—Last night I arrived from Sheffield after a really delightful, and, I hope, not unprofitable journey. Great was our rejoicing together. Young Lomas from Manchester was there ; I, at Mr. Hoss’ of Highfield, where every possible comfort was mine. Two Missionary Meetings in Sheffield, laying the first stone of a new Chapel, and preaching on Sunday in their Chapels was my delightful work. The accounts from the South Sea Islands are glorious. Volumes one could fill, giving the accounts of all. Suffice it to say the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus is assuredly coming. I came home in the Leeds mail thro’ Bedford, and felt, when within 30 miles of you, that I should like to have gone to see you, but that was not in my power.”

My father then tells of a meeting in the coach with a young Trinity man, who had evidently pleased him ; and he suggests to Stephen that he should make his acquaintance, though he can only give his Christian name, that he was brother-in-law to the brother of the Poet Laureate Southey, and one or two other indications.

“He is tall, as tall as Edward, and as thin. If you make his acquaintance you may ask if he remembers travelling to London with me. . . . Ned is to be examined by Cobb of Trinity next Tuesday. I wish I could send him Pensioner, but it is not in my power.

“Work on, work on, and live to God by faith in Him who died for you.—Ever your affec.,
J. H.”

FROM MR. HATHAWAY, HEAD OF A SMALL PREPARATORY
SCHOOL, TO MY BROTHER STEPHEN

“15 GIBRALTAR PLACE, CHATHAM,
10th Feb. 1831.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,—My feelings towards you and your family were wonderfully captivated the very first moment of my being introduced to you. I have never in my life met with a gentleman equal to your most worthy father, and, did he live here, Chatham would be a paradise. His love for the Classics, bordering on enthusiasm, together with his great urbanity of manner, and knowledge of the world, made his society at all times a luxury. . . . Then what a delight to see gentlemen occasionally from Trinity climbing the steep ascent. I forgot all the disadvantages of Sheerness. It began to be regarded as a favourite retreat—

‘Intus aquæ dulces,
Nympharum domus,’ &c.

—Faithfully yours,

F. HATHAWAY.”

FROM MY FATHER (IN IRELAND) TO MY MOTHER AND
THE FAMILY GENERALLY

“RATHENNY HOUSE,
April 14, 1831.

“MY BELOVED FAMILY,—I write from the House of my dear cousin and nieces, where the four lions and the lion crest on an immense silver salver show that the owner is descended from the illustrious de Alta Ripas; but it would take volumes to tell you the events of these two days, among the most interesting of my life.

“So far I wrote at my cousin’s at Rathenny House, and now continue at near midnight at Roscrea, but having to be up at a little past 5 in the morning, it is probable that I shall continue this at Clonmel; but, before I proceed, I would just say that my cousin’s house is very large. He is a Magistrate; he keeps a coach and a most commodious double

gig, which he drives tandem ; he has about a dozen horses, three or four men-servants, and lots of female. His place is one of the most beautiful on earth ; the view from my bedroom window was one of the most delightful I ever beheld. He has prayers morning and evening. My nieces,¹ Sarah and Marianne and Anne, are decidedly pious and lovely girls. My nephew¹ Hawtreys is so like Stephen in profile that you can be in no doubt as to their being of one and the same blood, and he is a lovely fellow, just about Stephen's age. Sarah, my eldest niece, is the sweetest girl I have almost ever seen, and, by the way, her horse is, for an animal, what she is for a female—so gentle, so elegant, so beautiful, that you really love the animal, and when I this morning saw my sweet niece on her knees in the Hall spreading a plaster for a poor person at the Hall door, you may be sure I felt no common tenderness and love for her. My niece Marianne is highly accomplished, plays very beautifully on the harp, and to see her at the instrument and Anne at the Piano, and then John, Hawtreys, Charlotte, Catharine and Sarah standing by, singing one of Kelly's Hymns, was as beautiful a sight as I have beheld for some time. My niece Sarah draws very prettily. She gave me two as I came away, one for my dear Anna and one for dear Emily, and knowing my dear Ned is unwell, she gave me a receipt with the medicine itself to do him good. It is very scarce and very dear, and I have a good bundle of it. Marianne and Anne wrote to dear Anna. I have their letters with me. We can always get letters from them through Col. Bernard, M.P., to whom I am to direct my letters, and who will always frank theirs. They are most exceedingly anxious to see you in Ireland, and are sure they can cure Ned, and I am sure if anything can cure him they can, for oh ! such Christian kindness and love I have never seen exceeded, and never shall or can see exceeded. The garden very much reminds me of the gardens at Tintern Abbey. Maria, as I was coming away, gave me a handful of violets, and a flower the name of which I did not know. With much *naïveté* she said : ' Do you know the

¹ They were adopted as nephew and nieces, being really the children of a distant cousin.

name of this flower?' I replied I did not. She said, with the smiling face of Eucharis, 'Forget me not.' I immediately placed them in my bosom. Sarah came to me with a beautiful ranunculus and said, 'You must let me put this in your waistcoat button-hole, and wear it as long as it will live.' I am now, while holding my pen, looking at it; it is now nearly twelve hours since her fair hand put it where it is, and its fair head is drooping and dying—no fit emblem of my love for thee, my beloved niece Sarah.

"Hawtrey this morning took me into the Spruce walk. Oh! it was beautiful. And there he opened his whole heart to me—told me of his hesitation at entering the Church, lest he was not fit for so sacred a profession. He is so like dear Stass, and about his age, 23 or 24; graduated in Dublin College. I have especially recommended him to read Fletcher's works and Watson's 'Institutes,' as his sweet and gentle mind is not decided as to doctrine, but inclined to the Arminian view, whereas my lovely nieces are Calvinists. The way we began the day was this: At half-past 8 or thereabouts the bell rang. At nine assembled. My Cousins and I then read the Psalms together aloud, the servants standing. Afterwards I read a chapter and then prayed, and such unfeigned devotion I have seldom seen exceeded. After the meeting on the Tuesday, I believe I closed my letter at Irenagh. Well, after that letter I went to the meeting. Guess what was my surprise to see (you may remember that Preacher Phillips who swung your hand so forcibly at Manchester; well, it was his circuit)—guess what was my surprise to see such a company as perfectly astonished me in a plain Methodist chapel. Sir Ed. Walter was in the Chair, a very elegant young man, a Baronet who had been in the 23rd Regt. under Pearson, and was now beginning to be pious. Several other remarkably elegant persons were there. After the meeting they all flocked round me. Lady Mary asked me if I had known a Mr. Somebody at Gibraltar, as I had spoken of Gibraltar in my speech. Well, I am so fatigued my eyelids are dropping. I must close this for to-night. It is near twelve, and at 5 I must be rising, or a little after, so good-night, and, as my dear Cousin said last

night when my sweet nieces were staying up until one o'Clock, and tho' my Cousin, and indeed *αὐτὸς ἐγώ* I myself, recommended them in vain to go to bed—my dear Cousin said to me, 'Parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say Good-night until to-morrow,' but as in two minutes it will be *to-morrow*, I cannot take any merit in saying good-night until to-morrow. But good-night, my beloved.

"CLONMELL, 5 o'Clock in the Evening.—I arrived here half or 3 quarters of an hour ago, and have just received your letter of Monday. Your anticipated letter to-morrow at Waterford will tell me if I am to return direct or not. But I thank God I see nothing in the letter of this day to lead me to think I may not go on to Dublin, and if I proceed to Ross it will be out of my power not to go to Dublin. I have received a most touching letter from Wm. Stewart, and go I must, unless, which I have confidence to believe will *not* be the case, my beloved Ned should be worse. As to the subsequent movements, I wd. recommend first that you go to Islington and stay there till my return, and then go to Wales, until the fine weather allows you to go to Ireland, where you have friends ready to eat you up—not only your own dear family in Ross, but my dearly beloved cousin and nieces at Rathenny House, and dear, simple-hearted R. Cox at Catincoulal [?], and Mrs. Cole at Cove of Cork, &c. As to Stass, I am as easy about it as an old shoe, and should be glad to have one on my foot now, for these foxed boots have most cruelly tormented me. On my arrival here I have met with Mr. Wood, who tells me they are ready to eat me up in Waterford, and are waiting with an anxiety the most intense for me to go on. I have learnt since my arrival here that Lady Osborne is a member of Society, and that the very first people here and about are expected to-night. Oh, we have been made a blessing to the place! Ireland, Ireland, I love thee! Waugh told me at Limerick I had proved my right to naturalization, for I had made a famous bull. Where did I leave off above? We went to the meeting, &c. I had an opportunity of speaking afterwards to Sir E. Walter's Sister-in-Law, and she spoke so feelingly of her joy at finding that Sir E. was becoming

pious. Well, we then proceeded on in a jaunting car—a wretched affair—to Clongardham thro' a sweet country. We arrived to dinner at a very kind family's in humble circumstances. On approaching the Town we discovered the most beautiful Church I have seen for a length of time. We heard that Mr. Trench, the clergyman, one of the most blessed men upon earth, together with Lord Clancart, was to be on the Platform, together with another clergyman, a Mr. Purcell; that Mr. Trench had given us his school-house as far more suitable for the meeting than our Chapel, and that all the great folk and little folk would be there, so to it we at length went. P. the preacher again there, whose vulgarity at Irenagh had completely dashed me, for after I had finished my speech he said: 'Though friend Hawtreys is now a Minister, he was not always one, for he was once a Captain in the Army, and I knew him when a Captain—in the 25th, I think it was, wasn't it?' said he, clapping me on the back. As I had to second a vote of thanks to Sir Edward, I had an opportunity of correcting his vulgarity. Well, to proceed: I was not in time to accompany the Preachers, but followed a little while after, and entered a most beautiful School Room, just by the Church, the place as full as ever it could cram, and all round the Platform *Les Nobles*. Oh, yes, yes, yes! they were noble. Half an eye convinced me they were noble. I found I was an object of much observation. I was invited to a seat next to one of the most interesting men I had ever seen—tall, elegant, manly, *noble*, and a clergyman. This was *Trench*. I sat by him and saw very many eyes directed towards me, particularly from some very central and elegant persons—a gentleman perfectly noble, and five or six very lovely and elegant young females, and an elderly lady in the midst of them. These gazed upon me, and many more, and more particularly when Mr. Naylor in his speech said his excellent friend Mr. Hawtreys would follow him. There was much sensation, for the name of Hawtreys is not a common one. It causes a thrill thro' *certain* hearts. Well, at length I arose, and had great liberty in speaking, and was quite at home. Trench proposed my resolution, and alluded to my following him, so that he did not speak long, but

what he did say greatly delighted me, and showed me he was just such an one as Anna would like and *fully* approve of. His piety and charity know no bounds. He carries it, I think, *too* far. For instance, his Father built him a beautiful House with five acres of ground around it, just such as a Clergyman ought to have. This he is going to let, and go into a mere cabin, compared to it, alleging that it will do for him, as he is single, and the profit of the other he intends to give to the Missionary cause and to God. He said in his speech he wished there were fifty Missionary Societies found in his neighbourhood. He sends out young men to preach in *our* connection without consulting local Preachers, and has just sent out the Brother of a Magistrate who is in the Navy, who is in our Society. After I had finished we spoke to one another and shook hands with one another, and he then told me that a cousin of mine was in the assembly, anxious to be introduced to me immediately. My cousin's eyes and mine met. We recognized each other, and Trench introduced me to my dear cousin and her fair daughters.

"One of the first things my cousin said to me (by the way, it was the very same row of most genteel persons I had looked at who were my cousins and my nieces, and I had been very much struck by the appearance of a most truly interesting youth sitting just behind me, who reminded me of my dear Stas, and a little like Henry Hawtre¹). This proved to be my dear and beloved nephew, Hawtre^y. Oh! Ann, my beloved, how you will like him and all my dear and precious, tender-hearted and kind relations)—well, to proceed: Trench introduced me to them, and one of the first things my cousin said to me was, whether I could accompany them home that very night.

"This was to me most agreeable, for I much suspected the accommodation at Clonfordham would be very inferior; so, ascertaining that my cousin would undertake to have me in time at Parsonstown for the meeting, I consented, to their great joy and to my own.

"I then left the meeting to make a little preparation, and

¹ Son to my father's first cousin, Charles Hawtre^y.

sent to desire them to call for me, which they did. The coach came to the door, and I soon found myself seated next to my dear cousin, and opposite to me three of my nieces. Well, I talked away, tho' pitch dark, with great spirit, and asked them their names. The one opposite me was dear, kind, affectionate, frank, open-hearted, generous, accomplished Maryanne; the one in the middle was our lovely, gentle, soft and heavenly Sarah; the one on the other side was my pious, lovely, affectionate, and super-excellent Anne. Well, I shook hands with them and we talked most agreeably until we arrived at Rathenny House, where we are 2 miles say from Clonfordham, and where I must close and prepare for the meeting, which will begin in less than an hour, and perhaps I shall finish this at Waterford.

"My dearest love, it is now midnight, we have had a delightful meeting; I had not been in the Chapel a minute before I discovered Lady Osborne. Woodward, the Rector of Fethard, took the Chair. The Chapel is uncommonly neat and 'illegant.' Lady Osborne sat just behind me in the gallery, and her party. I spoke the third, and took up the subject of France, and I believe with some degree of liberty and propriety. It was a most select meeting.

"Afterwards I was introduced to Lady Osborne, who meets in class—a most accomplished woman. She is the widow of Sir F. Osborne, about 35 years of age, very elegant, immensely rich, and deeply pious, and truly not unlike, and much such as, Miss Lisle, only taller. She told me she regretted she was going from home for a few days, but hoped I would breakfast with her in the morning. To this I did not assent, as the Preacher said it would be out of my way; but since then I find I can contrive it. Her house is two miles out of Town, so I will endeavour to get there by 8 o'clock, and I must leave her by 10. She has but one child—a daughter, ten or twelve years old; a Ward in Chancery, who will inherit her immense property. I am rather anxious to see this young lady, the daughter and only child of so excellent a mother. At Waterford, we are to have the Dean for the Chair, and he and Deacon on the Platform, and I am

assured by Mr. Wood that I shall be eaten up, so there will not be much left by the time I get to Ross and Wexford.

“Mr. Woodward, a son of the late Bishop of Cloyne, gave a most delightful opening speech. He is a complete Methodist. I shall meet him to-morrow at Lady Osborne’s (her husband was one of the oldest Baronets). I have much to tell you, and shall write from Waterford. I left off just as I was getting to Rathenny House, but it is too late now to enter into particulars, only that I was obliged to quit just as poor, dear R. Cox and one of his daughters came. It is somewhat singular that Catherine Hawtreys should have married an officer of the name of Cox.¹ They are now at Cape of Good Hope. Charlotte is unmarried and in France, but expected over shortly. Well, I must go to bed, for I am weary, and I have to be up at 6 to-morrow to get all ready. There was a sweet child at Limerick, the daughter of my kind host, who made a pair of card-racks for you, which I have brought with me; a very sweet child about 14. I have a few plants of *Arbutus*. . . . Our ride was very beautiful to-day—40 Irish miles. We came through Thurles, and the Preacher said at Roscrea he would rather go to Bin at midnight than to Thurles and Clonmell by daylight; but we were not molested—the Lord is with us, and has blest us. Well, my darling, you will allow that I am a good and faithful correspondent. I have so much to tell you that I do not like to break the thread of my narration; but you may depend on my continuing my next with an account of my entering Rathenny House, and by telling you who my cousin and my nieces are, with an introduction to whom, I shall commence my next letter to-morrow evening at Waterford. Meanwhile, circulate this letter far and wide to all the members of the beloved family by post, and believe me ever yours, J. H.”

This letter is directed to my mother, in London, to the care of Mr. Waugh, 179 Regent Street, and this address is erased and others substituted, and at last the postman is enjoined to “Turn over,” and on the back it is directed to

¹ Another sister having done the same, and the two families not related.

"Stephen Hawtrey, Esqre., Trinity College, Cambridge." And so the desire of the writer that the letter should be circulated to the members of his "beloved family" was so far complied with, and now is so more fully, by its being at last read by the two youngest and last surviving members of the family, sixty-six years after it was written!

Rathenny House was the property of a gentleman who had married one of the daughters of the Rev. Ralph Hawtrey, a distant cousin of my father.

My dear mother, being much occupied and her heart full in the year of Edward's illness, thinks about her two young daughters, Emily and Harriet, who were staying at the house of the Rev. Charles Hawtrey, my father's cousin, at Hackney. In April 1831 she writes from London:—

"MY DEAR STEPHEN,—After writing to Papa and others to-day, I still do not forget my promise to my dearest son. We set off on Monday for Portsmouth, please God.

"Dr. E. was here to-day, and said it was better he (Edward) should be gratified and have country air; so, after much anxious thought, as you may suppose, I have determined, and Waugh has been desired to take the places. May the Lord in mercy be with us and bless the step to the good of my dear Edward. [He] has taken a fancy to go out now, half-past four, and I must go, and Anna too, so I am obliged to write in such haste, but it shall not be so when we arrive at Marmion.

"Write to Emily and Harriet at Hackney. Advise them to read and improve themselves, write exercises, and so forth; urge them to improve. Edward will have Montague to take the journey with us. Write to us at Marmion. I expect Papa will come there on his way from Ireland."

From Stephen, during the time of his brother Edward's illness, to his mother:—

"I do hope he will like the fruit I have sent him . . . the best peaches I could get. I wanted to get a thermometer

to make him a present of very much, but was surprised to find the price for one, graduated to 130 degrees, was £1, so I thought you would all be displeased at my getting it, seeing that the additional price is [on account of this], that the graduation is made so very correct as to be able to tell the heat to the 10th of a degree, which would not at all be wanting in his case. So I pray you to get one of Kilpin's for him—do; it will answer every purpose; do this I pray.—Ever yours,

"S. H."

I cannot tell whether such a letter as the above would interest others, but I copy it because to me it is characteristic of the writer. "I pray you"; "do this I pray"; also his understanding of the nature of the instrument he did not buy; the fruit generously bought—all are characteristic of the writer and the giver.

FROM ANNA

"RYDE, *June 30th* 1831.

"MY DEAR STEPHEN,—Edward . . . went out this morning for some time in Mrs. Bear's chair; she is as kind as ever in lending it. I had a kind letter from Laura to-day, and there was an excellent letter of religious advice from Papa to Edward.

"Montague and I walked with Sabina Hewitt to Binstead yesterday evening, as he had not seen it before; he was delighted with it. As we were walking on, she gave me one of her little three-cornered notes of poetry, containing two pieces, one beginning 'Forget thee?' and the other 'Forgive thee?' Nothing very particularly good or pretty, but it occurred to me it might be *à propos* to your saying you would never forgive her, tho' there was not much to the point.

"So much for nonsense!

"I have just returned from hearing one of Mr. Sibthorpe's most beautiful sermons. Last Thursday, you know, it was from 'Seeing we have a great High Priest'; to-day it was 'Let us come boldly to a throne of Grace.' How much is promised to the prayer of faith! He made it so plain, so clear. It

seemed worse than madness not to come frequently, urgently, importunately, to the throne of *Grace*, of the King of Heaven and Earth—to those especially who are in any distress. Surely the prayers of Edward will, *must* be answered, at least for his eternal happiness. And what is this vain, fleeting, shadowy world?

“*Friday morning*.—Edward had a better night, and seems better this morning. He has just been enjoying a little breeze on the pier. Mr. Sibthorpe was with him this morning. Good-bye.—Your ever affecte.

ANNA.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

“RYDE, *July 8, 1831.*

“MY DEAREST STEPHEN,—Papa came unexpectedly on Saturday. He thought Edward looking much worse.”

My mother continues: “And he was much distressed in his mind about him, and thought it absolutely necessary he should know that he was in danger. We had a painful time in some respects, but it is all *well* and *right* now, and Edward seems more happy in his mind than he was before, and evidently better in health than when you left him. It was right, no doubt, that he should know how precarious his life was, and that he should be urged more earnestly to seek for that peace with God which would fit him either for life or death. Anna will tell you of the interesting interviews he has had with Percival, who is now *fully rejoicing* in the knowledge of salvation through faith. May our beloved Edward soon experience the same happy certainty, and may we all, my dear Stephen, know that our names are written in the Book of Life.”

Anna continues: “Edward was able to go to Church for the Sacrament on Sunday. Papa, Mamma, and all of us took it. Mr. Percival was also there. He called here, came in and sat with Edward. Papa went to see him and prayed with him. He was much affected by seeing Percival’s happy frame of mind and hearing his experience. Edward, too, was much interested, and went to see P. the next day. They were alone

for half an hour, and I think dear Edward was benefitted by what he said, for in the evening when Mama asked him what message he would like to send to Papa he said: 'Give my kindest love to him, and tell him not to be anxious about my state, for that I know He who has begun a good work will finish it. He will not break a bruised reed nor quench a smoking flax.'

"You will know how to appreciate this from Edward, and see that it is evidently the grace of God. I do not think that he will recover, tho' he appears better the last few days; but I feel sure that he will not be taken till he can, like Percival, long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Could we then wish to stop him? to fight in the wilderness when the Lord is willing to release him? It is almost settled that we come to the Isle of Wight at conference. . . . I expect we should live at Cowes, where there are plenty of houses at a low rent. . . . Our friends all continue very kind and sympathising, but we do not see much of any but the Percivals. . . . —I am, my dear Stephen, your affecte. sister,

ANNA."

There is an allusion in this letter which I have left out, but I do not wish entirely to ignore what it touches upon, and that is the contrariety between the views of my father and his Wesleyan associates, and the youthful dispositions and inclinations after amusement and gaiety (of a very modest and limited sort) of his family. Little evening parties and music became serious matters of distress to my father, because of the impression created by them on the minds of those he ministered to outside his family.

In the present letter his eldest daughter writes: "I trust . . . wherever we go we may never do anything to cause him the distress he felt at Sheerness."

FROM ANNA TO STEPHEN

“NORTH FAIRLEE, NEWPORT (I. of W.),
August 5th 1831.

“MY DEAR STEPHEN,—Papa, not liking the small rooms at Ryde, . . . met with a delightful farm house built by Lord Vernon two miles and a half from Cowes, one and a half from Newport, inhabited by a farmer, but as he only used the kitchen, &c., the whole of the excellent new house was unoccupied. Papa soon settled to take it unfurnished at a small price, and hire a little furniture from Newport *pro tem*. We came here on Tuesday. There are two well-built square lofty rooms on the ground floor, one of which Edward occupies as a bed room, the other a parlour. The house is in a field, a beautiful field surrounded by English hedges and oak trees. . . . The farm yard is at the back of the house, out of sight—the scenery all round is most rural and beautiful.”

My mother goes on:—

“MY DEAREST STEPHEN,—Anna has left this, and to my astonishment the post-hour has come and the letter not ready. Poor dear fellow, I am determined to try for it and quickly, to tell you that we are all now pretty well. I have been poorly, but I have no doubt this fine air will do us all good, even dear Edward, who likes the place and all about it, and while I was ill seemed to get quite strong, and able to do many things that he would not think of before. Now while I was ill one of my tormenting thoughts was that you were so also, as you had not written. So, my dear fellow, let us hear. You shall have a journal soon with a full description of everything.

“Edward the same. A surgeon that Miss Hutt spoke

highly of saw him to-day, and says he may live for months, and that years would not be impossible."

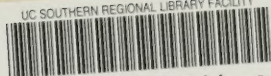
(It seemed that he did not yet know all the symptoms.)

"Well, my darling, I am sorry you have not a nicer letter, but better this than none.

"To S. Hawtrey, Esqre.,
Trinity College, Cambridge."

END OF VOL. I.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 108 844 2

